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WILHELM MEISTER.

VOL. III.

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WILHELM MEISTER'S APPRENTICESHIP AND TRAVELS.

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FROM THE GERMAN OF

Johann Wolfgang von GOETHE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

TRAVELS.

A NEW EDITION, REVISED AND EDITED

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE.

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

TO

THE FOURTH VOLUME OF "GERMAN ROMANCE."

[*Edinburgh*, 1827.]

GOETHE.

THE distinguished and peculiar man, who occupies the last volume in our Collection, has lightened the task of his biographers and critics, by a work of great interest, which he has himself given to the world, and of which some more or less accurate resemblance is also before the English reader. In his *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, Goethe has accomplished the difficult problem of autobiography with what seems a singular success; here, in the kindest and coolest spirit, he conducts us through the scenes of his past existence; unfolds with graphic clearness and light gay dignity, whatever influenced the formation of his character and mode of thought; depicting all with the knowledge of a chief actor, and the calm impartial penetration of a spectator; speaking of himself as many would wish, but few are able, to speak of themselves: In the temper of a third party, and not sooner or not farther than others are desirous and entitled to hear that subject treated. If the old remark is true, that a faithful secret-history of the humblest human being would be attractive and instructive to the highest, this picture of

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the spiritual and moral growth of a Goethe may well be considered as deserving no common attention. I am sorry to understand that the English version of the work is not from the German, but from the French: judging by the size of the book, the business of curtailment in this *Life of Goethe* must have been proceeded in with a liberal and fearless hand; it seems also that there are additions, which probably are still more offensive. To this copy of the portrait, defaced and distorted as it cannot fail to be, I must not refer the reader: yet all that can be attempted here is a few slight sketches, more in the way of commentary than of narrative.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe was born at Frankfort on the Mayn, on the 28th of August 1749. The station and circumstances of his family were of a favourable sort: his father bore the title of Imperial Councillor, and though personally unconnected with active affairs, stood in close relation with the influential and cultivated classes of the community. Both parents appear likewise to have been of a determinate and genuine form of mind, possessing many virtues, and no inconsiderable share of intellectual gifts and attainments. In the height of his fame, it was observed of Goethe, that his true-hearted idiomatic, and expressive style of speech recalled his mother to memory; who, while nursing her fair boy on her knee, had little dreamed that in him her own good and kindly character was to be transfigured to such beauty and enlargement, and transmitted in glorious emblems to distant countries and succeeding ages. The father, of course, was fashioned in a more rugged mould, and seems also to have been originally of sterner stuff; a rigorous, abrupt, positive, and thoroughgoing man; somewhat of a humorist, for he actually built his house from the top downwards; testy and indomitable, but not ill-natured or ungenerous; clear in his perceptions, as he was resolute in his actions; and withal of an honest and manly heart. Both these modes of character appear to have united in the son: the liveliest susceptibility of all sorts was superadded to them; and the scene he lived in acted on him with strong and complicated influences. These earliest images of his me-

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mory he has set before us with the most graceful simplicity in the work above referred to: the aspects of life in Gothic Frankfort, with its old German minds and old German manners, are brought home to our eyes; we walk among rich old fashioned wondrous objects, and converse with originals as wondrous and old fashioned as their abode.

Goethe was destined, as his father had been, for the profession of law; and in due time, he went successively to Leipzig and Strasburg, to prepare for, and to undertake, the study of it. But his quick, impassioned, and discursive mind, impressed by the most varied impulses, was continually diverging into many provinces remote enough from this his appointed occupation; for which, as was naturally to be expected, he had never shown any preference; though, from time to time, he had not failed to prosecute, with fits of resolute diligence, the tasks prescribed by it. In 1771, he obtained his degree; but if the form of his outward life might now seem clear and determined, his inward world was still in a state of uproar and disorder. The ambition of wealth and official celebrity would not seize him with due force: a thousand vague purposes, and vehement wishes, and brightest and blackest forecastings, were conflicting within him; for a strong spirit was here struggling to body itself forth from the most discordant elements: and what was at last to rise as a fair universe of thought still rolled as a dim and wasteful chaos.

By degrees, however, after not a little suffering in many hard contests with himself and his circumstances, he began to emerge from these troubles; light dawned on his course; and his true destination, a life of literature, became more and more plain to him. His first efforts were crowned with a success well calculated to confirm him in such purposes. *Göts von Berlichingen*, an historical drama of the Feudal Ages, appeared in 1773; by the originality both of its subjects and its execution, attracting the public eye to the young author: and next year his *Sorrows of Werter* rose like a literary meteor on the world; and carried his name on its blazing wings, not only over Germany, but into the remotest corners of Europe. The

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chief incident of this work had been suggested by a tragical catastrophe, which had occurred in his neighbourhood, during a residence at Wetzlar: the emotions and delineations which give life to it; the vague impassioned longing, the moody melancholy, the wayward love and indignation, the soft feeling and the stern philosophy, which characterise the hero, he had drawn from his own past or actual experience.

The works just mentioned, though noble specimens of youthful talent, are still not so much distinguished by their intrinsic merits, as by their splendid fortune. It would be difficult to name two books, which have exercised a deeper influence on the subsequent literature of Europe, than these two performances of a young author; his first fruits, the produce of his twenty-fourth year. *Werter* appeared to seize the hearts of men in all quarters of the world, and to utter for them the word which they had long been waiting to hear. As usually happens, too, this same word once uttered was soon abundantly repeated; spoken in all dialects, and chanted through all the notes of the gamut, till at length the sound of it had grown a weariness rather than a pleasure. Sceptical sentimentality, view-hunting, love, friendship, suicide, and desperation, became the staple of literary ware; and though the epidemic, after a long course of years, subsided in Germany, it reappeared with various modifications in other countries; and everywhere abundant traces of its good and bad effects are still to be discerned. The fortune of *Berlichingen with the Iron Hand*, though less sudden, was by no means less exalted. In his own country, *Götz*, though he now stands solitary and childless, became the parent of an innumerable progeny of chivalry plays, feudal delineations, and poetico-antiquarian performances; which, though long ago deceased, made noise enough in their day and generation: and with ourselves, his influence has been perhaps still more remarkable. Sir Walter Scott's first literary enterprise was a translation of *Götz von Berlichingen:* and if genius could be communicated like instruction, we might call this work of Goethe's the prime cause of *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake*, with all that has followed from the same creative hand. Truly, a grain of seed that has lighted in the right soil! For if not firmer and fairer, it has

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grown to be taller and broader than any other tree; and all the nations of the Earth are still yearly gathering of its fruit.

But overlooking these spiritual genealogies, which bring little certainty and little profit, it may be sufficient to observe of *Berlichingen* and *Werter*, that they stand prominent among the causes, or, at the very least, among the signals, of a great change in modern Literature. The former directed men's attention with a new force to the picturesque effects of the Past; and the latter, for the first time, attempted the more accurate delineation of a class of feelings, deeply important to modern minds; but for which our elder poetry offered no exponent, and perhaps could offer none, because they are feelings that arise from passion incapable of being converted into action, and belong chiefly to an age as indolent, cultivated, and unbelieving, as our own. This, notwithstanding the dash of falsehood which may exist in *Werter* itself, and the boundless delirium of extravagance which it called forth in others, is a high praise which cannot justly be denied it. The English reader ought also to understand that our current version of *Werter* is mutilated and inaccurate: it comes to us through the all-subduing medium of the French; shorn of its caustic strength; with its melancholy rendered maudlin; its hero reduced from the stately gloom of a broken-hearted poet to the tearful wrangling of a dyspeptic tailor.

One of the very first to perceive the faults of these works, and the ridiculous extravagance of their imitators, was Goethe himself. In this unlooked-for and unexampled popularity, he was far from feeling that he had attained his object: this first outpouring of his soul had calmed its agitations, not exhausted or even indicated its strength; and he now began to see afar off a much higher region, as well as glimpses of the track by which it might be reached. To cultivate his own spirit, not only as an author, but as a man; to obtain dominion over it, and wield its resources as instruments in the service of what seemed Good and Beautiful, had been his object more or less distinctly from the first, as it is that of all true men in their several spheres. According to his own deep

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maxim, that "Doubt of any sort can only be removed by Action," this object had now become more clear to him; and he may be said to have pursued it to the present hour, with a comprehensiveness and unwearied perseverance, rarely if ever exemplified in the history of such a mind.

His external relations had already ceased to obstruct him in this pursuit, and they now became more favourable than ever. In 1776, the Heir Apparent of Weimar was passing through Frankfort; on which occasion, by the intervention of some friends, he waited upon Goethe. The visit must have been mutually agreeable; for a short time afterwards, the young author was invited to Court; apparently, to contribute his assistance in various literary institutions and arrangements, then proceeding or contemplated; and in pursuance of this honourable call, he accordingly settled at Weimar, with the title of *Legationsrath*, and the actual dignity of a place in the *Collegium*, or Council. The connexion, begun under such favourable auspices, and ever since continued unimpaired, has been productive of important consequences, not only to Weimar, but to all Germany. The noble purpose undertaken by the Duchess Amelia, was zealously forwarded by the young Duke on his accession; under whose influence, supported and directed by his new Councillor, this inconsiderable state has gained for itself a fairer distinction than any of its larger, richer, or more warlike rivals. By degrees, whatever was brightest in the genius of Germany had been gathered to this little Court: a classical theatre was under the superintendence of Goethe and Schiller; here Wieland taught and sung; in the pulpit was Herder; and possessing such a four, the small town of Weimar, some twenty years ago, might challenge the proudest capital of the world to match it in intellectual wealth. Occupied so profitably to his country, and honourably to himself, Goethe continued rising in estimation with his Prince: by degrees, a political was added to his literary influence; in 1779 he became Privy Councillor; President in 1782; and, at length, after his return from Italy, where he had spent two years in various studies and observation, he was appointed Minister; a post which he only a few years ago resigned, on his final retirement

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from public affairs. In this, his second country, he still resides. The German biographies are careful to inform us that by the Duke of Weimar he was ennobled; and decorated by Alexander and Napoleon, and various other kings and kaisers, with their several insignia of honour.

A much purer and more imperishable series of honours he has earned for himself, by the peaceful efforts of his own genius. His active duties were, at all times, more or less intimately connected with literature; they seem not to have obstructed the silent labours of his closet; and perhaps they rather forwarded the great business of his life, a thorough universal culture of all his being. Goethe's history is a picture of the most diverse studies and acquisitions: Literature he has tried successfully in nearly every one of its departments; with Art, ancient and modern, he has familiarised himself beyond a rival; Science, also, he seems to have surveyed with no careless or feeble eye, and his contributions to several of its branches, particularly of Botany and Optics, have been thankfully received by their professors. Some of our readers may be surprised to learn, that the painted Diagram of Mountain-altitudes which ornaments their libraries, exhibiting in one view the successive elevations of the Globe, was devised by the Author of *Faust* and *The Sorrows of Werter*.

Goethe's purely literary works amount to between twenty and thirty considerable volumes. A bare enumeration of their names, without note or comment, would be perplexing rather than instructive; and for note or comment of the humblest sort our present limits are too narrow. In the province of the Drama, omitting *Egmont*, *Iphigenie*, and multitudes of lighter pieces, we must mention, as entitled to peculiar distinction, the tragedy of *Torquato Tasso*, and the Play of *Faust*. The first paints, in simple gracefulness, the poetic temperament at conflict with the ordinances of vulgar life; a pure and touching picture, full of wisdom, calm depth, and unostentatious pathos. The second, of a still deeper character, images forth, in the superstitious tradition of *Faust*, the contest of the good principle in human nature with the bad; the struggle of Man's Soul against Ignorance, Sin, and

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Suffering; the indirect subject of many, perhaps of all true poems; but here treated directly, with a wild mysterious impressiveness, which distinguishes this play from every other. *Faust* and also *Iphigenie* have been translated into English.

Another singular performance of Goethe's is *Reinecke Fuchs*, a poetic version of the old tale, said to be originally a Netherlands political pasquinade, and which exists in English, under the corresponding title of *Reynard the Fox*. Goethe's work is written in hexameters, in twelve books, like another Æneid: a wondrous affair; imbued with the truest humour, full of marvellous imitations, grotesque descriptions, and manifold moralities. If beasts could speak, we should surely expect them to express their "general views" as they are made to do in this epos: the ass here is a philosophical masticator of thistles and gorse; Bruin thinks, and talks, and acts, like a very bear; and "Malapertus the Fortress" is still redolent of murdered poultry. Nor is this strange mimicry the sole charm of the work; for there is method in its madness; across these marvellous delineations we discern a deeper significance. It is a parody of human life, as it were, a magic picture, with forms of the wildest mirth, which, while we gaze on them, sadden into serious and instructive, though still smiling, monitors. *Herman und Dorothea* is also written in hexameters, and with a cheerful earnestness which has recommended it to great favour with the Germans. You see it printed in gay miniature, with gilding and decorations; and friend testifies his kindness to friend by the present of this *Civic Epos*.

In the Romance department, Goethe has written several works, and on peculiar principles. Besides *Werter*, we have *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* and *Die Wahlverwandtschaften* (The Elective Affinities); and five years ago he published the first volume of *Wilhelm Meister's Travels*, a fragment which the reader is now to have an opportunity of perusing. These performances, though bearing the common name of novel, are of very varied quality; and some of them but ill represented by so trivial a title. *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, for instance, whatever may be thought of it in other respects, has a

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deeper object than many a poem which has called itself epic: nor was it hastily or carelessly huddled together without study; for this novel, it would appear, lay ten years in the Author's mind and hand, one year longer than even the Horatian period. Like many of his other works, *Meister* has called forth a numerous series of imitations; but the strength of such productions lies less in the form than in the substance, which it is not so easy to copy; and accordingly, when most of these "Art-novels" are forgotten, *Meister* alone continues rising in esteem. Except the *Wahlverwandtschaften*, all Goethe's novels are now in English.

Of his numerous short Poems it is difficult to say a well-weighed word; for they are of all sorts, gay and grave, descriptive, lyrical, didactic, idyllic, epigrammatic; and of all these species, the common name, without long expositions, would, when applied to him, excite a false idea. Goethe is nowhere more entirely original, more fascinating, more indescribable, than in his smaller poems. One quality which very generally marks them, particularly those of a later date, is their peculiar expressiveness, their fulness of meaning. A single thing is said, and a thousand things are indicated. They are spells which cleave to our memory, and by which we summon beautiful spirits from the vasty deep of thought. Often at the first aspect they appear commonplace, or altogether destitute of significance: we look at the lines on the canvass: and they seem careless dashes, mere random strokes, representing nothing save the caprices of their author; we change our place, we shift and shift, till we find the right point of view; and all at once a fair figure starts into being, encircled with graces and light charms, and by its witcheries attracting heart and mind. In his songs he recalls to us those of Shakspeare: they are not speeches, but musical tones; the sentiment is not stated in logical sequence, but poured forth in fitful and fantastic suggestions: they are the wild wood-notes of the nightingale; they are to be sung, not said.

A large portion of Goethe's writings still remains to be classed under the head of Miscellanies. We have sketches of Travels; dissertations, direct or allegorical,

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on Art; autobiography, continuous or in fragments; fantasies, dialogues, or other light essays, on Taste, Manners, and Morals; there is even a short treatise on the geography of the Children of Israel's journey into Canaan! Nor has he disdained the humble offices of a translator and editor. The *Life of Benvenuto Cellini*, which lately appeared in English, he long ago translated, with notes. Voltaire's *Mahomet* had a similar honour from him; also Diderot's *Neveu de Rameau*, the original of which was published only very lately, many years after the German version. His editorial functions, I believe, he has not yet laid aside; for two periodicals, the *Morphologie* and the *Kunst und Alterthum* (Art and Antiquities), are still occasionally continued under his direction and co-operation.

Such are some specimens of the labours, in which Goethe has spent many diligent and most honourable years. That they are too varied to be all excellent, that he would have better cared for his fame, had he limited his efforts to a narrower circle, is an obvious cavil; to which also he can reply, as he has already done for D'Alembert, that there are higher things on Earth than fame; that a universal development of our spiritual nature may actually be more precious to us than the solace of our vanity; that the true business is to *be*, not to *seem*; and that intellectual *artisanship*, however wondered at, is less desirable than intellectual *manhood*. Goethe has a right to speak on this subject: for he has tried public favour, and tried the want of it; and found that he could hold on his way through either fortune. Thirty years ago, he might be said to be without an audience even in his own country: his best works were received with chilling apathy, or objected to with the most melancholy stolidity; and many a good-natured friend might be heard lamenting that the genius of Goethe should have faded with the fire of his youth, that the author of *Werter* and *Berlichingen* should have sunk to *Meister* and *Torquato Tasso*. Goethe had outgrown his generation; his culture was too high for its apprehension. He went on unweariedly to cultivate himself still farther. These things have their day: the reign of Stupidity is boisterous and boastful; but it shall not en-

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dure forever. A better race of critics arose; the Nicolais* and Mansos gave place to the Schlegels, the Tiecks, the Richters. Goethe has lived to see a truer time; his calm perseverance has met with its outward as well as its inward rewards; and what was once the solitary consciousness of his own mind, is now reflected back to him from millions of approving minds. In the evening of his glorious life, a destiny has been provided for him such as falls to the lot of few mortals. Secluded in the bosom of his family; surrounded, and still occupied, with whatever is curious in literature, science, or art, the venerable Master, in looking at the bright past, may find it yet in harmony with the present and the future: for his heart and hand are still busy in his vocation; faces that love him gladden his abode; and voices of reverence and gratitude reach him from all ends of the world. His mental faculties seem visited by no decay: the work written last year is as full of life as the work written threescore years ago: his mind is growing older, but more interesting, as well as older; it is stiller, wiser, lovelier; and the long sha-

* Nicolai was a Bookseller in Berlin; a man of a shrewd, inquiring, substantial mind; what is called a sound practical man. He had made considerable attainments in knowledge, by his own unaided efforts; and was indeed a very meritorious person, had he not committed one fundamental error: To the very last he never could persuade himself that there was anything in Heaven or Earth which had not been dreamed of in *his* philosophy. He was animated with a fierce zeal against Jesuits; in this most people thought him partly right: but when he wrote against Kant's philosophy, without comprehending it; and judged of poetry as he judged of Brunswick mum, by its *utility*, many people thought him wrong. A man of such spiritual habitudes is now by the Germans called a *Philister*, Philistine: Nicolai earned for himself the painful pre-eminence of being *Erz-Philister*, Arch-Philistine. Stray specimens of the Philistine nation are said to exist in our own Islands; but we have no name for them like the Germans; who indeed, by this cheek-burning, may perhaps be thought to have cleaned their country *too* well of these Uncircumcised. By way of explanation, I should add, that *Philister*, in the dialect of German Universities, corresponds to the *Brute* of Cambridge; designating every non-student. As applied to Nicolai and his kindred, it came into use in the period of the *Xenien* (See *Tieck* in Volume II. of this Compilation); and in this sense it is now to be found, with all its derivatives, even in grave writings. At present, the literary Philistine seldom shows, never parades, himself in Germany; and when he does appear, he is in the last stage of emaciation.

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dows of evening are blended with the mellowest sunshine. His *West-östlicher Divan*, a series of *Western-oriental* sketches and poems, is still as graceful and expressive as if half a century had been subtracted from its date. *Wilhelm Meister's Travels* was published in 1821; and some of our readers may peruse it with a new interest, and the singular specimen of a light and living poem by a man of seventy-two.

Of a nature so rare and complex it is difficult to form a true comprehension; difficult even to express what comprehension we have formed. In Goethe's mind, the first aspect that strikes us is its calmness, then its beauty; a deeper inspection reveals to us its vastness and unmeasured strength. This man rules, and is not ruled. The stern and fiery energies of a most passionate soul lie silent in the centre of his being; a trembling sensibility has been inured to stand, without flinching or murmur, the sharpest trials. Nothing outward, nothing inward, shall agitate or control him. The brightest and most capricious fancy, the most piercing and inquisitive intellect, the wildest and deepest imagination; the highest thrills of joy, the bitterest pangs of sorrow: all these are his, he is not theirs. While he moves every heart from its steadfastness, his own is firm and still: the words that search into the inmost recesses of our nature, he pronounces with a tone of coldness and equanimity; in the deepest pathos, he weeps not, or his tears are like water trickling from a rock of adamant. He is king of himself and of his world; nor does he rule it like a vulgar great man, like a Napoleon or Charles Twelfth, by the mere brute exertion of his will, grounded on no principle, or on a false one: his faculties and feelings are not fettered or prostrated under the iron sway of Passion, but led and guided in kindly union under the mild sway of Reason; as the fierce primeval elements of Nature were stilled at the coming of Light, and bound together, under its soft vesture, into a glorious and beneficent Creation.

This is the true Rest of man; no stunted unbelieving callousness, no reckless surrender to blind Force, no opiate delusion; but the harmonious adjustment of Necessity and Accident, of what is changeable and what is

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unchangeable in our destiny; the calm supremacy of the spirit over its circumstances; the dim aim of every human soul, the full attainment of only a chosen few. It comes not unsought to any; but the wise are wise because they think no price too high for it. Goethe's inward home has been reared by slow and laborious efforts; but it stands on no hollow or deceitful basis: for his peace is not from blindness, but from clear vision; not from uncertain hope of alteration, but from sure insight into what cannot alter. His world seems once to have been desolate and baleful, as that of the darkest sceptic: but he has covered it anew with beauty and solemnity, derived from deeper sources, over which Doubt can have no sway. He has inquired fearlessly, and fearlessly searched out and denied the false; but he has not forgotten what is equally essential and infinitely harder, to search out and admit the true. His heart is still full of warmth, though his head is clear and cold; the world for him is still full of grandeur, though he clothes it with no false colours; his fellow-creatures are still objects of reverence and love, though their basenesses are plainer to no eye than to his. To reconcile these contradictions is the task of all good men, each for himself, in his own way and manner: a task which, in our age, is encompassed with difficulties peculiar to the time; and which Goethe seems to have accomplished with a success that few can rival. A mind so in unity with itself, even though it were a poor and small one, would arrest our attention, and win some kind regard from us: but when this mind ranks among the strongest and most complicated of the species, it becomes a sight full of interest, a study full of deep instruction.

Such a mind as Goethe's is the fruit not only of a royal endowment by Nature, but also of a culture proportionate to her bounty. In Goethe's original form of spirit we discern the highest gifts of manhood, without any deficiency of the lower: he has an eye and a heart equally for the sublime, the common, and the ridiculous; the elements at once of a poet, a thinker, and a wit. Of his culture we have often spoken already; and it deserves again to be held up to praise and imitation. This, as he himself unostentatiously confesses, has been the soul of

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all his conduct, the great enterprise of his life; and few that understand him will be apt to deny that he has prospered. As a writer, his resources have been accumulated from nearly all the provinces of human intellect and activity; and he has trained himself to use these complicated instruments with a light expertness, which we might have admired in the professor of a solitary department. Freedom, and grace, and smiling earnestness, are the characteristics of his works: the matter of them flows along in chaste abundance, in the softest combination; and their style is referred to by native critics as the highest specimen of the German tongue. On this latter point the vote of a stranger may well be deemed unavailing; but the charms of Goethe's style lie deeper than the mere words: for language, in the hands of a master, is the express image of thought, or rather it is the body of which thought is the soul; the former rises into being together with the latter, and the graces of the one are shadowed forth in the movements of the other. Goethe's language, even to a foreigner, is full of character and secondary meanings; polished, yet vernacular and cordial, it sounds like the dialect of wise, ancient, and true-hearted men: in poetry, brief, sharp, simple and expressive; in prose, perhaps still more pleasing; for it is at once concise and full, rich, clear, unpretending, and melodious; and the sense, not presented in alternating flashes, piece after piece revealed and withdrawn, rises before us as in continuous dawning, and stands at last simultaneously complete, and bathed in the mellowest and ruddiest sunshine. It brings to mind what the prose of Hooker, Bacon, Milton, Browne, would have been, had they written under the good, without the bad influences, of that French precision, which has polished and attenuated, trimmed and impoverished, all modern languages; made our meaning clear, and too often shallow as well as clear.

But Goethe's culture as a writer is perhaps less remarkable than his culture as a man. He has learned not in head only, but also in heart; not from Art and Literature, but also by action and passion in the rugged school of Experience. If asked what was the grand characteristic of his writings, we should not say Knowledge, but

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Wisdom. A mind that has seen, and suffered, and done, speaks to us of what it has tried and conquered. A gay delineation will give us notice of dark and toilsome experiences, of business done in the great deep of the spirit; a maxim, trivial to the careless eye, will rise with light and solution over long perplexed periods of our own history. It is thus that heart speaks to heart; that the life of one man becomes a possession to all. Here is a mind of the most subtle and tumultuous elements: but it is governed in peaceful diligence, and its impetuous and ethereal faculties work softly together for good and noble ends. Goethe may be called a Philosopher; for he loves and has practised as a man, the wisdom which, as a poet, he inculcates. Composure and cheerful seriousness seem to breathe over all his character. There is no whining over human woes: it is understood that we must simply all strive to alleviate or remove them. There is no noisy battling for opinions; but a persevering effort to make Truth lovely, and recommend her, by a thousand avenues, to the hearts of all men. Of his personal manners, we can easily believe the universal report, as often given in the way of censure as of praise, that he is a man of consummate breeding and the stateliest presence: for an air of polished tolerance, of courtly, we might say majestic repose, and serene humanity, is visible throughout his works. In no line of them does he speak with asperity of any man; scarcely ever even of a thing. He knows the good, and loves it; he knows the bad and hateful, and rejects it; but in neither case with violence: his love is calm and active; his rejection is implied rather than pronounced; meek and gentle, though we see that it is thorough, and never to be revoked. The noblest and the basest he not only seems to comprehend, but to personate and body forth in their most secret lineaments: hence actions and opinions appear to him as they are, with all the circumstances which extenuate or endear them to the hearts where they originated and are entertained. This also is the spirit of our Shakspeare, and perhaps of every great dramatic poet. Shakspeare is no sectarian: to all he deals with equity and mercy; because he knows all, and his heart is wide enough for all. In his mind the

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world is a whole; he figures it as Providence governs it; and to him it is not strange that the sun should be caused to shine on the evil and the good, and the rain to fall on the just and the unjust.

Goethe has been called the German Voltaire; but it is a name which does him wrong, and describes him ill. Except in the corresponding variety of their pursuits and knowledge, in which, perhaps, it does Voltaire wrong, the two cannot be compared. Goethe is all, or the best of all, that Voltaire was; and he is much that Voltaire did not dream of. To say nothing of his dignified and truthful character as a man, he belongs, as a thinker and a writer, to a far higher class than this *enfant gâté du monde qu'il gâta.* He is not a questioner and a despiser, but a teacher and a reverencer; not a destroyer, but a builder up; not a wit only, but a wise man. Of him Montesquieu could not have said with even epigrammatic truth: *Il a plus que personne l'esprit que tout le monde a.* Voltaire was the *cleverest* of all past and present men; but a great man is something more, and this he surely was not.

As poets, the two live not in the same hemisphere, not in the same world. Of Voltaire's poetry, it were blindness to deny the polished intellectual vigour, the logical symmetry, the flashes that from time to time give it the colour, if not the warmth, of fire: but it is in a far other sense than this that Goethe is a poet; in a sense of which the French literature has never afforded any example. We may venture to say of him, that his province is high and peculiar; higher than any poet but himself, for several generations, has so far succeeded in, perhaps even has steadfastly attempted. In reading Goethe's poetry, it perpetually strikes us that we are reading the poetry of our own day and generation. No demands are made on our credulity; the light, the science, the scepticism of the age, are not hid from us. He does not deal in antiquated mythologies, or ring changes on traditionary poetic forms; there are no supernal, no infernal influences, for *Faust* is an apparent rather than a real exception: but there is the barren prose of the nineteenth century, the vulgar life which we are all leading; and it starts into strange beauty

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in his hands; and we pause in delighted wonder to behold the flower of Poesy blooming in that parched and rugged soil. This is the end of his *Mignons* and *Harpers*, of his *Tassos* and *Meisters*. Poetry, as he views it, exists not in time or place, but in the spirit of man; and Art, with Nature, is now to perform for the poet, what Nature alone performed of old. The divinities and demons, the witches, spectres, and fairies, are vanished from the world, never again to be recalled: but the Imagination which created these still lives, and will for ever live in man's soul; and can again pour its wizard light over the Universe, and summons forth enchantments as lovely or impressive, and which its sister faculties will not contradict. To say that Goethe has accomplished all this, would be to say that his genius is greater than was ever given to any man: for if it was a high and glorious mind, or rather series of minds, that peopled the first ages with their peculiar forms of poetry, it must be a series of minds much higher and more glorious that shall so people the present. The angels and demons that can lay prostrate our hearts in the nineteenth century, must be of another and more cunning fashion than those that subdued us in the ninth. To have attempted, to have begun this enterprise, may be accounted the greatest praise. That Goethe ever meditated it, in the form here set forth, we have no direct evidence: but indeed such is the end and aim of high poetry at all times, and seasons; for the fiction of the poet is not falsehood, but the purest truth; and if he would lead captive our whole being, not rest satisfied with a part of it, he must address us on interests that *are*, not that *were*, ours; and in a dialect which finds a response, and not a contradiction, within our bosoms.

How Goethe has fulfilled these conditions in addressing us, an inspection of his works, but no description, can inform us. Let me advise the reader to study them and see. If he come to the task with an opinion that poetry is an amusement, a passive recreation; that its highest object is to supply a languid mind with fantastic shows and indolent emotions, his measure of enjoyment is likely to be scanty, and his criticisms will be loud, angry, and manifold. But if he know and believe that poetry is

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the essence of all science, and requires the purest of all studies; if he recollect that the new may not always be the false; that the excellence which can be seen in a moment is not usually a very deep one; above all, if his own heart be full of feelings and experiences, for which he finds no name and no solution, but which lie in pain imprisoned and unuttered in his breast, till the Word be spoken, the spell that is to unbind them, and bring them forth to liberty and light; then, if I mistake not, he will find that in this Goethe there is a new world set before his eyes; a world of Earnestness and Sport, of solemn cliff and gay plain; some such temple—far inferior, as it may well be, in magnificence and beauty, but a temple of the same architecture—some such temple for the Spirit of our age, as the Shakspeares and Spensers have raised for the Spirit of theirs.

This seems a bold assertion: but it is not made without deliberation, and such conviction as it has stood within my means to obtain. If it invite discussion, and forward the discovery of the truth in this matter, its best purpose will be answered. Goethe's genius is a study for other minds than have yet seriously engaged with it among us. By and by, apparently ere long, he will be tried and judged righteously; he himself, and no cloud instead of him; for he comes to us in such a questionable shape, that silence and neglect will not always serve our purpose. England, the chosen home of justice in all its senses, where the humblest merit has been acknowledged, and the highest fault not unduly punished, will do no injustice to this extraordinary man. And if, when her impartial sentence has been pronounced and sanctioned, it shall appear that Goethe's earliest admirers have wandered too far into the language of panegyric, I hope it may be reckoned no unpardonable sin. It is spirit-stirring rather than spirit-sharpening, to consider that there is one of the Prophets here with us in our own day; that a man who is to be numbered with the Sages and *Sacri Vates*, the Shakspeares, the Tassos, the Cervanteses of the world, is looking on the things which we look on, has dealt with the very thoughts which we have to deal with, is reigning in sereno

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dominion over the perplexities and contradictions in which we are still painfully entangled.

That Goethe's mind is full of inconsistencies and shortcomings, can be a secret to no one who has heard of the Fall of Adam. Nor would it be difficult, in this place, to muster a long catalogue of darknesses defacing our perception of this brightness: but it might be still less profitable than it is difficult; for in Goethe's writings, as in those of all true masters, an apparent blemish is apt, after maturer study, to pass into a beauty. His works cannot be judged in fractions, for each of them is conceived and written as a whole; the humble and common may be no less essential there than the high and splendid: it is only Chinese pictures that have no shade. There is a maxim, far better known than practised, that to detect faults is a much lower occupation than to recognise merits. We may add also, that though far easier in the execution, it is not a whit more certain in the result. What is the detecting of a fault, but the feeling of an incongruity, of a contradiction, which may exist in ourselves as well as in the object? Who shall say in which? None but he who sees this object as it is, and himself as he is. We have all heard of the critic fly; but none of us doubts the compass of his own vision. It is thus that a high work of art, still more that a high and original mind, may at all times calculate on much sorriest criticism. In looking at an extraordinary man, it were good for an ordinary man to be sure of *seeing* him, before attempting to *oversee* him. Having ascertained that Goethe is an object deserving study, it will be time to censure his faults when we have clearly estimated his merits; and if we are wise judges, not till then.

Whether this work of *Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre** [*]

[*] *Wanderjahre* denotes the period which a German artisan is, by law or usage, obliged to pass in travelling, to perfect himself in his craft, after the conclusion of his *Lehrjahre* (Apprenticeship), and before his Mastership can begin. In many gilds this custom is as old as their existence, and continues still to be indispensable: it is said to have originated in the frequent journeys of the German Emperors to Italy, and the consequent improvement observed in such workmen among their menials as had attended them thither. Most of the gilds are what is called *geschenkten*, that is, *presenting*, having presents to

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will exalt or depress our actual judgment of him, I pretend not to predict. Like all Goethe's works, its immediate reception is doubtful, or rather, perhaps, it is not doubtful. That these *Travels* will surprise and disappoint the reader, is too likely; and perhaps the reader of the *Apprenticeship* will be more surprised than any other. The book is called a romance; but it treats not of romance characters or subjects; it has less relation to Fielding's *Tom Jones* than to Spenser's *Faëry Queen*. The scene is not laid on this firm Earth, but in a fair Utopia of Art and Science and free Activity: the figures, light and aëriform, come unlooked for, and melt away abruptly, like the pageants of Prospero in his enchanted Island. Whether this the baseless fabric of their vision is beautiful and significant like his, or vague and false, our readers are now to determine. To a reader of the original this question may appear already pretty well decided: in both languages, it is true, the work is still a fragment, hanging suspended in middle air; but the matchless graces of its workmanship, the calm fulness, the noble simplicity of its style, are, in many points, for the one language only.

Nevertheless, I present this work to the English people without reluctance or misgivings, persuaded that though it may be caviare to the general, there are not wanting tastes among us to discern its worth and worthlessness, even under its present disadvantages, and to pronounce truly on both. Of his previous reception in this country, neither Goethe nor his admirers have reason to complain. By all men who have any pretension to depth or sensibility of mind, the existence of a high and peculiar genius has been cheerfully recognised in him; a fact which, considering the unwonted and in many points forbidding aspect of his chief works, does honour both to the author and his critics; while their often numerous and grave objections have proved only that they had studied him with the cursory eye, which may suffice for cursory writers, but for

give to needy *wandering* brothers. This word *Wanderjahre* I have been obliged to translate by *Travels*, after in vain casting about for an expression that should more accurately represent it. Our mechanics have a word much nearer the mark: but this was never printed; and must not be printed, for the first time, here.

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him is not sufficient, nor likely to be final. In no quarter has there appeared any tendency to wilful unfairness, any jealousy as towards a stranger, any disposition to treat him otherwise than according to his true deserts. Indeed, wherefore should there? We of England have of all nations, past and present, the least cause to be jealous with this mean jealousy. Our own literature is peopled with kingly names; our language is beautiful with their English intellects and English characters; their works live forever in our hearts. If we cannot love and hold fast our own, and yet be just to others, who is there that can? In soliciting and anticipating a true estimate of Goethe, I have only to wish that the same sentiments may continue with us.

For the rest, if it seem that I advocate this cause too warmly; that Goethe's genius, whether it be good or bad, is in truth a very small concern to us, I may be allowed to remind my readers, that the existence or non-existence of a new Poet for the World in our own time, of a new Instructor, and Preacher of Truth to all men, is really a question of more importance to us than many that are agitated with far greater noise.

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MEISTER'S TRAVELS;

OR,

THE RENUNCIANTS.

A NOVEL.

To travel now th' Apprentice does essay,
And every step is girt with doubt and danger
In truth he uses not to sing or pray;
But is his path perplex'd, this toilsome ranger
Does turn an earnest eye, when mist 's above him,
To his own heart, and to the hearts that love him.

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Scarce could tell you rightly
  Whether I'm the same or not;
If you task me very tightly:
  Yes, this is my sense you've got;
Sense that vexes, then assuages,
  Now too light, and now too dark,
But in some few hundred pages
  May again come to the mark.

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Does fortune try thee? She had cause to do't;
She wish'd thee temperate: obey, be mute!

What shap'st thou here at the world! 'tis shapen long ago;
The Maker shap'd it, *he* thought it best even *so*:
Thy lot is appointed, go follow its hest;
Thy way is begun, thou must walk, and not rest;
For sorrow and care cannot alter thy case;
And running, not raging, will win thee the race.

Enweri tells, us, a most royal man,
The deepest heart and highest head to scan:
"In every place, at every time, thy surest chance
Lies in Decision, Justice, Tolerance."

My inheritance, how wide and fair!
Time is my estate; to Time I'm heir.

Now it is Day; be doing every one!
For the Night cometh, wherein work can none.

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And so I, in Tale adjoining,
Lift old treasures into day;
If not gold or perfect coining,
They are metals any way:
Thou canst sort them, thou canst sunder
Thou canst melt and make them one;
Then take that with smiling wonder,
Stamp it like thyself, my son.

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MEISTER'S TRAVELS.

CHAPTER I.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

WILHELM was sitting under the shadow of a huge crag, on a shaggy impressive spot, where the steep mountain-path turned abruptly round a corner down into the chasm. The sun was still high, and brightening the tops of the pinetrees in the clefts at his feet. He was looking at something in his note-book, when Felix, who had been clambering about, came to him with a stone in his hand: "What is the name of this stone, father?" said the boy.

"I know not," answered Wilhelm.

"Can this be gold that glitters in it so?" said Felix.

"No, no," replied Wilhelm; "and now I remember, people call it mica, or cat-gold."

"Cat-gold!" said the boy smiling: "And why?"

"I suppose, because it is false, and cats are reckoned false too."

"Well, I will note that," said the son, and put in the stone beside the rest, with which he had already filled his pockets.

Scarcely was this over, when adown the steep path, a strange enough appearance came in sight. Two boys, beautiful as day; in coloured jackets, which you might have taken for outer shirts, came bounding down one

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after the other; and Wilhelm had opportunity of viewing them more closely, as they faltered, on observing him, and stopped for a moment. Round the elder boy's head waved rich fair locks, which you looked at first, on observing him; and then his clear blue eyes attracted your attention, which spread itself with delight over his beautiful shape. The younger, more like a friend than a brother, was decked with brown sleek hair; which hung down over his shoulders, and the reflection of which appeared to be imaged in his eyes.

These strange, and in this wilderness quite unexpected beings, Wilhelm had not time to view more narrowly, for he heard a man's voice calling down round the corner of the crag, in a serious, but friendly tone:

"Why do you stand still? Don't stop the way!"

Wilhelm looked upwards; and if the children had surprised him, what he now saw filled him with astonishment. A stout, firmset, not too tall young man, tucked up for walking, of brown complexion and black hair, was stepping firmly and carefully down the rock-way; and leading an ass behind him, which first presented its glossy well-trimmed head, and then the fair burden it bore. A soft lovely woman was seated on a large and well-pannelled saddle: in her arms, within a blue mantle which hung over her, lay an infant, which she was pressing to her breast, and looking at with indescribable tenderness. The man did as the children had done; faltered for a moment at sight of Wilhelm. The beast slackened its step, but the descent was too precipitous; the travellers could not halt; and Wilhelm with astonishment saw them vanish behind the contiguous wall of rocks.

Nothing was more natural than that this singular procession should cut short his meditations. He rose in no small curiosity, and looked from his position towards the chasm, to see whether they would not again make their appearance somewhere below. He was just about descending to salute these strange travellers, when Felix came climbing up, and said: "Father, may I not go home with these boys to their house? They want to take

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me with them. Thou must go too, the man said to me. Come! They are waiting down there."

"I will speak with them," answered Wilhelm.

He found them at a place where the path was more level; and he could not but gaze in wonder at the singular figures which had so strongly attracted his attention. Not till now had it been in his power to note the peculiarities of the group. The young stout man, he found, had a joiner's axe on his shoulder, and a long thin iron square. The children bore in their hands large sedge-tufts, like palms; and if in this point they resembled angels, they likewise carried little baskets with shop-wares in them, thereby resembling the little daily posts, as they pass to and fro over the Mountains. The mother also, he observed on looking more leisurely, wore under her blue mantle a reddish mild-coloured lower garment; so that *The Flight into Egypt*, which our friend had so often seen painted, he now with amazement saw bodied forth before his eyes.

The strangers exchanged salutations: and as Wilhelm, from surprise and attention, could not speak, the young man said: "Our children have formed a friendship in these few moments. Will you go with us, to see whether some kind relation will not spring up between the elder parties also?"

Wilhelm bethought himself an instant, and then answered: "The aspect of your little family procession awakens trust and good-will; and to confess it frankly, curiosity no less, and a lively desire to be better acquainted with you. For at the first glance, one might ask himself the question: Whether you are real travellers, or only Spirits that take pleasure in enlivening these uninhabitable Mountains by pleasant visions?"

"Then come home with us to our dwelling," said the other. "Come with us!" cried the children, already drawing Felix along with them. "Come with us!" said the woman, turning her soft kindliness from the suckling to the stranger.

Without reflecting, Wilhelm answered: "I am sorry that for the present moment I cannot follow you. This night, at least, I must spend up at the Border-house. My

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portmanteau, my papers, all is lying up there, unpacked, intrusted to no one. But that I may prove my wish and purpose to satisfy your friendly invitation, take my Felix with you as a pledge. To-morrow I shall see you. How far is it?"

"We shall be home before sunset," said the carpenter; "and from the Border-house you are but a league and a half. Your boy increases our household for this night, and to-morrow we expect you."

The man and the animal set forth. Wilhelm smiled thoughtfully to see his Felix so soon received among the Angels. The boy had already seized a sedge-tuft, and taken the basket from the younger of his companions. The procession was again on the point of vanishing behind a ledge of rock, when Wilhelm recollected himself, and cried: "But how shall I inquire you out?"

"Ask for St. Joseph!" sounded from the hollow: and the whole vision had sunk behind the blue shady wall of cliffs. A pious hymn, uplifted on a chorus of several voices, rose echoing from the distance; and Wilhelm thought he could distinguish the voice of his Felix among the rest.

He ascended the path, and thus protracted the period of sunset. The heavenly star, which he had more than once lost sight of, illuminated him afresh as he mounted higher, and it was still day when he reached his inn. Once more he delighted himself with the vast mountain-prospect; then withdrew to his chamber, where immediately he seized his pen, and passed a part of the night in writing.

Wilhelm to Natalia.

Now at last I have reached the Summit, the summit of the Mountains, which will place a stronger separation betwixt us than all the tract I had passed over before. To my feeling, one is still in the neighbourhood of those he loves, so long as the streams run down from him towards them. To-day I can still fancy to myself that the twig

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which I cast into the forest-brook, may perhaps float down to her, may in a few days land at her garden; and thus our spirit sends its images more easily, our heart its sympathies, by the same downward course. But over on the other side, I fear, there rises a wall of division against the imagination and the feelings. Yet this perhaps is but a vain anxiety; for over on the other side, after all, it will not be otherwise than it is here. What could part me from thee! From thee, whose own I am forever, though a strange destiny sunders me from thee, and unexpectedly shuts the heaven to which I stood so near. I had time to compose myself; and yet no time could have sufficed to give me that composure, had I not gained it from thy mouth, from thy lips, in that decisive moment. How could I have torn myself away, if the enduring thread had not been spun, which is to unite us for Time and Eternity? Yet I must not speak of all this. Thy tender commands I will not break: on this mountain top, be it the last time that I name the word Separation, before thee! My life is to become a restless wandering. Strange duties of the wanderer have I to fulfil, and peculiar trials to undergo. How I often smile within myself, when I read the terms which thou prescribedst to me, which I prescribed to myself. Many of them have been kept, many broken; but even while breaking them, this sheet is of use to me, this testimonial of my last confession, of my last absolution: it speaks to me as an authoritative conscience, and I again turn to the right path. I watch myself; and my faults no longer rush like mountain-torrents, one over the other.

Yet I will confess to thee, I many times wonder at those Teachers and Guides of men, who impose on their scholars nothing but external mechanical duties. They make the task, for themselves and the world, a light one. For this very part of my obligations, which at first seemed the heaviest, the strangest, I now observe with greatest ease, with greatest satisfaction.

I am not to stay beyond three days under one roof. I am to quit no inn without removing at least one league from it. These regulations are in truth calculated to make my life a life of Travel, and to prevent the smallest thought of settlement from taking hold of me. Hitherto I have ful-

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filled this condition to the letter; not even using all the liberty it grants me. This is the first time that I have paused; here, for the first time, I sleep three nights in the same bed. From this spot, I send thee much that I have heard, observed, laid up for thee; and early in the morning, I descend on the other side; in the first place, to a strange family, I might almost say, a Holy Family, of which, in my Journal, thou wilt find farther notice. For the present, farewell; and lay down this sheet with the feeling that it has but one thing to say, but one thing which it would say and repeat forever; yet will not say it, will not repeat it now, till I have once more the happiness of lying at thy feet, and weeping over thy hands for all that I renounce.

Morning.

My packing is done. The porter is girding the portmanteau on his dorsel. As yet the sun is not up; vapours are streaming out of all the hollows, but the upper sky is clear. We step down into the gloomy deeps, which also will soon brighten over our heads. Let me send my last sigh home to thee! Let my last look towards thee be yet blinded with involuntary tears! I am decided and determined. Thou shalt hear no more complaints from me: thou shalt hear only what happens to the wanderer. And yet now, when I am on the point of ending, a thousand thoughts, wishes, hopes, and purposes, come crowding through my soul. Happily the people force me away. The porter calls me; and mine host has already in my presence begun sorting the apartment, as if I were gone; thus feelingless, imprudent heirs do not hide, from the departing testator, their preparations for assuming management.

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CHAPTER II.

ST. JOSEPH THE SECOND.

ALREADY had the wanderer, following his porter on foot, left the steep rocks behind and above him; already were they traversing a softer mid range of hills; and hastening through many a well-pruned wood, over many a friendly meadow, forward and forward; till at last they found themselves on a declivity, and looked down into a beautifully cultivated valley, begirt on all sides with hills. A large monastic edifice, half in ruins, half in repair, immediately attracted their attention. "This is St. Joseph," said the porter: "Pity for the fine Church! Do but look how fresh and firm it still holds up its pillars through bush and tree, though it has lain many hundred years in decay."

"The Cloister, on the contrary," said Wilhelm, "I observe, is kept in good state."

"Yes," said the other; "there is a Schaffner lives here; he manages the husbandry, collects the dues and tithes, which the people far and wide have to pay him."

So speaking, they had entered through the open gate into a spacious court, surrounded with earnest-looking, well-kept buildings, and announcing itself as the residence of some peaceful community. Among the children playing in the area, Wilhelm noticed Felix; the other two were the Angels of last night. The friendly trefoil came running towards him, with salutations, and assurances that papa would soon be back. He, in the meanwhile, they said, must go into the hall, and rest himself.

How surprised was Wilhelm when the children led him into this apartment which they named the hall. Passing directly from the court, through a large door, our wanderer found himself in a very cleanly, undecayed Chapel, which, however, as he saw well enough, had been fitted up for the domestic uses of daily life. On the one side stood a table, a settle, some chairs and benches; on the other side a neatly-carved dresser, with variegated

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pottery, jugs, and glasses. Some chests and trunks were standing in suitable niches; and, simple as the whole appeared, there was not wanting an air of comfort; and daily household life looked forth from it with an aspect of invitation. The light fell in from high windows on the side. But what most roused the attention of the wanderer, was a series of coloured figures painted on the wall, stretching under the windows, at a considerable height, round three quarters of the Chapel; and hanging down to the wainscoat, which covered the remainder of the wall to the ground. The pictures represented the history of St. Joseph. Here you might see him first employed with his carpentry work; here he meets Mary, and a lily is sprouting from the ground between them, while Angels hover round observing them. Here his betrothing takes place; next comes the salutation of the Angel. Here he is sitting disconsolate among his neglected work; he has laid by the axe, and is thinking to put away his wife. But now appears the Angel to him in a dream, and his situation changes. With reverence he looks on the new-born Child in the Stable at Bethlehem, and prays to it. Soon after this, come a wonderfully beautiful picture. You observe a quantity of timber lying dressed; it is just to be put together, and by chance two of the pieces form a cross. The Child has fallen asleep on the cross; his mother sits by, and looks at him with heartfelt love; and the foster-father pauses with his labour, that he may not awaken him. Next follows the Flight into Egypt: it called forth a smile from the gazing traveller; for he saw here on the walls a repetition of the living figures he had met last night.

He had not long pursued his contemplations, when the landlord entered; whom he directly recognised as the leader of the Holy Caravan. They saluted each other cordially; much conversation followed; yet Wilhelm's chief attention continued fixed on the pictures. The host observed the feeling of his guest, and began with a smile: "No doubt, you are wondering at the strange accordance of this building with its inhabitants, whom you got acquainted with last night. Yet it is perhaps still more singular than you suppose: the building has in truth

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formed the inhabitants. For when the inanimate has life, it can also produce what has life."

"Yes, indeed!" answered Wilhelm: "I should be surprised if the spirit, which worked so powerfully in this mountain-solitude long centuries ago, and drew round it such a mighty body of edifices, possessions, and rights, diffusing in return the blessings of manifold culture over the region, could not still, out of these ruins, manifest the force of its life on some living being. But let us not linger on general reflections; make me acquainted with your history; let me know how it can possibly have happened, that without affectation and presumption, the past again represents itself in you, and what was, again is."

Just as Wilhelm was expecting responsive information from the lips of his host, a friendly voice in the court cried: "Joseph!" The man obeyed it, and went out.

"So he too is Joseph!" said Wilhelm to himself. "This is strange enough; and yet not so strange as that, in his life, he should personate his Saint." At the same time looking through the door, he saw the Virgin Mother of last night, speaking with her husband. They parted at last; the woman walked towards the opposite building. "Mary," cried he after her, "a word more."

"So she too is Mary!" said Wilhelm inwardly. "Little would make me feel as if I were transported eighteen hundred years into the past!" He thought of the solemn and secluded valley in which he was, of the wrecks and silence all round; and a strange antiquarian mood came over him. It was time for the landlord and children to come in. The latter called for Wilhelm to go and walk, as the landlord had still some business to do. And now came in view the ruins of the Church, with its many shafts and columns, with its high peaks and walls; which looked as if gathering strength in the influence of wind and weather; for strong trees from of old had taken root in the broad backs of the walls, and now in company with grass, flowers, and moss in great quantities, exhibited bold hanging gardens vegetating in the air. Soft sward-paths led you up the banks of a lively brook; and from a little elevation our wanderer could now overlook the edifice and its site with more interest, as its occupants had

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become still more singular in his eyes, and by their harmony with their abode had awakened his liveliest curiosity.

The promenaders returned; and found in the religious hall a table standing covered. At the upper end was an arm-chair, in which the mistress of the house took her seat. Beside her she had placed a high wicker cradle, in which lay the little infant; the father sat next this on her left hand, Wilhelm on her right. The three children occupied the under space of the table. An old serving-maid brought in a well-readied meal. Eating and drinking implements alike pointed to the past. The children afforded matter for talk, while Wilhelm could not satisfy himself with looking at the form and the bearing of his saintly hostess.

Their repast over, the company separated. The landlord took his guest to a shady spot in the Ruin, where, from an elevated station, the pleasant prospect down the valley lay entire before them; and farther off, the heights of the lower country, with their fruitful declivities and woody backs, were seen protruding one behind the other.

"It is fair," said the landlord, "that I satisfy your curiosity; and the rather, as I feel that you can view the strange with seriousness, when you find it resting on a serious ground. This religious foundation, the remains of which are lying round us, was dedicated to the Holy Family, and in old times noted as a place of pilgrimage for many wonders done in it. The Church was consecrated to the Mother and the Son. It has lain for several centuries in ruins. The Chapel, dedicated to the Holy Foster-father, still remains, as does likewise the serviceable part of the Cloister. The revenues have for many years belonged to a temporal Prince, who keeps a Steward or Schaffner here; this Schaffner am I, son of the last Schaffner, who also succeeded his father in the office.

"St. Joseph, though any regular worship of him has long ceased here, had been so helpful to our family, that it is not to be wondered at, if they felt particularly well inclined towards him: hence came it that they had me baptised by the name of Joseph, and thereby, I may say, in some sense determined my whole future way of life. I

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grew up; and if I used to help my father in managing the dues, I attached myself as gladly, nay still more gladly to my mother, who cheerfully distributed her bounty according to her fortune, and for her kindness and good deeds was known and loved over all the Mountains. Ere long she would send me out, now this way, now that; now to fetch, now to carry, now direct; and I very speedily began to be at home in this sort of pious occupation.

"In general, our Mountain life has something more humane in it than the life of lowlanders. The inhabitants here are nearer, and, if you will, more remote also. Our wants are smaller, but more pressing. Each man is placed more on his own footing; he must learn to depend on his own hands, on his own limbs. The labourer, the post, the porter, all unite in one person: each of us is more connected with the other, meets him oftner, and lives with him in joint activity.

"As I was still young, and my shoulders could not bear heavy burdens, I fell upon a thought of furnishing a little ass with panniers, which I might drive before me up and down the steep foot-paths. In the Mountains the ass is no such despicable animal as in the plain country, where the labourer that ploughs with horses reckons himself better than he that turns his furrow with oxen. And I walked behind my beast with the less hesitation, as I had before observed in the Chapel that an animal of this same sort had been promoted to such honor as to carry God and his Mother. This Chapel was not then, however, in the state you now see it in. It had been treated as a cart-house, nay, almost as a stable. Firewood, stakes, implements, barrels, and ladders, everything that came to hand, lay huddled together in it. Lucky that the pictures were so high, and the wainscot could stand some hardships. But even in my childhood, I used many a time to clamber over the wood, and delight myself with looking at the pictures, which no one could properly explain to me. However, I knew at least that the Saint whose life stood depicted on these walls was my patron; and I rejoiced in him as much as if he had been my uncle. I waxed in stature; and it being an express condition, that whoever meant to aspire after this post of Schaffner must practise

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some handicraft, our family, desiring that I might inherit so good a benefice, determined on putting me to learn some trade; and such a one, at the same time, as might be useful here in our upland way of life.

"My father was a cooper, and had been accustomed to supply of himself whatever was required in that sort, from which there arose no little profit, both to himself and the country. But I could not prevail on myself to follow him in this business. My inclination drew me irresistibly to the joiner trade; the tools and materials of which I had seen, from infancy upwards, so accurately and circumstantially painted beside my Patron Saint. I signified my wish: nothing could be objected to it; the less, as in our frequent buildings, the carpenter is often wanted here; nay, if he have any sleight in his trade and fondness for it, especially in forest districts, the arts of the cabinet-maker, and even of the carver, lie close beside his province. And what still farther confirmed me in my higher purposes was a picture, which now, alas, is almost effaced. If once you know what it is meant to represent, you may still be able to decipher the figures, when I take you to look at it. St. Joseph had got no lower a commision than to make a throne for King Herod. The royal seat was to be erected between two given pillars. Joseph carefully measures the breadth and height, and fashions a costly throne. But how astonished is he, how alarmed, on carrying his finished work to the place: the throne is too high, and not broad enough. King Herod, as we know, was a man that did not understand jesting: the pious wright is in the greatest perplexity. The divine Child, accustomed to follow him everywhere, and in childlike humble sport to carry his tools after him, observes his strait, and is immediately at hand with advice and assistance. He requires of his Foster-father to take hold of the throne by the one side, he himself grasps it by the other, and both begin to pull. Easily and pliantly, as if it had been made of leather, the carved throne extends in breath, contracts proportionably in length, and fits itself to the place with the nicest accuracy, to the great comfort of the reassured Master, and the perfect satisfaction of the King.

"This throne was, in my youth, quite distinctly visible;

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and by the remains of the one side you will still be able to discern, that there was no want of carving on it; which indeed must have been easier for the painter, than it would have been for the carpenter, had such a thing been required of him.

"That circumstance, however, raised no scruples in me; but I looked on the handicraft, to which I had devoted myself, in so honourable a light, that I was all impatience to be apprenticed to it; a longing which was the easier to fulfil, as a master of the trade lived in our neighbourhood, who worked for the whole district, and kept several apprentices and journeymen about him. Thus I continued in the neighbourhood of my parents, and to a certain extent pursued my former way of life also; seeing I employed my leisure hours and holydays in doing those charitable messages which my mother still intrusted to me.

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CHAPTER III.

THE VISIT.

"So passed several years," continued the narrator. "I very soon comprehended the principles of my trade; and my frame, expanded by labour, was equal to the undertaking of everything connected with the business. At the same time, I kept managing my ancient service, which my good mother, or rather the sick and destitute, required at my hands. I moved with my beast through the Mountains; punctually distributed my lading, and brought back from shopkeepers and merchants what we needed here at home.

"My master was contented with me, my parents also. Already I enjoyed the satisfaction, in my wanderings, of seeing many a house, which I had helped to raise, or had myself decorated. For, in particular, that last notching of the beam-ends, that carving of certain simple forms, that branding in of pretty figures, that red-painting of certain recesses, by which a wooden house in the Mountains acquires so pleasant an aspect; these arts were specially intrusted to me, as I always made the best hand of such tasks, having Herod's Throne and its ornaments constantly in my head.

"Among the help-needing persons, whom my mother took peculiar charge of, were particularly young wives near the time of their confinement; as by degrees I could well enough remark, though, in such cases, the commissions given me were veiled in a certain mystery. My messages, on these occasions, never reached directly to the party concerned: but everything passed through the hands of a good old woman that lived down the dale, and was called Frau Elizabeth. My mother, herself skilful in the art which saves life to so many at their very entrance into life, constantly maintained a good understanding with Frau Elizabeth; and I often heard, in all quarters, that many a one of our stout mountaineers stood indebted for his existence to these two women. The secrecy with

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which Elizabeth received me at all times; her pointed replies to my enigmatical questions, which I myself did not understand, awoke in me a singular reverence for her and her house, which was extremely clean, appeared to me to represent a sort of sanctuary.

"Meanwhile, by my acquirements and adroitness in my craft, I had gained considerable influence in the family. As my father, in the character of cooper, had taken charge of the cellar and its contents, I now took charge of roof and room, and repaired many a damaged part in the old building. In particular, I contrived to make some fallen barns and out-houses once more serviceable for domestic use; and scarcely was this done, when I set about cleaning and clearing out my beloved chapel. In a few days, it was put in order, almost as you see it at present: and such pieces of the wainscot as were damaged, or altogether wanting, I had endeavoured, as I went along, to restore in the same fashion as the rest. These door-leaves of the entrance, too, you might think were old enough; yet they are of my workmanship. I passed several years in carving them at leisure hours, having first mortised the body of them firmly together out of strong oaken planks. Whatever of the pictures had not been effaced or injured at that time, has since continued unimpaired; and I assisted our glazier in a new house he was erecting, under the condition of his putting in coloured windows here.

"If these figures and thoughts on the Saint's life had hitherto occupied my imagination, the whole impressed itself on me with much more liveliness, now that I could again regard the place as a sanctuary; could linger in it, and muse at leisure on what I saw or conjectured. There lay in me an irresistible desire to follow in the footsteps of this Saint; and as a similar history was not to be looked for in these times, I determined on commencing my resemblance from the lowest point upwards; as indeed, by the use of my beast of burden, I had already commenced it long ago. The small creature, which I had hitherto employed, would no longer content me: I chose for myself a far more statelier carrier, and got a large stout saddle, which was equally adapted for riding and packing. A pair of new baskets were also procured; and a net of

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many-coloured knots, flakes, and tufts, intermixed with jingling tags of metal, decorated the neck of my long-eared beast, which might now show itself beside its model on the wall. No one thought of mocking me, when I passed over the Mountains in this equipment: people do not quarrel with Benevolence for putting on a strange outside.

"Meanwhile, war, or rather its consequences, had approached our district; for dangerous bands of vagabond deserters had more than once collected, and here and there practised much violence and wanton mischief. By the good order of our Provincial Militia, by patrolling and prompt watchfulness, the evil was very soon remedied: but we too quickly relapsed into our former carelessness, and before we thought of it, new disorders broke forth.

"For a long time all had been quiet in our neighbourhood, and I had travelled peacefully with my ass along the accustomed paths; till one day passing over a newly sown glade of the forest I observed a female form sitting, or rather lying, at the edge of the fence-ditch. She seemed to be asleep or in a swoon. I endeavoured to recall her; and as she opened her eyes and sat upright, she cried with eagerness: 'Where is he? Did you see him?' I asked: 'Whom?' she replied: 'My husband!' Considering her extremely youthful appearance, I had not been expecting this reply; yet I continued, so much the more kindly, to assist her, and assure her of my sympathy. I learned that the two travellers had left their carriage, the road being so heavy, and struck into a foot-path to make a shorter cut. Hard by, they had been overtaken by armed marauders; her husband had gone off fighting with them; she, not able to follow him far, had sunk on this spot, and lain there she knew not how long. She pressingly begged of me to leave her, and hasten after her husband. She rose to her feet; and the fairest, loveliest form stood before me: yet I could easily observe, that she was in a situation, in which she might soon require the help of my mother and Frau Elizabeth. We disputed a while: for I wished, before all, to bring her to some place of safety; yet she wished, in the first place, to have tidings of her husband. She would not leave the

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trace of him; and all my arguments would, perhaps, have been unavailing, had not a party of our Militia, which the tidings of fresh misdeeds had again called out into service, chanced to pass that way through the forest. These I informed of the matter; with them the necessary arrangements were made, the place of meeting appointed, and so the business settled for the time. With great expedition I hid my panniers in a neighbouring cave, which had often served me before as a repository: I adjusted my saddle for easy riding; and not without a strange emotion, lifted the fair burden on my willing beast, which knowing of itself what path to choose, left me at liberty to walk by her side.

"You can figure to yourself, without my describing it at large, in what a strange mood I was. What I had long been seeking, I had now found. I felt as if I were dreaming, and then again as if I were awakening from a dream. That heavenly form, which I saw as it were hovering in the air, and bending aside from the green branches, now seemed to me like a dream which had risen in my soul through those figures in the Chapel. Soon those figures themselves seemed to me to have been only dreams, which were here issuing in a fair reality. I asked her many things; she answered me softly and kindly, as beseemed a dignified distress. She often desired me, when we reached any open height, to stop, to look round, to listen. She desired me with such grace, with such a deep wistful look from under her long black eyelashes, that I could not but do whatever lay in my power; nay, at last I climbed to the top of a high solitary branchless pine. Never had this feat of my handicraft been more welcome to me; never had I with greater joy brought down ribands and silks from such elevations at festivals and fairs. But for this time, alas, I came back without booty; above, as below, I could hear or see nothing. In the end, she herself called me down, and beckoned to me earnestly with her hand; nay, at last, as in gliding down, I quitted my hold a considerable way up, and dropt on the ground, she gave a scream, and a sweet kindliness spread over her face as she saw me before her unhurt.

"Why should I tell you in detail of the hundred atten-

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tions, with which I strove, the whole way, to be pleasing, to divert her thoughts from her grief. Indeed, how could I! For it is the very quality of true attention, that at the moment it makes a nothing all. To my feeling, the flowers which I broke for her, the distant scenes which I showed her, the hills, the woods which I named to her, were so many precious treasures, which I was giving her to obtain for myself a place among her interests, as one tries to do by presents.

"Already she had gained me for my whole life, when we reached our destination, at that good old woman's door, and I saw a painful separation close at hand. Once more I ran over all her form, and as my eyes came on her feet, I stooped as if to adjust something in my girdle, and kissed the daintiest shoe that I had ever seen, yet without her noticing me. I helped her down, sprang up the steps, and called in at the door: 'Frau Elizabeth, here is a visiter!' The good old woman came down: and I looked over her shoulders towards the house, as the fair being mounted the steps, with graceful sorrow, and inward painful self-consciousness; till she gratefully embraced my worthy old woman, and accompanied her into the better chamber. They shut the door, and I was left standing outside by my ass, like a man that has delivered a loading of precious wares, and is again as poor a carrier as before.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE LILY-STALK.

"I was still lingering in my departure, for I knew not what to do if I were gone, when Frau Elizabeth came to the door, and desired me to send my mother down to her; and then to go about, and, if possible, get tidings of the husband. 'Mary begs you very much to do this,' said she. 'Can I not speak with her again, myself?' replied I. 'That will not do,' said Elizabeth; and we parted. In a short time I reached our dwelling; my mother was ready that same night to go over, and be helpful to the young stranger. I hastened down the country, thinking I should get the surest intelligence at the Amtmann's. But the Amtmann himself was still in uncertainty; and as I was known to him, he invited me to pass the night there. It seemed interminably long, and still I had the fair form before my eyes, as she sat gently swaying in the saddle, and looking down to me so sorrowful and friendly. Every moment I hoped for news. To the worthy husband I honestly wished life and safety, and yet I liked so well to fancy her a widow! The ranging troops by little and little collected; and after many variable rumours, the certainty at last came to light, that the carriage was saved, but the hapless traveller dead of his wounds in a neighbouring village. I learned also, that according to our first arrangement, some of the party had gone to communicate the melancholy tidings to Frau Elizabeth; consequently I had nothing more to do there. Yet a boundless impatience, an immeasurable longing, drove me over wood and mountain once more to her threshold. It was dark; the door was shut; I saw light in the room, I saw shadows moving on the curtains; and thus I sat watching on a bench opposite the house; still on the point of knocking, and still withheld by many considerations.

"But why should I go on describing to you what is in

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itself of no interest? In short, next morning too the house was shut against me. They knew the heavy tidings, they needed me no farther; they sent me to my father, to my work; they would not answer my inquiries; they wanted to be rid of me.

"For eight days this sort of treatment had continued, when at last Frau Elizabeth called me in: 'Step softly, my friend,' said she; 'but enter without scruple.' She led me into a trim apartment; where, in the corner, through the half-opened curtains, I saw my fair one dressed, and sitting upright in the bed. Frau Elizabeth went towards her as if to announce me; lifted something from the bed, and brought it to me: wrapt in the whitest swathings, the prettiest boy! Frau Elizabeth held it straight betwixt the mother and me; and just then the Lily-stalk occurred to me, which in the picture springs from the ground between Joseph and Mary, as witness of their pure relation. From that moment, I was certain of my cause, certain of my happiness. I could approach her with freedom, speak with her, bear her heavenly eye, take the boy on my arm, and imprint a warm kiss on his brow.

"'How I thank you for your love to that orphan child!' said the mother. Unthinkingly, and briskly, I cried: 'It is no orphan any longer, if you like!'

"Frau Elizabeth, more prudent than I, took the child from my hands, and got me put away.

"To this hour, when I chance to be wandering over our mountains and forests, the remembrance of that time forms my happiest entertainment. I can still recall the slightest particulars; which, however, as is fit, I spare you at present. Weeks passed on; Mary was recovered; I could see her oftener, my intercourse with her was a train of services and attentions. Her family circumstances allowed her to choose a residence according to her pleasure. She first stayed with Frau Elizabeth; then she paid us a visit, to thank my mother and me for so many and such friendly helps. She liked to live with us: and I flattered myself that it was partly on my account. What I wished to tell her, however, and durst not utter, came to words in a singular and pretty wise, when I took her

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into the Chapel, which I had then fitted up as a habitual apartment. I showed her the pictures, and explained them to her one after the other; and so doing, unfolded the duties of a Foster-father in so vivid and cordial a manner, that the tears came into her eyes, and I could not get to the end of my picture-exhibition. I thought myself certain of her affection, though I was not proud enough to wish so soon to efface the memory of her husband. The law imposes on widows a year of mourning; and, in truth, such an epoch, which includes in it the change of all earthly things, is necessary for a feeling heart, to alleviate the painful impressions of a great loss. We see the flowers fade and the leaves fall; but we likewise see fruits ripen, and new buds shoot forth. Life belongs to the living; and he who lives, must be prepared for vicissitudes.

"I now spoke with my mother on the concern which lay so near my heart. She thereupon disclosed to me how grievous to Mary the death of her husband had been, and how she had borne up and gathered courage again, solely from the thought that she must live for her child. My inclination was not unknown to the women; and already Mary had accustomed herself to the idea of living with us. She stayed a while longer in the neighbourhood; then she came up to us, and we lived for a time in the gentlest and happiest state of betrothment. At last we wedded. That feeling, which had first drawn us together, did not fade away. The duties and joys of the Father and the Foster-father were united: and so our little family, as it increased, did certainly surpass its prototype in number of persons; but the virtues of that pattern, in respect to faithfulness and purity of sentiments, were sacredly maintained and practised by us. And so also in friendly habitude we keep up the external appearance which we, by accident, arrived at, and which fits our internal state so well: for though all of us are good walkers, and stout bearers of weight, the beast of burden still remains in our company, when any business or visit takes us through these mountains and valleys. As you met us last night, so does the whole country know us; and

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we feel proud that our walk and conversation are of such a sort as not to throw disgrace on the saintly name and figure, whose imitators we profess to be."

Chap. III.

Wilhelm to Natalia.

I now conclude a pleasant half-marvellous history, which I have just written down for thee, from the mouth of a very worthy man. If I have not always given his very words; if here and there, in describing his sentiments, I have expressed my own, this, considering the relationship of mind I feel with him, was natural enough. His reverence for his wife, does it not resemble that which I entertain for thee? And is there not, even in the first meeting of these lovers, something similar to ours? But that he is fortunate enough to walk beside his animal, as it bears the doubly beautiful burden; that he can enter at evenings with his family possession through the old Cloister-gate; that he is inseparable from his own loved ones; in all this, I may well secretly envy him. Yet I must not complain of my destiny, seeing I have promised thee that I will suffer and be silent, as thou also hast undertaken.

Many a fair feature in the domestic union of these devout and cheerful persons, I have been obliged to omit; for how could it be depicted in writing? Two days have passed over me agreeably; but the third warns me to be mindful of my farther wayfaring.

With Felix I had a little quarrel to-day. He was almost for compelling me to break through one wholesome regulation, for which I stand engaged to thee. It has been an error, a misfortune, in short, an arrangement of Fate with me hitherto, that before I am aware, my company increases; that I take a new burden on my shoulders, which thenceforth I have to bear, and drag along with me. So in my present wanderings no third party is to become a permanent associate with us. We are, we will and must continue Two; and just now a new,

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and not very pleasing connexion, seemed about to be established.

To the children of the house with whom Felix has gaily passed these days in sporting, there had joined himself a little, merry, beggar-boy, who, submitting to be used or misused as the play required, had very soon got into favour with Felix. By various hints and expressions, I now gathered that the latter had found himself a playmate for the next stage of our journey! The boy is known in this quarter, and everywhere tolerated for his lively humour; and now and then obtains an alms. Me, however, he did not please; and I desired our host to get him sent away. This likewise took place; but Felix was angry at it, and we had a little flaw of discord.

In the course of this affair, I discovered something which was pleasant to me. In the corner of the Chapel, or hall, stood a box of stones; which Felix, who, since our wandering through the Mountains, has acquired an excessive fondness for minerals, eagerly drew forth and examined. Many pretty eye-catching things were among them. Our landlord said, the child might choose out what he liked: these were the remains of a large collection which a friend had despatched thence a short while ago. He called this person Montan, and thou wilt easily suppose how glad I was to hear this name, under which one of our best friends is travelling, one to whom we owe so much. Having inquired into date and circumstances, I can now hope to meet him ere long on my pilgrimage.

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CHAPTER V.

THE news that Montan was in the neighbourhood had made Wilhelm reflect. He considered that it ought not to be left to chance alone whether he should meet with so estimable a friend; therefore he inquired of his landlord if they did not know towards what quarter this traveller had turned his course. No one had any information on this point: and Wilhelm had determined to pursue his pilgrimage on the former plan, when Felix cried: "If Father were not so strange, we might soon find Montan."

"What way?" said Wilhelm.

Felix answered: "Little Fitz told us last night that he could trace out the stranger gentleman who had many fine stones with him, and understood them well."

After some talking, Wilhelm at last resolved on making the experiment; purposing, in the course of it, to keep so much the sharper watch on the suspicious boy. Fitz was soon found; and, hearing what was to be done, he soon produced mallet and chisel, and a stout hammer, with a little bag; and set forth, running merrily before the party, in his mining accoutrements.

The way went to a side, and up the Mountains. The children skipped on together, from crag to crag, over stock and stone, over brook and bourn; and without having any path before him, Fitz pressed rapidly upwards, now looking to the right hand, now to the left. As Wilhelm, and especially the laden porter, could not follow so fast, the boys often ran back and forward, singing and whistling. The aspect of some new trees arrested the attention of Felix; who now, for the first time, formed acquaintance with larches and fir-cones, and curiously surveyed the strange gentian-shrubs. And thus, in their toilsome wandering, there lacked not from time to time a little entertainment. But all at once they were fronted by a barricado of trees, which a storm had hurled together in a confused mass. "This was not in my reckoning," said

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Fitz. "Wait here till I find my way again; only have a care of the cave up there; no one goes into it or near it, without getting harm, or having tricks played on him."

The boy went off in an ascending direction: the porter, on the other hand, grumbling at the excessive difficulty of the way, set down his luggage, and searched sidewards and downwards for some beaten path.

No sooner did Felix see himself alone with his father, than his curiosity awoke, and he glided softly towards the cave. Wilhelm, who gave him leave, observed after some time that the child was no longer in sight. He himself mounted to the cave, at the mouth of which he had last seen the boy; and, on entering, he found the place empty. It was spacious, but could be taken in at a glance. He searched from some other outlet, and found none. The matter began to be serious. He took the whistle, which he wore at his button-hole: an answer to his call came sounding out of the depth, so that he was uncertain whether he should take it for an echo; when, shortly afterwards, Felix peeped out of the ground; for the chink through which he looked was scarcely wide enough to let through his head.

"What art thou about there?" cried his father.

"Hush!" said Felix: "art thou alone?"

"Quite alone," answered Wilhelm.

"Then go quick," cried the boy, "and fetch me a couple of strong clubs."

Wilhelm went to the fallen timber, and with his hanger cut off a pair of thick staves; Felix took them and vanished, having first called to his father: "Let no one into the cave!"

After some time, Felix cried: "Another pair of staves, and larger ones!" With these also his father provided him, and waited anxiously for the solution of his riddle. At length the boy issued rapidly from the cleft, and brought a little box with him, not larger than an octavo volume; of rich antique appearance; it seemed to be of gold, decorated with enamel. "Put it up, father," said the boy, "and let none see it!" Wilhelm had not time to ask many questions; for they already heard the call of

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the returning porter; and scarcely had they joined him, when the little squire also began to shout and wave from above.

On their approach, he cried out: "Montan is not far off: I bet we shall soon meet him."

"How canst thou know this," said Wilhelm, "in so wild a forest, where no human being leaves any trace behind him?"

"That is my knack," said Fitz; and, like a Will-o'-wisp, he hopped off hither and thither, in a side direction, to lead his masters the strangest road.

Felix, in the meanwhile, highly satisfied in the treasure he had found, highly delighted at possessing a secret, kept close by his father, without, as formerly, skipping up and down beside his comrade. He nodded to Wilhelm with sparkling eyes: glancing towards his companion, and making significant faces, to indicate how much he was above Fitz now, in possessing a secret entirely wanting to the other. He carried it so far at length, that Fitz, who often stopped and looked about, must very soon have noticed it. Wilhelm therefore said to Felix: "My son, whoever wishes to keep a secret, must hide from us that he possesses one. Self-complaisance over the concealed destroys its concealment." Felix restrained himself; but his former gay free manner to his comrade he could not now attain.

All at once little Fitz stood still. He beckoned the rest to him: "Do you hear a beating?" said he, "It is the sound of a hammer striking on the rock."

"We hear it," answered they.

"That is Montan," said he, "or some one who will tell us of him."

Following the sound, which was repeated from time to time, they reached an opening in the wood; and perceived a steep, high, naked rock, towering over all the rest, leaving even the lofty forest deep beneath it. On the top of it they descried a man: he was too far off to be recognised. Immediately the boys set about ascending the precipitous path. Wilhelm followed with some difficulty, nay, danger: for the person that climbs a rock foremost always proceeds with more safety, because he can look out for

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his conveniences; he who comes after sees only whither the other has arrived, but not how. The boys soon reached the top; and Wilhelm heard a shout of joy. "It is Jarno," cried Felix to his father: and Jarno immediately came forward to a rugged spot; stretched out his hand to his friend, and drew him up. They embraced, and welcomed each other into the free skyey air, with the rapture of old friends.

But scarcely had they stept asunder, when a giddiness came over Wilhelm; not so much on his own account, as at seeing the boys hanging over the frightful abyss. Jarno observed it, and immediately bade all sit down. "Nothing is more natural," said he, "than that we should grow giddy at a great sight, which comes unexpectedly before us, to make us feel at once our littleness and our greatness. But there is not in the world any truer enjoyment, than at the moment when we are so made giddy for the first time."

"Are these, then, down there, the great Mountains we climbed over?" inquired Felix. "How little they look! And here," continued he, loosening a crumb of stone from the rock, "is the old eat-gold again: this is found everywhere, I suppose?"

"It is found far and wide," answered Jarno; "and as thou art asking after such things, I may bid thee notice, that thou art now sitting on the oldest mountain, on the earliest rock of this world."

"Was the world not made at once, then?" said Felix.

"Hardly," answered Jarno; "good bread needs baking."

"Down there," said Felix, "is another sort of rock; and there again another, and still again another," cried he, pointing from the nearest mountains to the more remote, and so downward to the plain.

It was a beautiful day, and Jarno let them survey the lordly prospect in detail. Here and there stood several other peaks, similar to the one our travellers were on. A secondary moderate range of mountains seemed as if struggling up, but did not by far attain that height. Farther off, the surface flattened still more; yet again some strangely protruding forms rose to view. At last,

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in the remote distance, lakes were visible, and rivers; and a fruitful country spread itself out like a sea. And when the eye came back, it pierced into frightful depths, sounding with cataracts, and connected with each other in labyrinthic combination.

Felix could not satisfy himself with questions, and Jarno was kind enough to answer all of them; in which, however, Wilhelm thought he noticed that the teacher did not always speak quite truly and sincerely. So, after the unstaid boys had again clambered off, Wilhelm said to his friend: "Thou hast not spoken with the child, about these matters, as thou speakest to thyself."

"That indeed were a heavy requisition," answered Jarno. "We do not always speak, even to ourselves, as we think; and it is not fit to tell others anything but what they can take up. A man understands nothing but what is commensurate with him. To fix a child's attention on what is present; to give him a description, a name, is the best thing we can do for him. He will soon enough begin to inquire after causes."

"One cannot blame this latter tendency," observed Wilhelm. "The multiplicity of objects perplexes every one; and it is easier, instead of investigating them, to ask directly: Whence, and Whither?"

"And yet," said Jarno, "as children look at what is present only superficially, we cannot speak with them of Origin and Object otherwise than superficially also."

"Most men," answered Wilhelm, "continue all their days in this predicament; and never reach that glorious epoch, in which the Comprehensible appears to us common and insipid."

"It may well be called glorious," answered Jarno, "for it is a middle stage between despair and deification."

"Let us abide by the boy," said Wilhelm, "who is at present my first care. He has somehow got a fondness for minerals, since we began this journey. Canst thou not impart so much to me as would put it in my power to satisfy him, at least for a time?"

"That will not do," said Jarno. "In every new department, one must, in the first place, begin again as a child; throw a passionate interest over the subject; take

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pleasure in the shell, till one has the happiness to arrive at the kernel."

"Tell me, then," said Wilhelm, "how hast thou attained this knowledge? For it is not so very long, after all, since we parted."

"My friend," said Jarno, "we were forced to resign ourselves, if not forever, at least for a long season. The first thing that occurs to a stout-hearted man, under such circumstances, is to begin a new life. New objects will not suffice him; these serve only for diversion of thought; he requires a new whole, and plants himself in the middle of it."

"But why, then," interrupted Wilhelm, "choose this strangest and loneliest of all pursuits?"

"Even because of its loneliness," cried Jarno. "Men I wished to avoid. To them we can give no help, and they hinder us from helping ourselves. Are they happy, we must let them persevere in their stolidities; are they unhappy, we must save them without disturbing these stolidities; and no one ever asks whether Thou art happy or unhappy."

"It is not quite so bad with them, surely," answered Wilhelm, smiling.

"I will not talk thee out of thy happiness," said Jarno. "Go on thy way, thou second Diogenes! Let not thy Lamp in daylight go out! Down on that side lies a new world before thee: but I dare wager, things stand there as in the old one. If thou canst not pimp, and pay debts, thou availest nothing."

"Yet they seem to me more entertaining than thy dead rocks," said Wilhelm.

"Not they!" answered Jarno, "for my rocks are at least incomprehensible."

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CHAPTER VI. IV.

The two friends had descended, not without care and labour, to reach the children, who were now lying in a shady spot down below. With almost greater eagerness than their picnic repast, the collected rock-specimens were unpacked by Montan and Felix. The latter had much to ask, the former much to nominate. Felix was delighted that his new teacher could give him names for all, and he speedily committed them to memory. At length he produced another specimen, and asked: "What do you call this, then?"

Montain viewed it with surprise, and said: "Where did you get it?"

Fitz answered promptly: "I found it myself; it is of this country."

"Not of this quarter," said Montan. Felix rejoiced to see his master somewhat puzzled. "Thou shalt have a ducat," said Montan, "if thou bring me to the spot where it lies."

"That is easy to earn," answered Fitz: "but not immediately."

"Then describe the place to me accurately, that I may not fail to find it: but the thing is impossible; for this is a cross-stone, which comes from Santiago in Compostella, and which some stranger has lost; if indeed thou hast not stolen it from him, for its curious look."

"Give your ducat into my master's hands," said Fitz, "and I will honestly confess where I got the stone. In the ruined church at St. Joseph, there is likewise a ruined altar. Under the top-stones, which are all broken and heaped together, I discovered a layer of this rock, which has been the foundation of the other; and broke off from it as much as I could come at. If the upper stones were cleared away, one might find much more of it there."

"Take thy ducat," said Montan; "thou deservest it for this discovery. It is pretty enough. Men naturally

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rejoice when inanimate nature produces any likeness of what they love and reverence. Nature then appears to us in the form of a Sibyl, who has beforehand laid down a testimony of what had been determined from Eternity, and was not to be realized till late in Time. On this rock, as on a sacred mysterious primeval basis, the priests had built their altar."

Wilhelm, who had listened for a while, and observed that many names, many designations, were repeatedly mentioned, again signified his former wish, that Montan would impart to him so much as was required for the primary instruction of the boy. "Give that up," replied Montan. "There is nothing more frightful than a teacher who knows only what his scholars are intended to know. He who means to teach others, may indeed often suppress the best of what he knows: but he must not be half-instructed."

"But where are such perfect teachers to be had?"

"These thou wilt find very easily," replied Montan.

"Where then," said Wilhelm, with some unbelief.

"Where the thing thou art wishing to learn is in practice," said Montan. "Our best instruction we obtain from complete conversance. Dost thou not learn foreign languages best in the country where they are at home?—where only these and no other strike thy ear?"

"And so it was among the Mountains," inquired Wilhelm, "that thy knowledge of Mountains was acquired?"

"Of course."

"Without help from men?"

"At least only from men who were miners. There, where the Pygmies, allured by the metallic veins, bore through the rock, making the interior of the earth accessible, and in a thousand ways endeavouring to solve the hardest problems; there is the place where an inquiring thinker ought to take his stand. He looks on action and effort; watches the progress of enterprises: and rejoices in the successful and the unsuccessful. What is Useful forms but a part of the Important. Fully to possess, to command, and rule an object, we must first study it for its own sake."

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"Is there such a place in the neighbourhood?" said Wilhelm. "I should like to take Felix thither."

"The question I can answer in the affirmative," replied Montan; "the project not exactly assent to. At least, I must first tell thee, that thou hast the power of choosing among many other branches of activity, of knowledge, of art, for thy Felix; some of which might perhaps suit him better, than this sudden fancy which he has taken up at the moment, most probably from mere imitation."

"Explain thyself more clearly," interrupted Wilhelm.

"Thou must know, then," said Montan, "that we are here on the borders of a Province, which I might justly call a Pedagogic Utopia. In the conviction that only one thing can be carried on, taught, and communicated with full advantages several such points of active instruction have been, as it were, sown over a large tract of country. At each of these places thou wilt find a little world, but so complete within its limitation, that it may represent and model any other of these worlds, nay, the great busy world itself."

"I do not altogether comprehend what thou canst mean by this," interrupted Wilhelm.

"Thou shalt soon comprehend it," said the other. "As down, not far from this, among the Mountains, thou wilt, in the first place, find collected round a mass of metalliferous rocks, whatever is of use for enabling man to appropriate these treasures of Nature, and, at the same time, to acquire general conceptions of moulding the ruggedness of inanimate things more dexterously to his own purposes; so, down in the lowest level, far out on the plain, where the soil spreads into large meadows and pastures, thou wilt find establishments for managing another important treasure which Nature has given to men."

"And this?" inquired Wilhelm.

"Is the horse," replied the other. "In that last quarter, thou art in the midst of everything which can instruct one on the training, diet, growth, and likewise employment of this noble animal. As in these hills all are busy digging, boring, climbing; so there nothing is

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more anxiously attended to than the young brood, springing, as it were, out of the ground; and every one is occupied foddering, grazing, driving, leading, curbing them, mounting their backs, and in all sorts of movements, natural and artificial, coursing with them over the plain."

Felix, who had approached in the deepest attention, exclaimed, interrupting him: "O, thither will we! That is the prettiest, the best of all."

"It is far thither," answered Jarno: "and thou wilt find something more agreeable and suitable, perhaps, by the way.—Any species of activity," continued he, "attracts the fondness of a child; for everything looks easy that is practised to perfection. All beginnings are hard, says the proverb. This, in a certain sense, may be true; but we might say, with a more universal application: All beginnings are easy; and it is the last steps that are climbed most rarely, and with greatest difficulty."

Wilhelm, who had been reflecting in the meanwhile, now said to Montan: "Is it actually so, as thou sayest, that these people have separated the various sorts of activity, both in the practice and teaching of them?"

"They have done it," said Montan; "and with reason. Whatever any man has to effect must emanate from him like a second self; and how could this be possible, were not his first self entirely pervaded by it?"

"Yet has not a general culture been reckoned very advantageous?"

"It may really be so," replied the other: "everything in its time. Now is the time of specialties. Happy he, who understands this, and works for himself and others in that spirit."

"In my spirit it cannot be," replied Wilhelm: "but tell me, if I thought of sending Felix, for a while, into one of these circles, which wouldst thou recommend to me?"

"It is all one," said Jarno. "You cannot readily tell which way a child's capacity particularly points. For me, I should still advise the merriest trade. Take him to those horse-subduers. Beginning as a groom is in truth little easier than beginning as an ore-beater; but the pros-

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pect is always gayer, you can hope at least to get through t e world riding."

It is easy to conceive, that Wilhelm had many other doubts to state, and many farther explanations to require: these Jarno settled in his usual laconic way; but at last he broke out as follows: "In all things, to serve from the lowest station upwards is necessary. To restrict yourself to a trade is best. For the narrow mind, whatever he attempts is still a trade; for the higher an art; and the highest, in doing one thing, does all; or, to speak less paradoxically, in the one thing which he does rightly, he sees the likeness of all that is done rightly. Take thy Felix," continued he, "through the Province; let the Directors see him; they will soon judge him, and dispose of him to the best advantage. The boy should be placed among his equals, otherwise he seeks them for himself, and then, in his associates, finds only flatterers or tyrants."

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CHAPTER VII.

The third day being over, the friends, in conformity to the engagement of our Renunciants, had to part; and Jarno declared, that he would now fly so far into the waste Mountains, that no one should be able to discover him. "There is nothing more frightful," said he, "in a state like ours, than to meet an old true friend, to whom we can communicate our thoughts without reserve. So long as one is by himself, one fancies there is no end to the novelties and wonders he is studying; but let the two talk a while together, right from the heart; one sees how soon all this is exhausted. Nothing is endless but Inanity. Clever people soon explain themselves to one another, and then they have done. But now I will dive into the chasms of the rocks, and with them begin a mute unfathomable conversation."

"Have a care," said Wilhelm, smiling, "lest Fitz come upon thy track. This time, at least, he succeeded in finding thee."

"How didst thou manage that?" said Montan. "After all, it was only chance."

"Not in the least," answered Fitz: "I will tell you my secret, for a fair consideration. You mineralogists, wherever you go, keep striking to the right and left from every stone, from every rock, breaking off a piece, as if gold and silver were hid in them. One has but to follow this trace; and where any corner shows a fresh breakage, there some of you has been. One notes and notes, forward and forward, and at last comes upon the man."

Fitz was praised and rewarded. The friends parted; Montan alone, the little caravan in company. Wilhelm had settled the place they should make for. The porter proposed a road to it; but the children had taken a fancy for looking, by the way, at the Giant's Castle, of which Fitz had talked so much. Felix was curious about the large black pillars, the great door, the cellar, the caves,

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and vaults; and hoped he might perhaps find something there, something of even greater value than the box.

How he came by this, he had, in the interim, informed his father. Creeping through the cleft, it appeared, he had got down into an open space pretty well lighted; and noticed, in the corner of it, a large iron chest, the lid of which, though it was not locked, he could not lift, but only raise a very little. To get into this, he had called to his father for the staves which he had employed partly as props under the lid, partly as levers to heave it up; and so at length, forcing his way into the chest, had found it wholly empty, except for the little box which was lying in one of the nooks. This toy they had shown Montan, who agreed with them in opinion, that it should be kept unopened, and no violence done to it; for it could not be unlocked except by a very complicated key.

The porter declined going with the rest to the Giant's Castle, and proceeded down the smooth footpath by himself. The others toiled after Fitz through moss and tangle; at length reached the natural Colonnade, which, towering over a huge mass of fragments, rose black and wondrous into the air. Yet, without much regarding what he saw before his eyes, Felix instantly began inquiring for the other promised marvels; and as none of them was to be seen, Fitz could excuse himself no otherwise than by declaring that these things were never visible except on Sundays and particular festivals, and then only for a few hours. The boys remained convinced that the Pillard Palace was a work of men's hands: Wilhelm saw well that it was a work of Nature; but he could have wished for Montan to speak with, on the subject.

They now proceeded rapidly down hill, through a wood of high taper larches; which becoming more and more transparent, ere long exposed to view the fairest spot you can imagine, lying in the clearest sunshine.

A large garden, seemingly appropriated to use, not ornament, lay richly furnished with fruit-trees, yet open before their eyes; for the ground, sloping on the whole, had been regularly cut into a number of divisions, now raised, now hollowed in manifold variety, and thus exhibited a complex waving surface. Several dwelling-

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houses stood scattered up and down, so that it seemed as if the space belonged to several proprietors; yet Fitz assured them, that one individual owned and directed the whole. Beyond the gardens stretched a boundless landscape, beautifully cultivated and planted, in which lakes and rivers might be distinguished in the distance.

Still descending, they had approached nearer and nearer, and were now expecting in a few moments to be in the garden, when Wilhelm all at once stopped short, and Fitz could not hide his roguish satisfaction; for a yawning chasm at the foot of the mountain opened before them, and showed on the other side a wall which had hitherto been concealed, steep enough without, though within it was quite filled up with soil. A deep trench, therefore, separated them from the garden, into which they were directly looking. "We have still a good circuit to make," said Fitz, "before we get the road that leads in. However, I know an entrance on this side, which is much shorter. The vaults where the hill-water in time of rain is let through, in regular quantities, into the garden, open here: they are high and broad enough for one to walk along without difficulty." The instant Felix heard of vaults, he insisted on taking this passage and no other. Wilhelm followed the children; and the party descended the large steps of this covered aqueduct, which was now lying quite dry. Down below, they found themselves sometimes in light, sometimes in darkness, according as the side openings admitted day, or the walls and pillars excluded it. At last they reached a pretty even space, and were slowly proceeding, when all at once a shot went off beside them, and at the same time two secret iron-grated doors started out, and enclosed them on both sides. Not indeed the whole of them: Wilhelm and Felix only were caught. For Fitz, the instant he heard the shot, sprang back, and the closing grate caught nothing but his wide sleeve: he himself nimbly throwing off his jacket, had darted away without loss of a moment.

The two prisoners had scarcely time to recover from their astonishment, till they heard voices which appeared to be slowly approaching. In a little while, some armed men with torches came forward to the grate, looking with

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eager eyes what sort of capture they had made. At the same time, they asked, if the prisoners would surrender peaceably? "Surrender, is not the word here," said Wilhelm; "we are already in your power. It is rather our part to ask, whether you will spare us? The only weapon we have, I give up to you." And with these words he handed his hanger through the grate: this opened directly, and the two strangers were led forward by the party, with great composure. After a short while, they found themselves in a singular place: it was a spacious cleanly apartment, with many little windows at the very top of the walls; and these, notwithstanding the thick iron gratings, admitted light enough. Seats, sleeping-places, and whatever else is expected in a middling inn, had been provided; and it seemed as if any one placed here could want nothing but freedom.

Wilhelm, directly after entering, had sat down to consider his situation: Felix, on the other hand, on recovering from his astonishment, broke out into an incredible fury. These large walls, these high windows, these strong doors, this seclusion, this restriction, were entirely new to him. He looked round and round, he ran hither and thither, stamped with his feet, wept, rattled the doors, struck against them with his fists, nay was even on the point of running at them with his head, had not Wilhelm seized him, and held him fast between his knees: "Do but look at the thing calmly, my son," began he: "for impatience and violence cannot help us. The mystery will clear up, and I must be widely mistaken, or we are fallen into no wicked hands. Read these inscriptions: 'To the innocent, deliverance and reparation; to the misled, compassion; and to the guilty, avenging justice.' All this bespeaks to us that these establishments are works not of cruelty, but of necessity. Men have but too much cause to secure themselves from men. Of ill-wishers there are many, of ill-doers not few; and to live fitly, well-doing will not always suffice." Felix still sobbed; but he had pacified himself in some degree, more by the caresses than the words of his father. "Let this experience," continued Wilhelm, "which thou gainest so early, and so innocently, remain a lively testimony to thy mind, in how complete

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and accomplished a century thou livest. What a journey had human nature to travel, before it reached the point of being mild even to the guilty, merciful to the injurious, humane to the inhuman! Doubtless, they were men of godlike souls who first taught this, who spent their lives in rendering the practice of it possible, and recommending it to others. Of the Beautiful, men are seldom capable, oftener of the Good: and how highly should we value those who endeavour, with great sacrifices, to forward that Good among their fellows!"

Felix, in the course of this consolatory speech, had fallen quietly asleep on his father's bosom; and scarcely had the latter laid him down on one of the ready-made beds, when the door opened, and a man of prepossessing appearance stept in. After looking kindly at Wilhelm for some time, he began to inquire about the circumstances, which had led him by the private passage, and into this predicament. Wilhelm related the affair as it stood; produced some papers, which served to explain who he was, and referred to the porter, who, he said, must soon arrive on the other side by the usual road. This being so far explained, the official person invited his guest to follow him. Felix could not be awakened, and his father carried him asleep from the place which had incited him to such violent passion.

Wilhelm followed his conductor into a fair garden-apartment, where refreshments were set down, which he was invited to partake of, while the other went to report the state of matters to his superior. When Felix, on awakening, perceived a little covered table, fruit, wine, biscuit, and at the same time the cheerful aspect of a wide-open door, he knew not what to make of it. He ran out, he ran back, he thought he had been dreaming; and in a little while, with such dainty fare, and such pleasant sights, the preceding terror and all his obstruction had vanished, like an oppressive vision in the brightness of morning.

The porter had arrived; the officer, with another man of a still friendlier aspect, brought him in; and the business now came to light, as follows: The owner of this property, charitable in this higher sense, that he studied

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to awaken all round him to activity and effort, had for several years been accustomed, from his boundless young plantations, to give out the small wood to diligent and careful cultivators, gratis; to the negligent, for a certain price; and to such as wished to trade in it, likewise at a moderate valuation. But these two latter classes also had required their supplies gratis, as the meritorious were treated; and this being refused them, they had attempted stealing trees. Their attempt succeeded in many ways. This vexed the owner the more, as not only were the plantations plundered, but, by too early thinning, often ruined. It had been discovered that the thieves entered by this aqueduct; so the trap-grate had been erected in the place, with a spring gun, which, however, was only meant for a signal. The little boy had, under various pretexts, often made his appearance in the garden; and nothing was more natural, than that out of mischief and audacity he should lead the stranger by a road which he had formerly discovered for other purposes. The people could have wished to get hold of him: meanwhile, his little jacket was brought in, and put by among other judicial seizures.

Wilhelm was now made acquainted with the owner and his people, and by them received with the friendliest welcome. Of this family we shall say nothing more here, as some farther light on them and their concerns is offered us by the subsequent history.

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CHAPTER VII. VI. p. 65.

Wilhelm to Natalia.

MAN is of a companionable, conversing nature: his delight is great when he exercises faculties that have been given him, even though nothing farther came of it. How often in society do we hear the complaint, that one will not let the other speak: and in the same manner also we might say, that one would not let the other write, were not writing an employment commonly transacted in private and alone.

How much people write one could scarcely ever conjecture. I speak not of what is printed, though that in itself is abundant enough; but of all that, in the shape of letters and memorials and narratives, anecdotes, descriptions of present circumstances in the life of individuals, sketches, and larger essays, circulates in secret; of this you can form no idea till you have lived for some time in a community of cultivated families, as I am now doing. In the sphere where I am moving at present, there is almost as much time employed in informing friends and relatives of what is transacted, as was employed in transacting it. This observation, which for several weeks has been constantly forced on me, I now make with the more pleasure, as the writing tendency of my new friends enables me at once and perfectly to get acquainted with their characters and circumstances. I am trusted; a sheaf of Letters is given to me, some quires of a Travelling Journal, the Confessions of some mind not yet in unity with itself; and thus everywhere, in a little while, I am at home. I know the neighbouring circle, I know the persons whose acquaintance I am to obtain; I understand them better almost than they do themselves, seeing they are still implicated in their situation, while I hover lightly past them, ever with thy hand in mine, ever speaking with thee about all I see. Indeed it is the first condition I make, before

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accepting any confidence offered me, that I may impart it to thee. Here, accordingly, are some letters, which will introduce thee into the circle, in which, without breaking or evading my vow, I for the present revolve.

THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

Lenardo to his Aunt.

At last, dear Aunt, after three years, you receive my first letter, conformably to our engagement, which, in truth, was singular enough. I wished to see the world and mingle in it; and wished, during that period, to forget the home whence I had departed, whither I hoped to return. The whole impression of this home I purposed to retain, and the partial and individual was not to confuse me at a distance. Meanwhile the necessary tokens of life and welfare have, from time to time, passed to and fro between us. I have regularly received money; and little presents for my kindred have been delivered you for distribution. By the wares I sent, you would see how and where I was. By the wines, I doubt not my uncle has tasted out my several places of abode; then the laces, nicknacks, steel-wares, would indicate to my fair cousins my progress through Brabant, by Paris, to London; and so on their writing-desks, work-boxes, tea-tables, I shall find many a symbol wherewith to connect the history of my journeyings. You have accompanied me without hearing of me; and perhaps may care little about knowing more. For me, on the other hand, it is highly desirable to learn, through your kindness, how it stands with the circle into which I am once more entering. I would, in truth, return from strange countries as a stranger; who, that he may not be unpleasant, first informs himself about the way and manner of the household; not fancying that, for his fine eyes or hair, he shall be received there quite in his own fashion. Write to me, therefore, of my worthy uncle, of your fair nieces, of yourself, of our relations near

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and distant, of servants also, old and new. In short, let your practised pen, which for so long a time you have not dipped into ink for your nephew, now again tint paper in his favour. Your letter of news shall forthwith be my credential, with which I introduce myself so soon as I obtain it. On you, therefore, it depends whether you will see me or not. We alter far less than we imagine; and circumstances, too, continue much as they were. Not only what has altered, but what has continued, what has by degrees waxed and waned, do I now wish instantly to recognise at my return, and so once more to see myself in a well-known mirror. Present my heartiest salutations to all our people; and believe, that in the singular manner of my absence and my return, there may lie more true affection than is often found in constant participation and lively intercourse. A thousand compliments to one and all!

Postscript.—Neglect not also, my dear Aunt, to say a word or two about our dependents; how it stands with our stewards and farmers. What is become of Valerina, the daughter of that farmer, whom my uncle, with justice certainly, but also, as I thought, with some severity, ejected from his lands when I went away? You see, I still remember many a particular; I still know all. On the past you shall examine me, when you have told me of the present.

The Aunt to Julietta.

At last, dear children, a letter from our three-years speechless traveller. What strange beings these strange men are! He will have it that his wares and tokens were as good as so many kind words, which friend may speak or write to friend. He actually fancies himself our creditor, requires from *us*, in the first place, the performance of that service, which *he* so unkindly refused. What is to be done? For me, I should have met his

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wishes forthwith in a long letter; did not this headache signify too clearly that the present sheet can scarcely be filled. We all long to see him. Do you, my dears, undertake the business. Should I be recovered before you have done, I will contribute my share. Choose the persons and circumstances, as you like best to describe them. Divide the task. You will do it all far better than I. The messenger will bring me back a note from you.

Julietta to her Aunt.

We have read and considered; and now send you by the messenger our view of the matter, each in particular; having first jointly signified that we are not so charitable as our dear Aunt to her ever perverse nephew. Now, when he has kept his cards hid from us for three years, and still keeps them hid, we forsooth are to spread ours on the table, and play an open against a secret game. This is not fair; and yet let it pass; for the craftiest is often caught, simply by his own-over-anxious precautions. But as to the way and manner of transacting this commission, we are not agreed. To write of our familiars as we think of them, is for us at least a very strange problem. Commonly we do not think of them at all, except in this or that particular case, when they give us some peculiar satisfaction or vexation. At other times, each lets his neighbour go his way. You alone could manage it, dear Aunt, for you have both the penetration and the tolerance. Hersilia, who you know is not difficult to kindle, has just, on the spur of the moment, given me a bird's-eye view of the whole family in all the graces of caricature. I wish it stood on paper to entice a smile from yourself in your illness; but not that I would have it sent. My own project is, to lay before him our correspondence for these three years: then let him read, if he have the heart; or let him come and see with his eyes, if he have not. Your Letters to me, dear Aunt, are in the best order, and all at

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your service. Hersilia dissents from this opinion; excuses herself with the disorder of her papers, and so forth, as she will tell you herself.

Hersilia to her Aunt.

I will and must be very brief, dear Aunt, for the messenger is clownishly impatient. I reckon it an excess of generosity, and not at all in season, to submit our correspondence to Lenardo. What has he to do with knowing all the good we have said of him, with knowing all the ill we have said of him, and finding out from the latter still more than from the former that we like him? Hold him tight, I entreat you. There is something so precise and presumptuous in this demand, in this conduct of his; just the fashion of your young gentlemen when they return from foreign parts. They can never look on those who have stayed at home as full-grown persons, like themselves. Make your headache an excuse. He will come, doubtless; and if he do not come, we can wait a little. Perhaps his next idea may be to introduce himself in some strange secret way, to become acquainted with us in disguise; and who knows what more may be included in the plan of so deep a gentleman? How pretty and curious this would be! It could not fail to bring about all manner of embroilments and developments; far grander than any that could be produced by such a diplomatic entrance into his family as he now purposes.

The messenger! The messenger! Bring up your old people better, or send young ones. This man is neither to be pacified with flattery nor wine. A thousand farewells!

Postscript for Postscript.—What does our cousin want, will you tell me, with his postscript of Valerina? This question of his has struck me doubly. She is the only person whom he mentions by name. The rest of us are

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nieces, aunts, stewards; not persons, but titles. Valerina, our Lawyer's daughter! In truth, a pretty fair-haired girl, that may have glanced in our gallant cousin's eyes before he went away. She is married well and happily: this to you is no news; but to him it is, of course, as unknown as everything that has occurred here. Forget not to inform him, in a postscript, that Valerina grew daily more and more beautiful, and so at last made a very good match. That she is the wife of a rich proprietor. That the lovely fair-haired maid is married. Make it perfectly distinct to him. But neither is this all, dear Aunt. How the man can so accurately remember his flaxen-headed beauty, and yet confound her with the daughter of that worthless farmer, with a wild humble-bee of a brunette, whose name was Nachodina, and who went away Heaven knows whither, this, I declare to you, remains entirely incomprehensible, and puzzles me quite excessively. For it seems as if our pretty cousin, who prides himself on his good memory, could change names and persons to a very strange degree. Perhaps he feels this obscurely himself, and would have the faded image refreshed by your delineation. Hold him tight, I beg of you; but try to learn, for our own behoof, how it does stand with these Valerinas and Nachodinas; and how many more Inas and Trinas have retained their place in his imagination, while the poor Ettas and Ilias have vanished. The messenger! The cursed messenger!

The Aunt to her Nieces.

(Dictated.)

Why should we dissemble towards those we have to spend our life with? Lenardo, with all his peculiarities, deserves confidence. I send him both your letters: from these he will get a view of you; and the rest of us, I hope, will ere long unconsciously find occasion to depict ourselves before him likewise. Farewell! My head is very painful.

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Hersilia to her Aunt.

Why should we dissemble towards those we have to spend our life with? Lenardo is a spoiled nephew. It is horrible in you to send him our letters. From these he will get no real view of us; and I wish with all my heart for opportunity to let him view me in some other light. You give pain to others, while you are in pain yourself, and blind to boot. Quick recovery to your head! Your heart is irrecoverable.

The Aunt to Hersilia.

Thy last note I should likewise have packed in for Lenardo, had I happened to continue by the purpose, which my irrecoverable heart, my sick head, and my love of ease, suggested to me. Your letters are not gone. I am just parting with the young man, who has been for some time living in our circle, who, by the strangest chance, has come to know us pretty well, and is withal of an intelligent and kindly nature. Him I am despatching. He undertakes the task with great readiness. He will prepare our nephew, and send or bring him. Thus can your Aunt recollect herself in the course of a rash enterprise, and bend into another path. Hersilia also will take thought; and a friendly revocation will not long be wanting from her hand.

Chapter XI.

Wilhelm having accurately and circumstantially fulfilled this task, Lenardo answered with a smile: "Much as I am obliged to you for what you tell me, I must still put another question. Did not my Aunt, in conclusion, request

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you also to inform me of another and seemingly an unimportant matter?"

Wilhelm thought a moment. "Yes," said he, then; "I remember. She mentioned a lady named Valerina. Of her I was to tell you that she is happily wedded, and every way well."

"You roll a stone from my heart," replied Lenardo. "I now gladly return home, since I need not fear that my recollection of this girl can reproach me there."

"It beseems not me to inquire what relation you have had to her," said Wilhelm: "only you may be at ease, if in any way you feel concerned for her fortunes."

"It is the strangest relation in the world," returned Lenardo: "nowise a love matter, as you might perhaps conjecture. I may confide in you, and tell it, as indeed there is next to nothing to be told. But what must you think, when I assure you, that this faltering in my return, this fear of revisiting our family, these strange preparatives, and inquiries how things looked at home, had no other object but to learn by the way how it stood with this young woman?

"For you will believe," continued he, "I am very well aware that we may leave people whom we know, without finding them, even after a considerable time, much altered: and so I likewise expect very soon to be quite at home with my relatives. This single being only gave me pause: her fortune, I knew, must have changed; and, thank Heaven, it has changed for the better."

"You excite my curiosity," said Wilhelm. "There must be something singular in this."

"I at least think it so," replied Lenardo, and began his narrative as follows:

"To accomplish, in my youth, the grand adventure of a tour through cultivated Europe, was a fixed purpose, which I had entertained from boyhood, but the execution of which was, as usually happens in these things, from time to time postponed. What was at hand attracted me, retained me; and the distant lost more and more of its charms, the more I read of it, or heard it talked of. However, at last, incited by my uncle, allured by friends who had gone forth into the world before me, I did form the

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resolution, and that more rapidly than any one had been expecting.

"My uncle who had to afford the main requisite for my enterprise, directly made this his chief concern. You know him, and the way he has; how he still rushes with his whole force on one single object, and everything else in the meanwhile must rest and be silent; by which means indeed, he has effected much that seemed to lie beyond the influence of any private man. This journey came upon him, in some degree, unawares: yet he very soon took his measures. Some buildings which he had planned, nay even begun, were abandoned; and as he never on any account meddles with his accumulated stock, he looked about him, as a prudent financier, for other ways and means. The most obvious plan was to call in outstanding debts, especially remainders of rent: for this also was one of his habits, that he was indulgent to debtors, so long as he himself had, to a certain degree, no need of money. He gave his Steward the list, with orders to manage the business. Of individual cases we learned nothing: only I heard transiently, that the farmer of one of our estates, with whom my uncle had long exercised patience, was at last actually to be ejected; his cautionary pledge, a scanty supplement to the produce of this prosecution, to be retained, and the land to be let to some other person. This man was of a religious turn; but not, like others of his sect among us, shrewd and active withal: for his piety and goodness he was loved by his neighbours, but at the same time censured for his weakness as the master of a house. After the death of his wife, a daughter, whom we usually named the Nut-brown Maid, though already giving promise of activity and resolution, was still too young for taking a decisive management: in short, the man went back in his affairs, and my uncle's indulgence had not stayed the sinking of his fortune.

"I had my journey in my head, and could not quarrel with the means for accomplishing it. All was ready; packing and sorting went forward; every moment was becoming full of business. One evening I was strolling through the park, for the last time, to take leave of my familiar trees and bushes, when all at once Valerina stept

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into my way: for such was the girl's name, the other was but a byname, occasioned by her brown complexion. She stept into my way.

Lenardo paused for a moment, as if considering. "How is this, then?" said he: "Was her name really Valerina? Yes, surely," he continued; "but the byname was more common. In short, the brown maid came into my path, and pressingly entreated me to speak a good word for her father, for herself, to my uncle. Knowing how the matter stood, and seeing clearly that it would be difficult, nay impossible, to do her any service at this moment, I candidly told her so, and set before her the blame-worthiness of her father in an unfavourable light.

"She answered this with so much clearness, and at the same time with so much filial mitigation and love, that she quite gained me; and, had it been my own money, I should instantly have made her happy, by granting her request. But it was my uncle's income; these were his arrangements, his orders: with such a temper as his, to attempt altering aught that had been done was hopeless. From of old, I had looked on a promise as in the highest degree sacred. Whoever asked anything of me embarrassed me. I had so accustomed myself to refuse, that I did not even promise what I purposed to perform. This habit came in good stead in the present instance. Her arguments turned on individuality and affection, mine on duty and reason; and I will not deny that at last they seemed too harsh even to myself. Already we had more than once repeated our topics without convincing one another, when necessity made her more eloquent; the inevitable ruin which she saw before her pressed tears from her eyes. Her collected manner she entirely lost; she spoke with vivacity, with emotion; and as I still kept up a show of coldness and composure, her whole soul turned itself outwards. I wished to end the scene: but all at once she was lying at my feet, had seized my hand, kissed it, and was looking up to me, so good, so gentle, with such supplicating loveliness, that in the haste of the moment I forgot myself. Hurriedly I said, while raising her from her kneeling posture; 'I will do what is possible; compose thyself, my child!' and so turned into a side-path.

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'Do what is impossible!' cried she after me. I now knew not what I was saying, but answered: 'I will,' and hesitated. 'Do it!' cried she, at once enlivened, and with a heavenly expression of hope. I waved a salutation to her, and hastened away.

"To my uncle I did not mean to apply directly: for I knew too well that with him it was vain to speak about the partial, when his purpose was the whole. I inquired for the Steward; he had ridden off to a distance; visiters came in the evening, friends wishing to take leave of me. They supped and played till far in the night. They continued next day; and their presence effaced the image of my importunate petitioner. The Steward returned; he was busier and more overloaded than ever. All were asking for him: he had no time to hear me. However, I did make an effort to detain him; but scarcely had I named that pious farmer, when he eagerly repelled the proposal; 'For heaven sake, not a word of this to your uncle, if you would not have a quarrel with him!' The day of my departure was fixed; I had letters to write, guests to receive, visits in the neighbourhood to pay. My servants had been hitherto sufficient for my wants, but were nowise adequate to forward the arrangements of a distant journey. All lay on my own hands; and yet when the Steward appointed me an hour in the night before my departure, to settle our money concerns, I neglected not again to solicit him for Valerina's father.

"'Dear Baron,' said the unstable man, 'how can such a thing ever come into your head? To-day already I have had a hard piece of work with your uncle; for the sum you need is turning out to be far higher than we reckoned on. This is natural enough, but not the less perplexing. To the old gentleman it is especially unwelcome, when a business seems concluded, and yet many odds and ends are found straggling after it. This is often the case; and I and the rest have to take the brunt of it. As to the rigour with which the outstanding debts were to be gathered in, he himself laid down the law to me: he is at one with himself on this point, and it would be no easy task to move him to indulgence. Do not try, it, I beg of you! It is quite in vain.'

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"I let him deter me from my attempt, but not entirely. I pressed him, since the execution of the business depended on himself, to act with mildness and mercy. He promised everything, according to the fashion of such persons, for the sake of momentary peace. He got quit of me: the bustle, the hurry of business increased! I was in my carriage: and had turned my back on all home concerns.

"A keen impression is like any other wound; we do not feel it in receiving it. Not till afterwards does it begin to smart and gangrene. So was it with me in regard to this occurrence in the park. Whenever I was solitary, whenever I was unemployed, that image of the entreating maiden, with the whole accompaniment, with every tree and bush, the place where she knelt, the sidepath I took to get rid of her, the whole scene, rose like a fresh picture before my soul. It was an indestructible impression, which, by other images and interests, might indeed be shaded or overhung, but never obliterated. Still, in every quiet hour, she came before me; and the longer it lasted, the more painful did I feel the blame which I had incurred against my principles, against my custom, though not expressly, only while hesitating, and for the first time caught in such a perplexity.

"I failed not in my earliest letters to inquire of our Steward how the business had turned. He answered evasively. Then he engaged to explain this point; then he wrote ambiguously; at last he became silent altogether. Distance increased; more objects came between me and my home; I was called to many new observations, many new sympathies; the image faded away, the maiden herself, almost to the name. The remembrance of her came more rarely before me; and, my whim of keeping up my intercourse with home, not by letters, but by tokens, tended gradually to make my previous situation, with all its circumstances, nearly vanish from my mind. Now, however, when I am again returning home, when I am purposing to repay my family with interest what I have so long owed it, now at last this strange repentance, strange I myself must call it, falls on me with its whole weight. The form of the maiden brightens up with the forms of my relatives; and I dread nothing more deeply than to learn that, in the misery into which I drove her, she has

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sunk to ruin; for my negligence appears in my own mind an abetting of her destruction, a furtherance of her mournful destiny. A thousand times I have told myself that this feeling was at bottom but a weakness; that my early adoption of the principle, never to promise, had originated in my fear of repentance, not in any noble sentiment. And now it seems as if Repentance, which I had fled from, meant to avenge herself, by seizing this incident, instead of hundreds, to pain me. Yet is the picture, the imagination which torments me so agreeable withal, so lovely, that I like to linger over it. And when I think of the scene, that kiss which she imprinted on my hand, still seems to burn there."

Lenardo was silent, and Wilhelm answered quickly and gaily: "It appears, then, I could have done you no greater service than by that appendix to my narrative; as we often find in the postscript the most interesting part of the letter. In truth I know little of Valerina, for I heard of her only in passing: but for certain, she is the wife of a prosperous landowner, and lives happily, as your aunt assured me, on taking leave."

"Good, and well," said Lenardo: "now there is nothing to detain me. You have given me absolution; let us now to my friends, who have already waited for me too long." To this Wilhelm answered: "Unhappily I cannot attend you; for a strange obligation lies on me to continue nowhere longer than three days, and not to revisit any place in less than a year. Pardon me if I am not at liberty to mention the cause of this singularity."

"I am very sorry," said Lenardo, "that we are to lose you so soon: that I cannot, in my turn, do anything for you. But since you are already in the way of showing me kindness, you might make me very happy if you pleased to visit Valerina; to inform yourself accurately of her situation; and then to let me have, in writing or in speech (a place of meeting might easily be found), express intelligence for my complete composure."

This proposal was farther discussed; Valerina's place of residence had been named to Wilhelm. He engaged to visit her; a place of meeting was appointed, to which

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the Baron should come, bringing Felix with him, who, in the meanwhile, had remained with the ladies.

Lenardo and Wilhelm had proceeded on their way for some time, riding together through pleasant fields, with abundance of conversation, when at last they approached the highway, and found the Baron's coach in waiting, now ready to revisit with its owner the spot it had left three years before. Here the friends were to part; and Wilhelm, with a few kindly words, took his leave, again promising the Baron speedy news of Valerina.

"Now when I bethink me," said Lenardo, "that it were but a small circuit if I accompanied you, why should I not visit Valerina myself? Why not witness with my own eyes her happy situation? You were so friendly as engage to be my messenger; why should you not be my companion? For some companion I must have, some moral counsel, as we take legal counsel to assist us, when we think ourselves inadequate to the perplexities of a process."

Wilhelm's objections, that the friends at home would be anxiously expecting the long-absent traveller, that it would produce a strange impression if the carriage came alone, and other reasons of the like sort, had no weight with Lenardo; and Wilhelm was obliged at last to resolve on acting the companion to the Baron, a task on which, considering the consequences that might be apprehended, he entered with no great alacrity.

Accordingly, the servants were instructed what to say on their arrival; and the two friends now took the road for Valerina's house. The neighbourhood appeared rich and fertile, the true seat of Agriculture. Especially the grounds of Valerina's husband seemed to be managed with great skill and care. Wilhelm had leisure to survey the landscape accurately, while Lenardo rode in silence beside him. At last the latter said: "Another in my place would perhaps try to meet Valerina undiscovered; for it is always a painful feeling to appear before those whom we have injured; but I had rather front this, and bear the reproach which I have to dread from her first look, than secure myself from it by disguise and untruth. Untruth

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may bring us into embarrassment quite as well as truth; and when we reckon up how often the former or the latter profits us, it really seems most prudent, once for all, to devote ourselves to what is true. Let us go forward, therefore, with cheerful minds: I will give my name, and introduce you as my friend and fellow-traveller."

They had now reached the house, and dismounted in the court. A well-looking man, whom you might have taken for a farmer, came out to them, and announced himself as master of the family. Lenardo named himself, and the landlord seemed highly delighted to see him, and obtain his acquaintance. "What will my wife say," cried he, "when she again meets the nephew of her benefactor! She never tires of recounting and reckoning up what her father owes your uncle."

What strange thoughts rushed in rapid disorder through Lenardo's mind! Does this man, who looks so honest-minded, hide his bitterness under a friendly countenance and smooth words? Can he give his reproaches so courteous an outside? For did not my uncle reduce that family to misery? And can the man be ignorant of this? Or," so thought he to himself, with quick hope, "has the business not been so bad as thou supposest? For no decisive intelligence has ever yet reached thee." Such conjectures alternated this way and that, while the landlord was ordering out his carriage to bring home his wife; who, it appeared, was paying a visit in the neighbourhood.

"If, in the meanwhile, till my wife return," said the latter, "I might entertain you in my own way, and at the same time carry on my duties, say you walk a few steps with me into the fields, and look about you how I manage my husbandry; for, no doubt, to you, as a great proprietor of land, there is nothing of more near concernment than the noble science, the noble art of Agriculture."

Lenardo made no objection; Wilhelm liked to gather information. The landlord had his ground, which he possessed and ruled without restriction, under the most perfect treatment; what he undertook was adapted to his purpose; what he sowed and planted was always in the right place; and he could so clearly explain his mode of

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procedure, and the reasons of it, that every one comprehended him, and thought it possible for himself to do the same; a mistake one is apt to fall into, on looking at a master, in whose hand all moves as it should do.

The strangers expressed their satisfaction, and had nothing but praise and approval to pronounce on everything they saw. He received it gratefully and kindly, and at last added: "Now, however, I must show you my weak side, a quality discernible in every one that yields himself exclusively to one pursuit." He led them to his courtyard, showed them his implements, his store of these; and besides this, a store of all imaginable sorts of farm-gear, with its appurtenances, kept by way of specimen: "I am often blamed," said he, "for going too far in this matter; but I cannot quite blame myself. Happy is he to whom his business itself becomes a puppet, who at length can play with it, and amuse himself with what his situation makes his duty."

The two friends were not behindhand with their questions and examinations. Wilhelm, in particular, delighted in the general observations which this man appeared to have a turn for making; and failed not to answer them: while the Baron, more immersed in his own thoughts, took silent pleasure in the happiness of Valerina, which, in this situation, he reckoned sure; yet felt underhand a certain faint shadow of dissatisfaction, of which he could give himself no account.

The party had returned within doors, when the lady's carriage drove up. They hastened out to meet her: but what was Lenardo's amazement, his fright, when she stept forth! This was not the person; this was no Nut-brown Maid, but directly the reverse; a fair slim form, in truth; but light-haired, and possessing all the charms which belong to that complexion.

This beauty, this grace affrighted Lenardo. His eyes had sought the brown maiden; now quite a different figure glanced before them. These features, too, he recollected; her words, her manner, soon banished all uncertainty: it was the daughter of the Lawyer, a man who stood in high favour with the uncle; for which reason also the dowry had been so handsome, and the new pair

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so generously dealt with. All this, and much more, was gaily recounted by the young wife as an introductory salutation, and with such a joy as the surprise of an unexpected meeting naturally gives rise to. The question, whether they could recognise each other, was mutually put and answered; the changes in look were talked of, which in persons of that age are found notable enough. Valerina was at all times agreeable; but lovely in a high degree, when any joyful feeling raised her above her usual level of indifference. The company grew talkative; the conversation became so lively, that Lenardo was enabled to compose himself, and hide his confusion. Wilhelm, to whom he had very soon given a sign of this strange incident, did his best to help him; and Valerina's little touch of vanity in thinking that the Baron, even before visiting his own friends, had remembered her, and come to see her, excluded any shadow of suspicion that another purpose or a misconception could be concerned in the affair.

The party kept together till a late hour, though the two friends were longing for a confidential dialogue; which accordingly commenced, the moment they were left alone in their allotted chambers.

"It appears," said Lenardo, "I am not to get rid of this secret pain. A luckless confusion of names, I now observe, redoubles it. This fair-haired beauty I have often seen playing with the brunette, who could not be called a beauty; nay, I myself have often run about with them over the fields and gardens, though so much older than they. Neither of them made the slightest impression on me; I have but retained the name of the one, and applied it to the other. And now her who does not concern me, I find happy above measure in her own way; while the other is cast forth, who knows whither, into the wide world."

Next morning the friends were up almost sooner than their active entertainers. The happiness of seeing her guests had also awakened Valerina early. She little fancied with what feelings they came to breakfast. Wilhelm, seen clearly, that without some tidings of the Nut-brown Maid, Lenardo must continue in a painful state, led the

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conversation to old times, to playmates, to scenes which he himself knew, and other such recollections; so that Valerina soon quite naturally came to speak of the Nut-brown Maid, and to mention her name.

No sooner did Lenardo hear the name Nachodina, than he perfectly remembered it; but with the name, the figure also, of that supplicant returned to him, with such violence, that Valerina's farther narrative became quite agonising to him, as with warm sympathy she proceeded to describe the distrainment of the pious farmer, his submissive resignation and departure, and how he went away leaning on his daughter, who carried a little bundle in her hand. Lenardo was like to sink under the earth. Unhappily, and happily, she went into a certain circumstantiality in her details; which, while it tortured Lenardo's heart, enabled him with help of his associate to put on some appearance of composure.

The travellers departed, amid warm sincere invitations on the part of the married pair to return soon, and a faint hollow assent on their own part. And as a person, who stands in any favour with himself, takes everything in a favourable light, so Valerina explained Lenardo's silence, his visible confusion in taking leave, his hasty departure, entirely to her own advantage; and could not, although the faithful and loving wife of a worthy gentleman, help feeling some small satisfaction at this re-awakening or incipient inclination, as she reckoned it, of her former landlord.

After this strange incident, while the friends were proceeding on their way, Lenardo thus addressed Wilhelm: "For our shipwreck with such fair hopes, at the very entrance of the haven, I can still console myself in some degree for the moment, and go calmly to meet my people, when I think that Heaven has brought me you, you to whom, under your peculiar mission, it is indifferent whither or how you direct your path. Engage to find out Nachodina, and to give me tidings of her. If she be happy, then am I content; if unhappy, then help her at my charges. Act without reserve; spare, calculate nothing! I shall return home, shall endeavour to get intelligence, and send your Felix to you by some trusty person. Place the boy,

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as your intention was, where many of his equals are placed: it is almost indifferent under what superintendence; but I am much mistaken, if, in the neighbourhood, in the place where I wish you to wait for your son and his attendant, you do not find a man that can give you the best counsel on this point. It is he to whom I owe a training of my youth, whom I should have liked so much to take along with me in my travels, whom at least I should many a time have wished to meet in the course of them, had he not already devoted himself to a quiet domestic life."

The friends had now reached the spot where they were actually to part. While the horses were feeding, the Baron wrote a letter, which Wilhelm took charge of; yet, for the rest, could not help communicating his scruples to Lenardo.

"In my present situation," said he, "I reckon it a desirable commission to deliver a generous man from distress of mind, and, at the same time, to free a human creature from misery, if she happen to be miserable. Such an object one may look upon as a star, towards which one sails, not knowing what awaits him, what he is to meet, by the way. Yet, with all this, I must not be blind to the danger which, in every case, still hovers over you. Were you not a man who regularly avoid engagements, I should require a promise from you not again to see this female, who has come to be so precious in your eyes; but to content yourself, when I announce to you, that all is well with her; be it that I actually find her happy, or am enabled to make her so. But having neither power nor wish to extort a promise from you, I conjure you by all you reckon dear and sacred, for your own sake, for that of your kindred, and of me your new-acquired friend, to allow yourself no approximation to that lost maiden, under what pretext soever; not to require of me that I mention or describe the place where I find her, or the neighbourhood where I leave her; but to believe my word that she is well, and be enfranchised and at peace."

Lenardo gave a smile, and answered: "Perform this service for me, and I shall be grateful. What you are willing and able to do I commit to your own hands; and

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for myself, leave me to time, to common sense, and, if possible, to reason."

"Pardon me," answered Wilhelm: "but whoever knows under what strange forms love glides into our hearts, cannot but be apprehensive, on foreseeing that a friend may come to entertain wishes, which, in his circumstances, his station, would of necessity produce unhappiness and perplexity."

"I hope," said Lenardo, "when I know the maiden happy, I have done with her."

The friends parted, each in his own direction.

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CHAPTER IX.

By a short and pleasant road, Wilhelm had reached the town, to which his letter was directed. He found it gay and well built; but its new aspect showed too clearly that, not long before, it must have suffered by a conflagration. The address of his letter led him into the last small uninjured portion of the place, to a house of ancient, earnest architecture, yet well kept, and of a tidy look. Dim windows, strangely fashioned, indicated an exhilirating pomp of colours from within. Nor, in fact, did the interior fail to correspond with the exterior. In clean apartments, everywhere stood furniture which must have served several generations, intermixed with very little that was new. The master of the house received our traveller kindly, in a little chamber similarly fitted up. These clocks had already struck the hour of many a birth and many a death; everything which met the eye reminded one that the past might, as it were, be protracted into the present.

The stranger delivered his letter; but the landlord, without opening it, laid it aside, and endeavoured, in a cheerful conversation, immediately to get acquainted with his guest. They soon grew confidential; and as Wilhelm, contrary to his usual habit, let his eye wander inquisitively over the room, the good old man said to him: "My domestic equipment excites your attention. You here see how long a thing may last; and one should make such observations now and then, by way of counterbalance to so much in the world that rapidly changes and passes away. This same tea-kettle served my parents, and was a witness of our evening family assemblages; this copper fire-screen still guards me from the fire, which these stout old tongs still help me to mend; and so it is with all throughout. I had it in my power to bestow my care and industry on many other things, as I did not occupy myself with changing these external necessaries, a task

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which consumes so many people's time and resources. An affectionate attention to what we possess makes us rich, for thereby we accumulate a treasure of remembrances connected with indifferent things. I knew a young man who got a common pin from his love, while taking leave of her; daily fastened his breast-frill with it, and brought back this guarded and not unemployed treasure from a long journeying of several years. In us little men, such little things are to be reckoned virtue."

"Many a one too," answered Wilhelm, "brings back, from such long and far travellings, a sharp pricker in his heart, which he would fain be quit of."

The old man seemed to know nothing of Lenardo's situation, though in the meanwhile he had opened the letter and read it; for he returned to his former topics.

"Tenacity of our possessions," continued he, "in many cases gives us the greatest energy. To this obstinacy in myself I owe the saving of my house. When the town was on fire, some people wished to begin snatching and saving here too. I forbade this; bolted my doors and windows; and turned out, with several neighbours, to oppose the flames. Our efforts succeeded in preserving this summit of the town. Next morning all was standing here as you now see it, and as it has stood for almost a hundred years."

"Yet you will confess," said Wilhelm, "that no man withstands the change which Time produces."

"That, in truth!" said the other: "but he who holds out the longest has still done something.

"Yes! even beyond the limits of our being we are able to maintain and secure; we transmit discoveries, we hand down sentiments, as well as property: and as the latter was my chief province, I have for a long time exercised the strictest foresight, invented the most peculiar precautions: yet not till lately have I succeeded in seeing my wish fulfilled.

"Commonly the son disperses what the father has collected, collects something different, or in a different way. Yet if we can wait for the grandson, for the new generation, we find the same tendencies, the same tastes

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again making their appearance. And so at last, by the care of our Pedagogic friends, I have found an active youth, who, if possible, pays more regard to old possession than even I, and has withal a vehement attachment to every sort of curiosities. My decided confidence he gained by the violent exertions, with which he struggled to keep off the fire from our dwelling. Doubly and trebly has he merited the treasure which I mean to leave him: nay, it is already given into his hands; and ever since that time, our store is increasing in a wonderful way.

"Not all, however, that you see here is ours. On the contrary, as in the hands of pawnbrokers you find many a foreign jewel, so with us I can show you precious articles, which people, under the most various circumstances, have deposited with us, for the sake of better keeping."

Wilhelm recollected the beautiful Box, which, at any rate, he did not like to carry with him in his wanderings; and showed it to his landlord. The old man viewed it with attention; gave the date when it was probably made; and showed some similar things. Wilhelm asked him if he thought it should be opened. The old man thought not. "I believe, indeed," said he, "it could be done without special harm to the casket; but as you found it in so singular a way, you must try your luck on it. For if you are born lucky, and this little box is of any consequence, the key will doubtless by and by be found, and in the very place where you are least expecting it."

"There have been such occurrences," said Wilhelm.

"I have myself experienced such," replied the old man; "and here you behold the strangest of them. Of this ivory crucifix I have had, for thirty years, the body with the head and feet, in one place. For its own nature, as well as for the glorious art displayed in it, I kept the figure laid up in my most private drawer: nearly ten years ago I got the cross belonging to it, with the inscription; and was then induced to have the arms supplied by the best carver of our day. Far, indeed, was this expert artist from equalling his predecessor; yet I let his work pass, more for devout purposes, than for any admiration of its excellence.

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"Now, conceive my delight! A little while ago the original, genuine arms, were sent me, as you see them here united in the loveliest harmony; and I, charmed at so happy a coincidence, cannot help recognising in this crucifix the fortunes of the Christian religion, which, often enough dismembered and scattered abroad, will ever in the end again gather itself together at the foot of the Cross."

Wilhelm admired the figure, and its strange combination. "I will follow your counsel," added he; "let the casket continue locked till the key of it be found, though it should lie till the end of my life."

"One who lives long," said the old man, "see much collected and much cast asunder."

The young partner in the house now chanced to enter, and Wilhelm signified his purpose of entrusting the Box to their keeping. A large book was thereupon produced, the deposit inscribed in it, with many ceremonies and stipulations; a receipt granted, which applied in words to any bearer, but was only to be honoured on the giving of a certain token agreed upon with the owner.

So passed their hours in instructive and entertaining conversation, till at last Felix, mounted on a gay pony, arrived in safety. A groom had accompanied him, and was now for some time to attend and serve Wilhelm. A letter from Lenardo, delivered at the same time, complained that he could find no vestige of the Nut-brown Maid; and Wilhelm was anew conjured to do his utmost in searching her out. Wilhelm imparted the matter to his landlord. The latter smiled, and said: "We must certainly make every exertion, for our friend's sake; perhaps I may succeed in learning something of her. As I keep these old primitive household goods, so likewise have I kept some old primitive friends. You tell me that this maiden's father was distinguished by his piety. The pious have a more intimate connexion with each other than the wicked; though externally it may not always prosper so well. By this means I hope to obtain some traces of what you are sent to seek. But, as a preparative, do you now pursue the resolution of placing your Felix among his equals, and turning him to some fixed depart-

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ment of activity. Hasten with him to the great Institution. I will point out the way you must follow in order to find the Chief, who resides now in one, now in another division of his Province. You shall have a letter, with my best advice and direction."

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Book II.

CHAPTER XI.

The pilgrims, pursuing the way pointed out to them, had, without difficulty, reached the limits of the Province, where they were to see so many singularities. At the very entrance, they found themselves in a district of extreme fertility; in its soft knolls, favourable to crops; in its higher hills, to sheep-husbandry; in its wide bottoms, to grazing. Harvest was near at hand, and all was in the richest luxuriance; yet what most surprised our travellers was, that they observed neither men nor women; but in all quarters, boys and youths engaged in preparing for a happy harvest, nay already making arrangements for a merry harvest-home. Our travellers saluted several of them, and inquired for the Chief, of whose abode, however, they could gain no intelligence. The address of their letter was: *To the Chief, or the Three.* Of this also the boys could make nothing; however, they referred the strangers to an Overseer, who was just about mounting his horse to ride off. Our friends disclosed their object to this man; the frank liveliness of Felix seemed to please him, and so they all rode along together.

Wilhelm had already noticed, that in the cut and colour of the young people's clothes, a variety prevailed, which gave the whole tiny population a peculiar aspect: he was just about to question his attendant on this point, when a still stranger observation forced itself upon him; all the children, how employed soever, laid down their work, and turned with singular, yet diverse gestures, towards the party riding past them; or rather, as it was easy to infer, towards the Overseer, who was in it. The youngest laid their arms crosswise over their breasts, and looked cheerfully up to the sky; those of middle size held their hands on their backs, and looked smiling on the ground; the eldest stood with a frank and spirited air; their arms stretched down, they turned their heads to the right, and formed themselves into a line: whereas the others kept separate, each where he chanced to be.

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The riders having stopped and dismounted here, as several children, in their various modes, were standing forth to be inspected by the Overseer, Wilhelm asked the meaning of these gestures; but Felix struck in, and cried gaily: "What posture am I to take, then?"

"Without doubt," said the Overseer, "as the first posture: The arms over the breast, the face earnest and cheerful towards the sky."

Felix obeyed, but soon cried: "This is not much to my taste; I see nothing up there: does it last long? But yes!" exclaimed he joyfully, "yonder are a pair of falcons flying from the west to the east: that is a good sign too?"

"As thou takest it, as thou behavest," said the other; "now mingle among them as they mingle." He gave a signal, and the children left their postures, and again betook them to work, or sport, as before.

"Are you at liberty," said Wilhelm then, "to explain this sight which surprises me? I easily perceive that these positions, these gestures, are salutations directed to you."

"Just so," replied the Overseer; "salutations which at once indicate in what degree of culture each of these boys is standing."

"But can you explain to me the meaning of this gradation?" inquired Wilhelm; "for that there is one, is clear enough."

"This belongs to a higher quarter," said the other: "so much, however, I may tell you, that these ceremonies are not mere grimaces; that, on the contrary, the import of them, not the highest, but still a directing, intelligible import, is communicated to the children; while, at the same time, each is enjoined to retain and consider for himself whatever explanation it has been thought meet to give him; they are not allowed to talk of these things, either to strangers or among themselves; and thus their instruction is modified in many ways. Besides, secrecy itself has many advantages; for when you tell a man at once and straight forward, the purpose of any object, he fancies there is nothing in it. Certain secrets, even if known to every one, men find that they must still reverence

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by concealment and silence, for this works on modesty and good morals."

"I understand you," answered Wilhelm; "why should not the principle which is so necessary in material things, be applied to spiritual also? But perhaps, in another point, you can satisfy my curiosity. The great variety of shape and colour in these children's clothes attracts my notice: and yet I do not see all sorts of colours, but a few in all their shades, from the lightest to the deepest. At the same time, I observe that by this no designation of degrees in age or merit can be intended; for the oldest and the youngest boys may be alike both in cut and colour, while those of similar gestures are not similar in dress."

"On this matter, also," said the other, "silence is prescribed to me: but I am much mistaken, or you will not leave us without receiving all the information you desire."

Our party continued following the trace of the Chief, which they believed themselves to be upon. But now the strangers could not fail to notice, with new surprise, that the farther they advanced into the district, a vocal melody more and more frequently sounded towards them from the fields. Whatever the boys might be engaged with, whatever labour they were carrying on, they accompanied it with singing; and it seemed as if the songs were specially adapted to their various sorts of occupation, and in similar cases, everywhere the same. If there chanced to be several children in company, they sang together in alternating parts. Towards evening, appeared dancers likewise, whose steps were enlivened and directed by choruses. Felix struck in with them, not altogether unsuccessfully, from horseback, as he passed: and Wilhelm felt gratified in this amusement, which gave new life to the scene.

"Apparently," he said to his companion, "you devote considerable care to this branch of instruction; the accomplishment, otherwise, could not be so widely diffused, and so completely practised."

"We do," replied the other: "on our plan, Song is the first step in education; all the rest are connected with it,

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and attained by means of it. The simplest enjoyment, as well as the simplest instruction, we enliven and impress by Song; nay, even what religious and moral principles we lay before our children, are communicated in the wa of Song. Other advantages for the excitement of activityy spontaneously arise from this practice; for, in accustoming the children to write the tones they are to utter, in musical characters, and as occasion serves, again to seek these characters in the utterance of their own voice; and besides this, to subjoin the text below the notes, they are forced to practise hand, ear, and eye at once, whereby they acquire the art of penmanship sooner than you would expect; and as all this in the long run is to be effected by copying precise measurements and accurately settled numbers, they come to conceive the high value of Mensuration and Arithmetic much sooner than in any other way. Among all imaginable things, accordingly, we have selected music as the element of our teaching; for level roads run out from music towards every side."

Wilhelm endeavoured to obtain still farther information, and expressed his surprise at hearing no instrumental music: "This is by no means neglected here," said the other; "but practised in a peculiar district, one of the most pleasant valleys among the Mountains; and there again we have arranged it so that the different instruments shall be taught in separate places. The discords of beginners, in particular, are banished into certain solitudes, where they can drive no one to despair; for you will confess that in well-regulated civil society, there is scarcely a more melancholy suffering to be undergone, than what is forced on us by the neighbourhood of an incipient player on the flute or violin.

"Our learners, out of a laudable desire to be troublesome to no one, go forth of their own accord, for a longer or a shorter time, into the wastes; and strive in their seclusion, to attain the merit which shall again admit them into the inhabited world. Each of them, from time to time, is allowed to venture an attempt for admission, and the trial seldom fails of success; for bashfulness and modesty, in this, as in all other parts of our system, we strongly endeavour to maintain and cherish. That your

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son has a good voice, I am glad to observe; all the rest is managed with so much the greater ease."

They had now reached a place where Felix was to stop, and make trial of its arrangements, till a formal reception should be granted him. From a distance, they had been saluted by a jocund sound of music; it was a game in which the boys were, for the present, amusing themselves in their hour of play. A general chorus mounted up; each individual of a wide circle striking in at his time, with a joyful, clear, firm tone, as the sign was given him by the Overseer. The latter more than once took the singers by surprise, when at a signal he suspended the choral song, and called on any single boy, touching him with his rod, to catch by himself the expiring tone, and adapt to it a suitable song, fitted also to the spirit of what had preceded. Most part showed great dexterity; a few, who failed in this feat, willingly gave in their pledges, without altogether being laughed at for their ill success. Felix was child enough to mix among them instantly; and in his new task he acquitted himself tolerably well. The First Salutation was then enjoined on him; he directly laid his hands on his breast, looked upwards, and truly with so roguish a countenance, that it was easy to observe no secret meaning had yet in his mind attached itself to this posture.

The delightful spot, his kind reception, the merry playmates, all pleased the boy so well, that he felt no very deep sorrow as his father moved away; the departure of the pony was perhaps a heavier matter; but he yielded here also, on learning that in this circle it could not possibly be kept; and the Overseer promised him, in compensation, that he should find another horse, as smart and well-broken, at a time when he was not expecting it.

As the Chief, it appeared, was not to be come at, the Overseer turned to Wilhelm and said: "I must now leave you, to pursue my occupations; but first I will bring you to the Three, who preside over our sacred things. Your letter is addressed to them likewise, and they together represent the Chief." Wilhelm could have wished to gain some previous knowledge of these sacred things, but his companion answered: "The Three will doubtless, in return

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for the confidence you show in leaving us your son, disclose to you in their wisdom and fairness what is most needful for you to learn. The visible objects of reverence, which I named sacred things, are collected in this separate circle; are mixed with nothing, interfered with by nothing: at certain seasons of the year only are our pupils admitted here, to be taught in their various degrees of culture, by historical and sensible means; and in these short intervals they carry off a deep enough impression to suffice them for a time, during the performance of their other duties."

Wilhelm had now reached the gate of a wooded vale, surrounded with high walls: on a certain sign the little door opened, and a man of earnest and imposing look received our traveller. The latter found himself in a large beautiful umbrageous space, decked with the richest foliage, shaded with trees and bushes of all sorts; while stately walls and magnificent buildings were discerned only in glimpses through this thick natural boscage. A friendly reception from the Three, who by and by appeared, at last turned into a general conversation, the substance of which we now present in an abbreviated shape.

"Since you intrust your son to us," said they, "it is fair that we admit you to a closer view of our procedure. Of what is external you have seen much, that does not bear its meaning on its front. What part of this do you chiefly wish to have explained?"

"Dignified, yet singular gestures of salutation I have noticed, the import of which I would gladly learn: with you, doubtless, the exterior has a reference to the interior, and inversely; let me know what this reference is."

"Well-formed, healthy children," replied the Three, "bring much into the world along with them: Nature has given to each whatever he requires for time and duration; to unfold this is our duty: often it unfolds itself better of its own accord. One thing there is, however, which no child brings into the world with him; and yet it is on this one thing that all depends for making man in every point a man. If you can discover it yourself speak it out." Wilhelm thought a little while, then shook his head.

The Three, after a suitable pause, exclaimed: *Reverence!*

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Wilhelm seemed to hesitate. "Reverence!" cried they a second time. "All want it, perhaps you yourself.

"Three kinds of gestures you have seen; and we inculcate a threefold Reverence, which, when commingled and formed into one whole, attains its highest force and effect. The first is Reverence for what is above us. That posture, the arms crossed over the breast, the look turned joyfully towards Heaven: that is what we have enjoined on young children; requiring from them thereby a testimony that there is a God above, who images and reveals himself in parents, teachers, superiors. Then comes the second; Reverence for what is under us. Those hands folded over the back, and, as it were, tied together, that down-turned, smiling look, announce that we are to regard the Earth with attention and cheerfulness: from the bounty of the Earth we are nourished: the Earth affords unutterable joys; but disproportionate sorrows she also brings us. Should one of our children do himself external hurt, blameably or blamelessly; should others hurt him accidentally or purposely; should dead involuntary matter do him hurt; then let him well consider it; for such dangers will attend him all his days. But from this posture we delay not to free our pupil, the instant we become convinced that the instruction connected with it has produced sufficient influence on him. Then, on the contrary, we bid him gather courage, and turning to his comrades, range himself along with them. Now at last, he stands forth, frank and bold; not selfishly isolated; only in combination with his equals does he front the world. Farther we have nothing to add."

"I see a glimpse of it!" said Wilhelm. Are not the mass of men so marred and stinted, because they take pleasure only in the element of evil-wishing and evil-speaking? Whoever gives himself to this, soon comes to be indifferent towards God, contemptuous towards the world, spiteful towards his equals; and the true, genuine, indispensable sentiment of self-estimation corrupts into self-conceit and presumption. Allow me, however," continued he, "to state one difficulty. You say that reverence is not natural to man: now, has not the reverence or fear of rude people for violent convulsions of Nature, or other

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inexplicable, mysteriously-forboding occurrences, been heretofore regarded as the germ out of which a higher feeling, a purer sentiment, was by degrees to be developed?"

"Nature is indeed, adequate to fear," replied they; "but to reverence not adequate. Men fear a known or unknown powerful being: the strong seeks to conquer it, the weak to avoid it; both endeavour to get quit of it, and feel themselves happy when for a short season they have put it aside, and their nature has in some degree restored itself to freedom and independence. The natural man repeats this operation millions of times in the course of his life; from fear he struggles to freedom; from freedom he is driven back to fear, and so makes no advancement. To fear is easy, but grievous; to reverence is difficult, but satisfactory. Man does not willingly submit himself to reverence; or rather he never so submits himself: it is a higher sense, which must be communicated to his nature; which only in some peculiarly favoured individuals unfolds itself spontaneously, who on this account too have of old been looked upon as saints and gods. Here lies the worth, here lies the business of all true Religions; whereof there are likewise only three, according to the objects towards which they direct our devotion."

The men paused; Wilhelm reflected for a time in silence, but feeling in himself no pretension to unfold the meaning of these strange words, he requested the Sages to proceed with their exposition. They immediately complied. "No religion that grounds itself on fear," said they, "is regarded among us. With the reverence, to which a man should give dominion in his mind, he can, in paying honour, keep his own honour; he is not disunited with himself, as in the former case. The Religion which depends on reverence for what is above us, we denominate the Ethnic; it is the religion of the nations, and the first happy deliverance from a degrading fear: all Heathen religions, as we call them, are of this sort, whatsoever names they may bear. The Second Religion which founds itself on reverence for what is around us, we denominate the Philosophical: for the philosopher stations himself in the middle, and must draw down to

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him all that is higher, and up to him all that is lower, and only in this medium condition does he merit the title of Wise. Here, as he surveys with clear sight his relation to his equals, and therefore to the whole human race; his relation likewise to all other earthly circumstances and arrangements necessary or accidental, he alone, in a cosmic sense, lives in Truth. But now we have to speak of the Third Religion, grounded on reverence for what is beneath us: this we name the Christian, as in the Christian religion such a temper is with most distinctness manifested; it is a last step to which mankind were fitted and destined to attain. But what a task was it, not only to be patient with the Earth, and let it lie beneath us, we appealing to a higher birth-place; but also to recognise humility and poverty, mockery and despite, disgrace and wretchedness, suffering and death, to recognise these things as divine: nay, even on sin and crime to look not as hindrances, but to honour and love them as furtherances, of what is holy. Of this, indeed, we find some traces in all ages: but the trace is not the goal; and this being now attained, the human species cannot retrograde; and we may say, that the Christian religion having once appeared cannot again vanish; having once assumed its divine shape, can be subject to no dissolution."

"To which of these religions do you specially adhere?" inquired Wilhelm.

"To all the three," replied they; "for in their union they produce what may properly be called the true religion. Out of these Three Reverences springs the highest reverence, reverence for oneself, and those again unfold themselves from this; so that man attains the highest elevation of which he is capable, that of being justified in reckoning himself the Best that God and Nature have produced; nay, of being able to continue on this lofty eminence, without being again by self-conceit and presumption drawn down from it into the vulgar level."

"Such a confession of faith, developed in this manner, does not repulse me," answered Wilhelm; "it agrees with much that one hears now and then in the course of life; only, you unite what others separate."

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To this they replied: "Our confession has already been adopted, though unconsciously, by a great part of the world."

"How, then, and where?" said Wilhelm.

"In the Creed!" exclaimed they: "for the first Article is Ethnic, and belongs to all nations; the second Christian, for those struggling with affliction and glorified in affliction; the third, in fine, teaches an inspired Communion of Saints, that is, of men in the highest degree good and wise. And should not therefore the Three Divine Persons, under the similitudes and names of which these threefold doctrines and commands are promulgated, justly be considered as in the highest sense One?"

"I thank you," said Wilhelm, "for having pleased to lay all this before me in such clearness and combination, as before a grown-up person, to whom your three modes of feeling are not altogether foreign. And now, when I reflect that you communicate this high doctrine to your children, in the first place as a sensible sign, then with some symbolical accompaniment attached to it, and at last unfold to them its deepest meaning, I cannot but warmly approve of your method."

"Right," answered they: "but now we must show you more, and so convince you the better that your son is in no bad hands. This, however, may remain for the morrow: rest and refresh yourself, that you may attend us in the morning, as a man satisfied and unimpeded, into the interior of our Sanctuary."

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CHAPTER XLII.

At the hand of the Eldest, our friend now proceeded through a stately portal, into a round, or rather octagonal hall, so richly decked with pictures, that it struck him with astonishment as he entered. All this, he easily conceived, must have a significant import, though at the moment he saw not so clearly what it was. While about to question his guide on this subject, the latter invited him to step forward into a gallery, open on the one side, and stretching round a spacious gay flowery garden. The wall, however, not the flowers, attracted the eyes of the stranger; it was covered with paintings, and Wilhelm could not walk far without observing that the Sacred Books of the Israelites had furnished the materials for these figures.

"It is here," said the Eldest, "that we teach our First Religion, the religion which, for the sake of brevity, I named the Ethnic. The spirit of it is to be sought for in the history of the world; its outward form, in the events of that history. Only in the return of similar destinies on whole nations, can it properly be apprehended."

"I observe," said Wilhelm, "you have done the Israelites the honour to select their history as the ground-work of this delineation, or rather, you have made it the leading object there."

"As you see," replied the Eldest; "for you will remark, that on the socles and friezes we have introduced another series of transactions and occurrences, not so much of a synchronistic, as of a symphronistic kind; since, among all nations, we discover records of a similar import, and grounded on the same facts. Thus you perceive here, while in the main field of the picture, Abraham receives a visit from his gods in the form of fair youths, Apollo, among the herdsmen of Admetus, is painted above on the frieze. From which we may learn, that the gods, when they appear to men, are commonly unrecognised of them."

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The friends walked on. Wilhelm, for the most part, met with well-known objects, but they were here exhibited in a livelier and more expressive manner than he had been used to see them. On some few matters he requested explanation, and at last could not help returning to his former question: Why the Israelitish history had been chosen in preference to all others?

The Eldest answered: "Among all Heathen religions, for such also is the Israelitish, this has the most distinguished advantages; of which I shall mention only a few. At the Ethnic judgment seat, at the judgment-seat of the God of Nations, it is not asked Whether this is the best, the most excellent nation, but whether it lasts, whether it has continued. The Israelitish people never was good for much, as its own leaders, judges, rulers, prophets, have a thousand times reproachfully declared; it possesses few virtues, and most of the faults of other nations: but in cohesion, steadfastness, valour, and when all this would not serve, in obstinate toughness, it has no match. It is the most perseverant nation in the world: it is, it was, and will be; to glorify the name of Jehovah, through all ages. We have set it up, therefore, as the pattern-figure; as the main figure, to which the others only serve as a frame."

"It becomes not me to dispute with you," said Wilhelm, "since you have instruction to impart. Open to me, therefore, the other advantages of this people, or rather of its history, of its religion."

"One chief advantage," said the other, "is its excellent collection of Sacred Books. These stand so happily combined together, that even out of the most diverse elements, the feeling of a whole still rises before us. They are complete enough to satisfy; fragmentary enough to excite; barbarous enough to rouse; tender enough to appease: and for how many other contradicting merits might not these Books, might not this one Book, be praised!"

The series of main figures, as well as their relations to the smaller which above and below accompanied them, gave the guest so much to think of, that he scarcely heard the pertinent remarks of his guide; who, by what he said, seemed desirous rather to divert our friend's attention, than to fix it on the paintings. Once, however, the old

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man said, on some occasion: "Another advantage of the Israelitish religion, I must here mention; it has not embodied its God in any form; and so has left us at liberty to represent him in a worthy human shape, and likewise, by way of contrast, to designate Idolatry by forms of beasts and monsters.

Our friend had now, in his short wandering through this hall, again brought the spirit of universal history before his mind; in regard to the events, he had not failed to meet with something new. So likewise, by the simultaneous presentment of the pictures, by the reflections of his guide, many new views had risen on him; and he could not but rejoice in thinking that his Felix was, by so dignified a visible representation, to seize and appropriate for his whole life those great, significant, and exemplary events, as if they had actually been present, and transacted beside him. He came at length to regard the exhibition altogether with the eyes of the child, and in this point of view it perfectly contented him. Thus wandering on, they had now reached the gloomy and perplexed periods of the history, the destruction of the City and the Temple, the murder, exile, slavery of whole masses of this stiff-necked people. Its subsequent fortunes were delineated in a cunning allegorical way; a real historical delineation of them would have lain without the limits of true Art.

At this point, the gallery abruptly terminated in a closed door, and Wilhelm was surprised to see himself already at the end. "In your historical series," said he, "I find a chasm. You have destroyed the Temple of Jerusalem, and dispersed the people; yet you have not introduced the divine Man who taught there shortly before; to whom, shortly before, they would give no ear."

"To have done this, as you require it, would have been an error. The life of that divine Man, whom you allude to, stands in no connexion with the general history of the world in his time. It was a private life; his teaching was a teaching for individuals. What has publicly befallen vast masses of people, and the minor parts which compose them, belongs to the general history of the world, to the general religion of the world; the religion

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we have named the First. What inwardly befalls individuals, belongs to the Second religion, the Philosophical: such a religion was it that Christ taught and practised, so long as he went about on Earth. For this reason, the external here closes, and I now open to you the internal."

A door went back, and they entered a similar gallery; where Wilhelm soon recognised a corresponding series of pictures from the New Testament. They seemed as if by another hand than the first: all was softer; forms, movements, accompaniments, light, and colouring.

"Here," said the guide, after they had looked over a few pictures, "you behold neither actions nor events, but Miracles and Similitudes. There is here a new world, a new exterior, different from the former; and an interior, which was altogether wanting there. By Miracles and Similitudes, a new world is opened up. Those make the common extraordinary, these the extraordinary common."

"You will have the goodness," said Wilhelm, "to explain these few words more minutely; for, by my own light, I cannot."

"They have a natural meaning," said the other, "though a deep one. Examples will bring it out most easily and soonest. There is nothing more common and customary than eating and drinking; but it is extraordinary to transform a drink into another of more noble sort; to multiply a portion of food that it suffice a multitude. Nothing is more common than sickness and corporeal diseases; but to remove, to mitigate these by spiritual, or spiritual-like means, is extraordinary; and even in this lies the wonder of the Miracle, that the common and the extraordinary, the possible and the impossible become one. With the Similitude again, with Parable, the converse is the case: here it is the sense, the view, the idea, that forms the high, the unattainable, the extraordinary. When this embodies itself in a common, customary, comprehensible figure, so that it meets us as if alive, present, actual; so that we can seize it, appropriate, retain it, live with it as with our equal: this is a second sort of miracle, and is justly placed beside the first sort; nay, perhaps preferred to it.

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Here a living doctrine is pronounced, a doctrine which can cause no argument: it is not an opinion about what is Right and Wrong themselves, and indisputably."

This part of the gallery was shorter; indeed it formed but the fourth part of the circuit enclosing the interior court. Yet if in the former part you merely walked along, you here liked to linger, you here walked to and fro. The objects were not so striking, not so varied: yet they invited you the more to penetrate their deep still meaning. Our two friends, accordingly turned round at the end of the space, Wilhelm, at the same time, expressing some surprise that these delineations went no farther than the Supper, than the scene where the Master and his Disciples part. He inquired for the remaining portion of the history.

"In all sorts of instruction," said the Eldest, "in all sorts of communication, we are fond of separating whatever it is possible to separate; for by this means alone can the notion of importance and peculiar significance arise in the young mind. Actual experience of itself mingles and mixes all things together: here, accordingly, we have entirely disjoined that sublime Man's life from its termination. In life, he appears as a true Philosopher —let not the expression stagger you—as a wise man in the highest sense. He stands firm to his point; he goes on his way inflexibly; and while he exalts the lower to himself, while he makes the ignorant, the poor, the sick, partakers of his wisdom, of his riches, of his strength, he, on the other hand, in no wise conceals his divine origin; he dares to equal himself with God, nay, to declare that he himself is God. In this manner is he wont, from youth upwards, to astound his familiar friends; of these he gains a part to his own cause; irritates the rest against him; and shows to all men, who are aiming at a certain elevation in doctrine and life, what they have to look for from the world. And thus, for the noble portion of mankind, his walk and conversation are even more instructive and profitable than his death: for to those trials every one is called, to this trial but a few. Now, omitting all that results from this consideration, do but look at the touching scene of the Last Supper. Here the Wise man, as it

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ever is, leaves those that are his own utterly orphaned behind him; and while he is careful for the Good, he feeds along with them a traitor by whom he and the Better are to be destroyed.

With these words the Eldest opened a door; and Wilhelm faltered in surprise, as he found himself again in the first hall at the entrance. They had, in the meanwhile, as he now saw, passed round the whole circuit of the court. "I hoped," said Wilhelm, "you were leading me to the conclusion, and you take me back to the beginning."

"For the present," said the Eldest, "I can show you nothing farther: more we do not lay before our pupils, more we do not explain to them, than what you have now gone through. All that is external, worldly, universal, we communicate to each from youth upwards; what is more particularly spiritual and conversant with the heart, to those only who grow up with some thoughtfulness of temper; and the rest, which is opened only once a-year, cannot be imparted save to those whom we are sending forth as finished. That last Religion which arises from the Reverence of what is beneath us; that veneration of the contradictory, the hated, the avoided, we give each of our pupils, in small portions by way of outfit, along with him into the world, merely that he may know where more is to be had, should such a want spring up within him. I invite you to return hither at the end of a year, to visit our general festival, and see how far your son is advanced: then shall you be admitted into the Sanctuary of Sorrow."

"Permit me one question," said Wilhelm: "as you have set up the life of this divine Man for a pattern and example, have you likewise selected his sufferings, his death, as a model of exalted patience?"

"Undoubtedly we have," replied the Eldest. "Of this we make no secret: but we draw a veil over those sufferings, even because we reverence them so highly. We hold it a damnable audacity to bring forth that torturing Cross, and the Holy One who suffers on it, or to expose them to the light of the sun, which hid its face when a reckless world forced such a sight on it; to take these mysterious secrets, in which the divine depth of

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Sorrow lies hid, and play with them, fondle them, trick them out, and rest not till the most reverend of all solemnities appears vulgar and paltry. Let so much, for the present, suffice to put your mind at peace respecting your son; and to convince you, that on meeting him again, you will find him trained, more or less, in one department or another, but at least in a proper way; and, at all events, not wavering, perplexed, and unstable."

Wilhelm still lingered, looking at the pictures in this entrance-hall, and wishing to get explanation of their meaning. "This too," said the Eldest, "we must still owe you for a twelvemonth. The instruction, which, in the interim, we give the children, no stranger is allowed to witness: then, however, come to us; and you will hear what our best speakers think it serviceable to make public on these matters."

Shortly after this conversation, a knocking was heard at the little gate. The Overseer of last night announced himself: he had brought out Wilhelm's horse; and so our friend took leave of the Three; who, as he set out, consigned him to the Overseer with these words: "This man is now numbered among the Trusted, and thou understandest what thou hast to tell him in answer to his questions; for, doubtless, he still wishes to be informed on much that he has seen and heard while here: purpose and circumstance are known to thee."

Wilhelm had, in fact, some questions on his mind; and these he ere long put into words. As they rode along, they were saluted by the children, as on the preceding evening; but to-day, though rarely, he now and then observed a boy who did not pause in his work to salute the Overseer, but let him pass unheeded. Wilhelm asked the cause of this, and what such an exception meant. His companion answered: "It is full of meaning; for it is the highest punishment which we inflict on our pupils; they are declared unworthy to shew reverence, and obliged to exhibit themselves as rude and uncultivated natures: but they do their utmost to get free of this situation, and in general adapt themselves with great rapidity to any duty. Should a young creature, on the other hand, obdurately make no attempt at return and amendment, he is then

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sent back to his parents, with a brief but pointed statement of his case. Whoever cannot suit himself to the regulations, must leave the district where they are in force."

Another circumstance excited Wilhelm's curiosity today, as it had done yesterday: the variety of colour and shape apparent in the dress of the pupils. Hereby no gradation could be indicated; for children who saluted differently, were sometimes clothed alike; and others agreeing in salutation, differed in apparel. Wilhelm inquired the reason of this seeming contradiction. "It will be explained," said the other, "when I tell you, that, by this means, we endeavour to find out the children's several characters. With all our general strictness and regularity, we allow in this point a certain latitude of choice. Within the limits of our own stores of cloths and garnitures, the pupils are permitted to select what colour they please; and so likewise, within moderate limits, in regard to shape and cut. Their procedure, in these matters, we accurately note; for by the colour we discover their turn of thinking; by the cut, their turn of acting. However, a decisive judgment in this is rendered difficult by one peculiar property of human nature, by the tendency to imitate, the inclination to unite with something. It is very seldom that a pupil fancies any dress that has not been already there; for most part, they select something known, something which they see before their eyes. Yet this also we find worth observing; by such external circumstances, they declare themselves of one party or another; they unite with this or that; and thus some general features of their characters are indicated; we perceive whither each tends, what example he follows.

"We have had cases where the dispositions of our children verged to generality; where one fashion threatened to extend over all; and any deviation from it to dwindle into the state of exception. Such a turn of matters we endeavour softly to stop; we let our stores run out; this and that sort of stuff, this and that sort of decoration, is no longer to be had: we introduce something new and attractive; by bright colours and short smart shape, we allure the lively; by grave shadings, by commo-

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dious many-folded make, the thoughtful; and thus, by degrees, restore the equilibrium.

"For to uniform we are altogether disinclined; it conceals the character, and, more than any other species of distortion, withdraws the peculiarities of children from the eye of their superiors."

Amid this and other conversation, Wilhelm reached the border of the Province; and this at the point, where, by the direction of his antiquarian friend, he was to leave it, to pursue his next special object.

At parting, it was now settled with the Overseer, that after the space of a twelvemonth, Wilhelm should return, when the grand Triennial Festival was to be celebrated; on which occasion all the parents were invited; and finished pupils were sent forth into the tasks of chanceful life. Then, too, so he was informed, he might visit at his pleasure all the other Districts; where, on peculiar principles, each branch of education was communicated and reduced to practice in complete isolation, and with every furtherance.

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CHAPTER XI.

Hersilia to Wilhelm.

My valued, and to speak it plainly, dear friend, you are wrong; and yet, as acting on your own conviction, not wrong either. So the Nut-brown Maid is found, then; found, seen, spoken to, known, and acknowledged! And you tell us farther, that it is impossible to wish this strange person, in her own way, any happier condition; or, in her present one, to be of any real advantage to her.

And now you make it a point of conscience not to tell us where that wondrous being lives. This you may settle with your own conscience; but to us it is unconscionable. You think to calm Lenardo by assuring him that she is well. He had said, almost promised, that he would content himself with this: but what will not the passionate promise for others and themselves! Know then that the matter is not in the least concluded as it yet stands. She is happy, you tell us, happy by her own activity and merit: but the youth would like to learn the How, the When, and the Where; and, what is worse than this, his sisters too would like to learn. Half a year is gone since your departure; till the end of another half year we cannot hope to see you. Could not you, like a shrewd and knowing man, contrive to play your eternal *Rouge-et-Noir* in our neighbourhood? I have seen people that could make the Knight skip over all the chess-board without ever lighting twice on one spot. You should learn this feat: your friends would not have to want you so long.

But, to set my good-will to you in the clearest light I now tell you in confidence, that there are two most enchanting creatures on the road; whence, I say not, nor whither; described they cannot be, and no eulogy will do them justice. A younger and an elder lady, between whom it always grieves one to make choice; the former

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so lovely, that all must wish to be loved by her; the latter so attractive, that you must wish to live beside her, though she did not love you. I could like, with all my heart, to see you hemmed in, for three days, between these two Splendours; on the morning of the fourth, your rigorous vow would stand you in excellent stead.

By way of foretaste, I send you a story, which, in some degree, refers to them; what of it is true or fictitious, you can try to learn from themselves.

THE MAN OF FIFTY.

The Major came riding into the court of the mansion; and Hilaria, his niece, was already standing without to receive him, at the bottom of the stairs which led up to the apartments. Scarcely could he recognise her, for she had grown both in stature and beauty. She flew to meet him; he pressed her to his breast with the feeling of a father.

To the Baroness, his sister, he was likewise welcome; and as Hilaria hastily retired to prepare breakfast, the Major said, with a joyful air: "For this time I can come to the point at once, and say that our business is finished. Our brother, the Chief Marshal, has at last convinced himself that he can neither manage farmers nor stewards. In his lifetime he makes over the estates to us and our children: the annuity he bargains for is high, indeed; but we can still pay it: we gain something for the present; and for the future all. This new arrangement is to be completed forthwith. And as I very soon expect my discharge, I can again look forward to an active life, which may secure decided advantages to us and ours. We shall calmly see our children growing up beside us; and it will depend on us, on them, to hasten their union."

"All this were well," said the Baroness, "had not I a secret to inform thee of, which I myself discovered first

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Hilaria's heart is no longer free: on her side thy son has little or nothing to hope for."

"What sayest thou?" cried the Major. "Is it possible? While we have been taking all pains to settle economical concerns, does inclination play us such a trick? Tell me, love, quick tell me, who is it that has fettered Hilaria's heart? Or is it then so bad as this? Is it not, perhaps, some transient impression we may hope to efface again?"

"Thou must think and guess a little first," replied the Baroness, and thereby heightened his impatience. It had mounted to the utmost pitch, when the entrance of Hilaria with the servants bringing in breakfast, put a negative on any quick solution of the riddle.

The Major himself thought he saw the fair girl with other eyes than a little while before. He almost felt as if jealous of the happy man, whose image had been able to imprint itself on a soul so lovely. The breakfast he could not relish; and he noticed not that all was ordered as he liked to have it, and as he had used to wish and require it.

In this silence and stagnation, Hilaria herself almost lost her liveliness. The mother felt embarrassed, and led her daughter to the harpsichord: but Hilaria's sprightly and expressive playing scarcely extorted any approbation from the Major. He wished the breakfast and the lovely girl fairly out of the way; and the Baroness was at last obliged to resolve on breaking up, and proposed to her brother a walk in the garden.

No sooner were they by themselves, than the Major pressingly repeated his question; to which, after a pause, his sister answered, smiling: "If thou wouldst find the happy man whom she loves, thou hast not far to go, he is quite at hand; she loves *thee!*"

The Major stopped in astonishment, then cried: "It were a most unseasonable jest to trick me into such a thought, which, if true, would make me so embarrassed and unhappy. For though I need time to recover from my amazement, I see at one glance how grievously our circumstances would be disturbed by so unlooked-for an incident. The only thing that comforts me is my persuasion that attachments to this sort are apparent merely;

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that a self-deception lurks behind them, and that a good, true soul will undoubtedly return from such mistakes, either by its own strength, or at least by a little help from judicious friends."

"I am not of that opinion," said the Baroness; "by all the symptoms, Hilaria's present feeling is a very serious one."

"A thing so unnatural I should not have expected from so natural a character," replied the Major.

"So unnatural it is not, after all," said his sister. "I myself recollect having, in my own youth, an attachment to a man still older than thou. Thou art fifty; not so very great an age for a German, if perhaps other livelier nations do fail sooner."

"But how dost thou support thy conjecture?" said the Major.

"It is no conjecture, it is certainty. The details thou shalt learn by and by."

Hilaria joined them: and the Major felt himself, against his will, a second time altered. Her presence seemed to him still dearer and more precious than before; her manner more affectionate and tender; already he began to put some fath in his sister's statement. The feeling was highly delightful, though he neither would permit nor confess this to his mind. Hilaria was, in truth, peculiarly interesting; her manner blended in closest union a soft shyness as towards a lover, and a trustful frankness as towards an uncle; for she really, and with her whole soul, loved him. The garden lay in all the pomp of spring; and the Major, who saw so many old trees again putting on their vesture, might also believe in the returning of his own spring. And who would not have been tempted to it, at the side of this most lovely maiden?

So passed the day with them; the various household epochs were gone through in high cheerfulness: in the evening, after supper, Hilaria returned to her harpsichord; the Major listened with other ears than in the morning; one melody winded into another; one song produced a second; and scarcely could midnight separate the little party.

On retiring to his room, the Major found everything

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arranged to suit his old habitual conveniences: some copperplates, even, which he liked to look at, had been shifted from other apartments; and his eyes being at last opened, he saw himself attended to and flattered in the most minute particulars.

A few hours' sleep sufficed on this occasion: his buoyant spirits aroused him early. But now he soon found occasion to observe, that a new order of things carries many inconveniences along with it. His old groom, who also discharged the functions of lacky and valet, he had not once reproved during many years; for all went its usual course in the most rigid order; the horses were dressed, and the clothes brushed, at the proper moment: but to-day the master had risen earlier, and nothing suited as it used to do.

Ere long a new circumstance combined with this to ruffle him still farther. At other times all had been right, as his servant had prepared it for him: now, however, on advancing to the glass, he found himself not at all as he wished to be. Some gray hairs he could not deny; and of wrinkles also there appears to have been a trace or two. He wiped and powdered more than usual; and was fain at last to let matters stand as they could. Then, it seemed, that there were still creases in his coat, and still dust on his boots. The old groom knew not what to make of this, and was amazed to see so altered a master before him.

In spite of all these hinderances, the Major got down to the garden in good time. Hilaria, whom he hoped to find there, he actually found. She brought him a nosegay, and he had not the heart to kiss her as usual, and press her to his breast. He felt himself in the most delightful embarrassment, and yielded to his feelings without reflecting whither they might carry him.

The Baroness soon joined them, and directing her brother to a note which had just been brought her by a special messenger, she cried: "Thou wilt not guess whom this announces to us!"

"Tell us at once, then," said the Major; and it now appeared that an old theatrical friend was travelling by a road not far off, and purposing to call for a moment. "I

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am anxious to see him again," said the Major: "he is no chicken now; and I hear he still plays young parts."

"He must be ten years older than thou," replied the Baroness.

"He must," said the Major, "from all that I remember."

They had not waited long, when a lively, handsome, courteous man stept forward to them. Yet the friends soon recognised each other; and recollections of all sorts enlivened the conversation. They proceeded to questions, to answers, to narratives; they mutually made known their present situations, and in a short time felt as if they had never been separated.

Secret history informs us that this person had, in former days, being then a very elegant and graceful youth, had the good, or bad fortune, to attract the favour of a lady of rank; that, by this means he had come into perplexity and danger; out of which the Major, at the very moment when the saddest fate seemed impending, had happily delivered him. From that hour he continued grateful, to the brother as well as to the sister: for it was she that, by timeful warning, had originated their precautions.

For a while before dinner, the men were left alone. Not without surprise, nay, in some measure, with amazement, had the Major viewed as a whole, and in detail, the exterior condition of his old friend. He seemed not in the smallest altered; and it was not to be wondered at that he could still appear on the stage as an actor of youthful parts. "Thou inspectest me more strictly than is fair," said he at last to the Major: "I fear thou findest the difference between this and bygone times, but too great."

"Not at all," replied the Major; "on the contrary, it fills me with astonishment to find thy look fresher and younger than mine; though I know thou wert a firmset man, at the time when I, with the boldness of a callow desperado, stood by thee in certain straits."

"It is thy own fault," replied the other; "it is the fault of all like thee; and though you are not to be loudly censured for it, you are still to be blamed. You think only of the needful; you wish to be, not to seem. This

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is very well, so long as one *is* anything. But when, at last, Being comes to recommend itself by Seeming, and this Seeming is found to be even more transient than the Being, then every one of you discovers that he should not have done amiss, if, in his care for what was inward, he had not entirely neglected what was outward."

"Thou art right," replied the Major, and could scarcely suppress a sigh.

"Perhaps not altogether right," said the aged youth; "for though in my trade it were unpardonable if one did not try to parget up the outward man as long as possible, you people need to think of other things, which are more important and profitable."

"Yet there are occasions," said the Major, "when a man feels fresh internally, and could wish, with all his heart, that he were fresh externally too."

As the stranger could not have the slightest suspicion of the Major's real state of mind, he took these words in a soldierly sense; and copiously explained how much depended on externals, in the art military, and how the officer, who had so much attention to bestow on dress, might apply a little also to skin and hair.

"For example," continued he, "it is indubitable that your temples are already gray, that wrinkles are here and there gathering together, and that your crown threatens to grow bald. Now look at me, old fellow as I am! See how I have held out! And all this without witchcraft; and with far less pains and care than others take, day after day, in spoiling, or at least wearying themselves."

The Major found this accidental conversation too precious an affair to think of ending it soon; but he went to work softly, and with precaution towards even an old acquaintance. "This opportunity, alas, I have lost," cried he; "and it is past recalling now: I must even content myself as I am, and you will not think worse of me on that account."

"Lost it is not," said the other, "were not you grave gentlemen so stiff and stubborn; did you not directly call one vain, if he thinks about his person, and casts away

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from you the happiness of being in pleasant company, and pleasing there yourselves."

"If it is not magic," smiled the Major, "that you people use for keeping yourselves young, it is all events a secret; or at least you have *arcana*, such as one often sees bepraised in newspapers, and from these you pick out the best."

"Joke or earnest," said the other, "thou hast spoken truth. Among the many things that have been tried for giving some repair to the exterior, which often fails far sooner than the interior, there are, in fact, certain invaluable recipes, simple as well as compound; which, as imparted to me by brethren of the craft, purchased for ready money, or hit upon by chance, I have proved and found effectual. By these I now hold fast and persevere, yet without abandoning my farther researches. So much I may tell thee, and without exaggeration: A dressing-box I carry with me beyond all price! A box, whose influences I could like to try on thee, if we chanced any time to be a fortnight together."

The thought that such a thing was possible, and that this possibility was held out to him so accidentally at the very moment of need, enlived the spirit of the Major to such a degree, that he actually appeared much fresher and brisker already; at table, excited by the hope of bringing head and face into harmony with his heart, and by eagerness to get acquainted with the methods of doing so, he was quite another man; he met Hilaria's graceful attentions with alacrity of soul, and even looked at her with a certain confidence, which in the morning he was far from feeling.

If the dramatic stranger had contrived, by many recollections, stories, and happy hits, to keep up the cheerful humour once excited, he so much the more alarmed the Major, on signifying, when the cloth was removed, that he must now think of setting forth and continuing his journey. By every scheme in his power, the Major strove to facilitate his friend's stay, at least for the night; he pressingly engaged to have horses and relays in readiness next morning; in a word, the healing toilette was abso-

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lutely not to get out of the premises, till once he had obtained more light on its contents and use.

The Major saw very well that here no time must be lost: he acordingly endeavoured, soon after dinner, to take his old favourite aside, and speak with him in private. Not having the heart to proceed directly to the point, he steered towards it afar off; and, taking up the former conversation, signified: That he, for his part, would willingly bestow more care on his exterior, were it not that people, the moment they observed a man making such an attempt, marked him down for vain; and so deducted from him in regard to moral esteem, what they felt obliged to yield him in regard to sensible.

"Do not vex me with such phrases!" said his friend: "these are words to which society has got accustomed, without attaching any meaning to them; or if we take it up more strictly, by which it indicates its unfriendly and spiteful nature. If thou consider it rightly, what, after all, is this same vanity they make so much ado about? Every man should feel some pleasure in himself, and happy he who feels it. But if he does feel it, how can he help letting others notice it? How shall he hide, in the midst of life, that it gives him joy to be alive? If good society, and I mean this exclusively here, only blamed such indications when they became too violent; when the joy of one man over his existence hindered others to have joy and to show it over theirs, it were good and well; and from this excess the censure has, in fact, originally sprung. But what are we to make of that strange, prim, abnegating rigour against a thing which cannot be avoided? Why should not a display of feeling on the part of others be considered innocent and tolerable, which, more or less, we from time to time allow ourselves? For it is the pleasure one has in himself, the desire to communicate this consciousness of his to others, that makes a man agreeable; the feeling of his own grace that makes him graceful. Would to Heaven all men were vain! that is, were vain with clear perception, with moderation, and in a proper sense; we should then, in the cultivated world, have happy times of it. Women, it is told us, are vain from the very cradle; yet does it not become them, do they not

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please us the more? How can a youth form himself, if he is not vain? An empty, hollow nature, will, by this means, at least contrive to give itself an outward show; and a proper man will soon train himself from the outside inwards. As to my own share, I have reason to consider myself, in this point, a most happy man; for my trade justifies me in being vain; and the vainer I am, the more satisfaction I give. I am praised when others are blamed; and have still, in this very way, the happiness and the right to gratify and charm the public, at an age when others are constrained to retire from the scene, or linger on it only with disgrace."

The Major heard with no great joy the issue of these reflections. The little word vanity, as he pronounced it, had been meant to serve as a transition, for enabling him to introduce with some propriety the statement of his own wish. But now he was afraid, if their dialogue proceeded thus, he should be led still farther from his aim; so he hastened to the point directly.

"For my own part," said he, "I should by no means disincline to enlist under thy flag, since thou still holdest it to be in time, and thinkest I might yet in some degree make up for what is lost. Impart to me somewhat of thy tinctures, pomades, and balsams; and I will make a trial of them."

"Imparting," said the other, "is a harder task than you suppose. Here, for example, it were still to small purpose that I poured thee out some liquors from my phials, and left the half of the best ingredients in my toilette; the appliance is the hardest. You cannot, on the instant, appropriate what is given you: how this and that suit together, under what circumstances, in what sequence things are to be used: all this requires practice and study; nay, study and practice themselves will scarcely profit, if one bring not to the business a natural genius for it."

"Thou art now, it seems, for drawing back," said the Major. "Thou raisest difficulties when I would have thy truly somewhat fabulous assertions rendered certain. Thou hast no mind to let me try thy words by the test of action."

"By such banterings, my friend," replied the other,

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"thou wouldst not prevail on me to gratify thy wish; if it were not that I entertain such affection for thee, and indeed first made the proposal myself. Besides, if we consider it, man has quite a peculiar pleasure in making Proselytes; in bringing what he values in himself into view also without himself on others; causing others to enjoy what he enjoys; finding in others his own likeness, represented, and reflected back to him. In sooth, if this is selfishness, it is of the most laudable and loveable sort, that selfishness which has made us men, and keeps us so. From this universal feeling, then, apart from my friendship to thee, I shall be happy in having such a scholar in the great youth-renewing art. But, as from a master it may be expected that he shall produce no botcher by his training, I confess myself a little at a loss how to set about it. I told thee already that neither recipes nor instructions would avail; the practice cannot be taught by universal rules. For thy sake, and from the wish to propagate my doctrine, I am ready to make my sacrifice. The greatest in my power for the present moment I will now propose to thee. I shall leave my servant here; a sort of waiting-man and conjuror, who, if he does not understand preparing everything, if he has not yet been initiated into all the mysteries, can apply my preparations perfectly; and in the first stage of the attempt will be of great use to thee, till once thou have worked thy way so far into the art, that I may reveal to thee the higher secrets also."

"How!" cried the Major: "Thou hast stages and degrees in thy art of making young? Thou hast secrets even for the initiated?"

"No doubt of it!" replied the other. "That were but a sorry art which could be comprehended all at once; the last point of which could be seen by one just entering its precincts."

Without loss of time, the waiting-man was formally consigned to the Major, who engaged to treat him handsomely. The Baroness was called on for drawers, boxes, glasses, to what puprose she knew not: the partition of the toilette store went forward; the friends kept together in a gay and sprightly mood till after night-fall. At moon-

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rise, some time later, the guest took his leave, promising ere long to return.

The Major reached his chamber pretty much fatigued. He had risen early, had not spared himself throughout the day, and now hoped very soon to get to bed. But here, instead of one servant, he found two. The old groom, in his old way, rapidly undressed him; but now the waiting-man stept forth and signified, that for appliances of a renovating and cosmetic nature, the peculiar season was night; that so their effects, assisted by a peaceful sleep, might be stronger and safer. The Major was obliged to content himself, and let his head be anointed, his face painted, his eyebrows pencilled, and his lips tipt with salve. Besides all this, there were various ceremonies still required: nay, the very nightcap was not to be put on immediately, not till a net, or even a fine leather cap, had been drawn on next the head.

The Major laid himself in bed with a sort of unpleasant feeling; which, however, he had no time to investigate the nature of, as he very soon fell asleep. But if we might speak with his spirit, we should say he felt himself a little mummy-like, somewhat between a sick man and a man embalmed. Yet the sweet image of Hilaria, encircled with the gayest hopes, soon led him into a refreshing sleep.

In the morning, at the proper hour, the groom was ready in his place. All that pertained to his master's equipment lay in wonted order on the chairs; and the Major was just on the point of rising, when the new attendant entered, and strongly protested against any such precipitation. He must rest, he must wait, if their enterprise was to prosper, if they were to be rewarded for their pains and labour. The Major now learned that he had to rise by and by, to take a slight breakfast, and then go into a bath, which was already prepared for him. The regulations were inflexible; they required a strict observance; and some hours passed away under these occupations.

The Major abridged the resting-time after his bath, and thought to get his clothes about him; for he was by nature expeditious, and at present he longed to see Hilaria: but in this point also his new servant thwarted him; and

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signified, that in all cases he must drop the thought of being in a hurry. Whatever he did, it appeared, must be done leisurely and pleasureably; but the time of dressing was especially to be considered as a cheerful hour for conversation with oneself.

The valet's manner of proceeding completely agreed with his words. But, in return, the Major, when, on stepping forward to the glass, he saw himself trimmed out in the neatest fashion, really thought that he was better dressed than formerly. Without many words, the conjuror had changed the very uniform into a newer cut, having spent the night in working at it. An apparently so quick rejuvenescence put the Major in his liveliest mood; so that he felt himself as if renovated both without and within, and hastened with impatient longing to his friends.

He found his sister engaged in looking at the pedigree, which she had caused to be hung up; the conversation last night having turned on some collateral relations, unmarried persons, or resident in foreign countries, or entirely gone out of sight, from all of whom the Baroness and her brother had more or less hope of heritages for themselves or their families. They conversed a while on these matters without mentioning the circumstance that all their economical cares and exertions had hitherto been solely directed to their children. By Hilaria's attachment the whole of this prospect had altered; yet neither the Major nor his sister could summon courage to mention it farther at this moment.

The Baroness left the room; the Major was standing alone before this laconic history of his family; Hilaria stept in to him; she leant herself on him in a kind child-like way, looked at the parchment, and asked him whom of all these he had known, and who of them were still left and living.

The Major began his delineation with the oldest, of whom any dim recollection remained with him from childhood. Then he proceeded farther; painted the characters of several fathers, the likeness or unlikeness of their children to them; remarked that the grandfather often re-appeared in the grandson; spoke, by the way, of

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the influence of certain women, wedded out of stranger families, and sometimes changing the character of whole branches. He eulogised the virtue of many an ancestor and relative, nor did he hide their failings. Such as had brought shame on their lineage he passed in silence. At length he reached the lowest lines. Here stood his brother, the Chief-Marshal, himself, and his sister, and beneath him his son with Hilaria at his side.

"These two look each other straight enough in the face," said the Major; not adding what he thought of the matter in his heart.

After a pause Hilaria answered, in a meek small tone, and almost with a sigh: "Yet those, surely, are not to blame who look upwards." At the same time she looked up to him with a pair of eyes, out of which her whole love was speaking.

"Do I understand thee rightly?" said the Major, turning round to her.

"I can say nothing," answered she, with a smile, "which you do not know already."

"Thou makest me the happiest man under the sun," cried he, and fell at her feet. "Wilt thou be mine?"

"For Heaven's sake rise! I am thine for ever."

The Baroness entered. Though not surprised, she rather hesitated. "If it be wrong, sister," said the Major, "the blame is thine: if it be right, we will thank thee for ever."

The Baroness from youth upwards had so loved her brother, that she preferred him to all men; and perhaps Hilaria's attachment itself had, if not arisen from this sisterly partiality, at least been cherished by it. All three now united in one love, in one delight; and thus the happiest hours flew over them. Yet at last their eyes reopened to the world around them likewise; and this rarely stands in unison with such emotions.

They now again bethought them of the son. For him Hilaria had been destined; this he himself well knew. Directly after finishing the business with the Chief-Marshal, the Major had appointed his son to expect him in the garrison, that they might settle everything together, and conduct these purposes to a happy issue. But now, by an

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unexpected occurrence, the whole state of matters had been thrown out of joint; the circumstances, which before plied into one another so kindly, now seemed to be assuming a hostile aspect; and it was not easy to foresee what turn the affair would take, what temper would seize the individuals concerned in it.

Meanwhile the Major was obliged to resolve on visiting his son, to whom he had already announced himself. Not without reluctance, not without singular forecastings, not without pain at even for a short time leaving Hilaria, he at last, after much lingering, took the road; and leaving groom and horses behind him, proceeded with his cosmetic valet, who had now become an indispensable appendage, towards the town where his son resided.

Both saluted and embraced each other cordially, after so long a separation. They had much to communicate; yet they did not just commence with what lay nearest their hearts. The son went into copious talk about his hopes of speedy advancement; in return for which, the father gave him precise accounts of what had been discussed and determined between the elder members of the family, both in regard to fortune in general, to the individual estates, and everything pertaining them.

The conversation was in some degree beginning to flag, when the son took heart, and said to his father, with a smile: "You treat me very tenderly, dear father, and I thank you for it. You tell me of properties and fortune, and mention not the terms under which, at least in part, they are to be mine: you keep back the name of Hilaria; you expect that I should bring it forth, that I should express my desire to be speedily united with that amiable maiden."

At these words, the Major felt himself in great perplexity: but as, partly by nature, partly by old habit, it was his way to collect the purpose of the man he had to treat with before stating his own, he now said nothing, and looked at the son with an ambiguous smile. "You will not guess, father, what I have to say," continued the Lieutenant; "I will speak it out briefly, and once for all. I can depend on your affection, which, amid such manifold care for me, has doubtless an eye to my true happiness as well as my

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fortune. Some time or other it must be said; be it said then even now: Hilaria cannot make me happy! I think of Hilaria as of a lovely relative, towards whom I would live all my days with the friendliest feelings; but another has awakened my affection, another has bound my heart. The attachment is irresistible; you will not make me miserable."

Not without effort did the Major conceal the cheerfulness which was rising over his face; and in a tone of mild seriousness inquire of the son: Who the person was that had so entirely subdued him?—"You must see her yourself, father," said the other; "for she can as little be described as comprehended. I have but one fear; that you yourself will be led away by her, like every one that approaches her. By Heaven, it will be so; and I shall see you the rival of your son!"

"But who is she then?" inquired the Major. "If it is not in thy power to delineate her personal characteristics, tell me at least of her outward circumstances; these at least may be described."

"Well, then, father," replied the son: "and yet these outward circumstances too would be different in a different person, would act otherwise on another. She is a young widow, heiress of an old rich man lately deceased: independent, and well meriting to be so: acquainted with many, loved by just as many, courted by just as many; yet, if I mistake not very greatly, in her heart wholly mine."

With joyful vivacity, as the father kept silence, and gave no sign of disapproval, the son proceeded to describe the conduct of the fair widow towards him; told of her all-conquering grace; recounted one by one her tender expressions of favour; in which the father truly could see nothing but the light friendliness of a universally courted woman, who among so many indeed prefer some one, yet without on that account entirely deciding for him. Under any other circumstances he would doubtless have endeavoured to warn a son, nay even a friend, of the self-deception which might probably enough be at work here: but in the present case he himself was so anxious for his son's being right, for the fair widow's really loving him,

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and as soon as possible deciding in his favour, that he either felt no scruple of this sort, or banished any such from his mind, perhaps even only concealed it.

"Thou placest me in great perplexity," began the father, after some pause. "The whole arrangement between the surviving members of our family depends on the understanding that thou wed Hilaria, if she wed a stranger, the whole fair, careful combination of a fine fortune falls to the ground again, and thou thyself art not too well provided for. There is certainly another way still, but one which sounds rather strange, and by which thou wouldst gain very little: I, in my old days, might wed Hilaria; a plan which could hardly give thee any very high satisfaction."

"The highest in the world," exclaimed the Lieutenant: "for who can feel a true attachment, who can enjoy or anticipate the happiness of love, without wishing every friend, every one whom he values, the like supreme felicity! You are not old, father; and how lovely is Hilaria! Even the transient thought of offering her your hand, bespeaks a youthful heart, an unimpaired spirit. Let us take up this thought, this project, on the spot, and consider and investigate it thoroughly. My own happiness would be complete, if I knew you happy: I could then rejoice in good earnest, that the care you had bestowed on my destiny was repaid on your own by so fair and high a recompense. I can now with confidence and frankness, and true openness of heart, conduct you to my fair one. You will approve of my feelings, since you yourself feel: you will not impede the happiness of your son, since you are advancing to your own happiness."

With these and other importunate words, the Lieutenant repressed many a scruple which his father was for introducing; left him no time to calculate, but hurried him off with him to the fair widow; whom they found in a commodious and splendid house, with a select rather than numerous party, all engaged in cheerful conversation. She was one of those female souls whom no man can escape. With incredible address she contrived to make our Major the hero of this evening. The rest of the party seemed to be her family; the Major alone was her guest. His circumstances she already knew very well; yet she

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had the skill to ask about them, as if she were wishing, now at last, to get right information on the subject from himself; and so, likewise, every individual of the company was made to show some interest in the stranger. One must have known his brother, a second his estates, a third something else concerned with him; so that the Major, in the midst of a lively conversation, still felt himself to be the centre. Moreover, he was sitting next the fair one; her eyes were on him, her smile was directed to him; in a word, he felt himself so comfortable, that he almost forgot the cause which had brought him. She herself scarcely ever mentioned his son, though the young man took a keen share in the conversation: it seemed as if in her eyes, he, like all the rest, was present only on his father's account.

The guests strolled up and down the rooms, and grouped themselves into accidental knots. The Lieutenant stept up to his fair one, and asked: "What say you to my father?"

With a smile she replied: "Methinks you might well take him as a pattern. Do but look how neatly he is dressed! If his manner and bearing are not better than his gentle son's!" And thus she continued to cry up and praise the father at the son's expense; awakening, by this means, a very mixed feeling of contentment and jealousy in the young man's heart.

Ere long the lieutenant came in contact with his father, and recounted all this to him. It made the Major's manner to his fair hostess so much the more friendly; and she, on her side, began to treat him on a more lively and trustful footing. In short, we may say that, when the company broke up, the Major, as well as the rest, already belonged to her, and to her circle.

A heavy rain prevented the guests from returning home as they had come. Some coaches drove up, into which the walkers arranged themselves; only the Lieutenant, under the pretext that the carriage was already too crowded, let his father drive away, and stayed behind.

The Major, on entering his apartment, felt actually confused and giddy in mind; uncertain of himself; as is the case with us, on passing rapidly from one state to the op-

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posite. The land still seems in motion, to a man who steps from shipboard; and the light still quivers in the eye of him who comes at once into darkness. So did the Major still feel himself encircled with the presence of that fair being. He wished still to see, to hear her, again to see, again to hear her; and after some consideration he forgave his son; nay, he thought him happy that he might pretend to the appropriation of such loveliness.

From these feelings he was roused by the Lieutenant, who, with lively expressions of rapture, rushed into the room; embraced his father, and exclaimed: "I am the happiest man in the world!" After several more of such preliminary phrases, the two at last came to an explanation. The father remarked, that the fair lady in conversing with him had not mentioned the son, or hinted at him by a single syllable.—"That is just her soft, silent, half-concealing, half-discovering way; by which you become certain of your wishes, and yet can never altogether get rid of doubt. So was she wont to treat me hitherto; but your presence, father, has done wonders. I confess it, I stayed behind, that I might see her one moment longer. I found her walking to and fro in her still shining rooms: for I know it is her custom, when the company is gone, no light must be extinguished. She walks alone up and down in her magic halls, when the spirits are dismissed, which she had summoned thither. She accepted the pretext, under cover of which I came back. She spoke with kind grace, though of indifferent matters. We walked to and fro through the open doors, along the whole suite of chambers. We had wandered several times to the end, into the little cabinet, which is lighted only by a dim lamp. If she was beautiful while moving under the blaze of the lustres, she was infinitely more so when illuminated by the soft gleam of the lamp. We had again reached the cabinet; and, in turning, we paused for an instant. I know not what it was that forced this audacity on me; I know not how I could venture, in the midst of the most ordinary conversation, all at once to seize her hand, to kiss that soft hand, and to press it to my heart. It was not drawn away. 'Heavenly creature!' cried I, 'conceal thyself no longer from me. If in this fair heart dwells

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favour for the happy man who stands before thee, disclose it, confess it! The present is the best, the highest time. Banish me, or take me to thy arms!'

"I know not what all I said, what I looked and expressed. She withdrew not, she resisted not, she answered not. I ventured to clasp her in my arms, to ask her if she would be mine. I kissed her with rapture; she pushed me away: 'Well, yes, then; yes!' or some such words, said she, in a faint tone, as if embarrassed. I retired, and cried, I will send my father; he shall speak for me. 'Not a word to him of this!' replied she, following me some steps. 'Go away; forget what has happened.'"

What the Major thought, we shall not attempt to unfold; He said, however, to his son: "What is to be done now, thinkest thou? To my mind, the affair is, by accident, so well introduced, that we may now go to work a little more formally; that perhaps it were well if I called there to-morrow, and proposed in thy name."

"For Heaven's sake, no, father!" cried the son: "it would spoil the whole business. That look, that tone, must be disturbed and deranged by no formality. It is enough father, that your presence accelerates this union, without your uttering a word on the subject. Yes, it is to you, that I owe my happiness! The respect which my loved one entertains for you, has conquered every scruple, and never would your son have found so good a moment had not his father prepared it for him."

These, and such disclosures, occupied them till far in the night. They mutually settled their plans: the Major, simply for form's sake, was to make a parting call, and then set out to arrange his marriage with Hilaria; the son was to forward and accelerate his, as he should find it possible.

1 165-202.

Hersilia's Postscript.

Here I break off, partly because I can write no more at present, but partly also to fix a thorn in your heart.

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Now, answer the question for yourself: how strangely, from all that you have read, must matters stand with these ladies at present! Till now, they had no mutual relation to each other; they were strangers, though each seemed to have the prospect of a marriage which was to approximate them. And now we find them in company, but by themselves, without male attendance, and wandering over the world. What can have passed, what can be to follow? You, my worthy sir, will doubtless get quit of the difficulty, by mournfully exclaiming to yourself: "These, also, are Renunciants!" And here you are perfectly right: but Expectants, too? This I durst not discover, even if I knew it.

To show you the way how this amiable pair may be met with on your wandering, I adopt a singular expedient. You herewith receive a little clipping of a map: when you lay this in its place on the full map of the country, the magnetic needle painted here will point with its barb to the spot whither the Desirable are moving. This riddle is not so very hard to read: but I could wish that, from time to time, you would do the like for us, and send a little snip of chart over hither; we should then, in some measure, understand to what quarter our thoughts were to be directed; and how glad should we be, if the needle were at last attracted by ourselves. May all good be given you, and all errors forgiven!

It is said of women, that they cannot send away a letter without tacking postscripts to the end of it. Whatever inferences you may draw from the fact, I cannot deny that this is my second postscript, and the place, after all, where I am to tell you the flower of the whole matters. This arrow-shaft, on the little patch of map, Hilaria herself was at the pains to draw, and to decorate with such dainty plumage: the sharp point, however, was the fair Widow's work. Have a care that it do not scratch, or perhaps pierce you. Our bargain is, that whenever you meet, be this where it may, you are forthwith to present the small shred of paper, and so be the sooner and more heartily admitted into trust.

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A WORD FROM THE EDITOR.

That a certain deficiency, perhaps discernible in the parts, certainly discernible here and there in the whole, cannot henceforth be avoided, we ourselves take courage to forewarn the reader, without fearing thereby to thwart his enjoyment. In the present task, undertaken truly with forethought and good heart, we still meet with all the inconveniences which have delayed the publication of these little volumes for twenty years. This period has altered nothing for the better. We still find ourselves in more than one way impeded; at this or that place, threatened with one obstruction or another. For we have to solve the uncertain problem of selecting from those most multifarious papers, what is worthiest and most important, so that it be grateful to thinking and cultivated minds, and refresh and forward them in many a province of life. Now here are the Journals, more or less complete, lying before us; sometimes communicable without scruple; sometimes, again, by reason of their unimportant, and likewise of their too important contents, seemingly unfit for insertion.

There are not even wanting sections devoted to the actual world; on statistic, technical, and other practical external subjects. To cut these off as incongruous, we do not determine without reluctance; as life and inclination, knowledge and passion, strangely combining together, go on here in the straightest union.

Then we come on sketches written with clear views and for glorious objects: but not so consequent and deep-searching, that we can fully approve of them, or suppose, that in this new and so far advanced time, they could be readable and influential.

So likewise we fall in with little anecdotes, destitute of connexion, difficult to arrange under heads; some of them, when closely examined, not altogether unobjectionable. Here and there we discover more complete narra-

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tives, several of which, though already known to the world, nevertheless demand a place here, and at the same time require exposition and conclusion. Of poems, also, there is no want: and yet it is not always easy, not always possible, to decide where they should be introduced, with best regard to the preserving and assisting of their true tone, which is but too easily disturbed and overturned. If we are not, therefore, as we have too often done in bygone years, again to stop in the middle of this business, nothing will remain for us but to impart what we possess, to give out what has been preserved. Some Chapters, accordingly, the completion of which might have been desirable, we now offer in their first hurried form; that so the reader may not only feel the existence of a want here, but also be informed what this want is, and complete in his own mind whatever, partly from the nature of the object, partly from the intervening circumstances, cannot be presented to him perfectly completed in itself, or furnished with all its requisite accompaniments.

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE proposed riddle raised some scruples in Wilhelm's mind; yet, ere long, he began to feel a still attraction in the matter, an impulse of longing to reach that appointed line, and follow its direction; as, indeed, we are wont to seize with eagerness any specific object, that excites our imagination, or active faculties, and to wish that we might accomplish it and partake of it.

A child that, in asking alms of us, puts into our hand a card with five Lottery Numbers written on it, we do not lighly turn away unserved; and it depends on the moment, especially if it be shortly before the drawing, whether we shall not, with accidentally stimulated hope, quite against our usual custom, stake heavy shares upon these very numbers.

The wanderer now tried on a large Map the little fragment which had been sent him; and stood surprised, amazed, affrighted, as he saw the needle pointing straight to Mignon's native place, to the houses where she had lived. What his peculiar feelings were, we do not find declared: but whoever can bring back to memory the end of the *Apprenticeship*, will in his own heart and mind, without difficulty, call forth the like.

38-153 = 1-215

The chief cause, however, why we meet with scantier records of this excursion than we could have wished, may probably be this: that Wilhelm chanced to fall in with a young lively companion of his journey, by means of whom, it became easy to retain for himself and his friends a vivid and strong remembrance of this pious pilgrimage, without any aid of writing. Unexpectedly he finds himself beside a Painter; one of that class of persons whom we often see wandering about the world, and still oftener figuring in Romances and Dramas; but in this case, an individual who showed himself at once to be really a distinguished artist. The two very soon got acquainted; mutually communicated their desires, projects, purposes. And

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now it appears that this skilful artist, who delights in painting aquatical landscapes, and can decorate his pieces with rich, well-imagined, well-executed additions and accompaniments, has been passionately attracted by Mignon's form, destiny, and being. He has often painted her already, and is now going forth to copy from nature the scenes where she passed her early years; amid these to represent the dear child, in happy and unhappy circumstances and moments; and thus to make her image, which lives in all tender hearts, present also to the sense of the eye.

The friends soon reached the Lago Maggiore; Wilhelm endeavours, by degrees, to find out the places indicated. Rural palaces, spacious monasteries, ferries and bays, capes and landings, are visited; nor are the dwellings of courageous and kind-hearted fishermen forgotten; or the cheerfully-built villages along the shore, or the gay mansions on the neighbouring heights. All this the Artist can seize; to all of it communicate, by light and colouring, the feeling suitable for each scene; so that Wilhelm passes his days and his hours in heart-searching emotion.

In several of the leaves, stood Mignon represented on the foreground, as she had looked and lived; Wilhelm striving, by correct description, to assist the happy imagination of his friend, and reduce these general conceptions within the stricter limits of individuality.

And thus you might see the Boy-girl, set forth in various attitudes and manifold expression. Beneath the lofty portal of the splendid Country-house she is standing thoughtfully contemplating the Marble Statues in the Hall. Here she rocks herself, plashing to and fro among the waters, in the fastened boat; there she climbs the mast, and shows herself as a fearless sailor.

But, distinguished beyond all the other pictures, was one which the Artist, on his journey hither, and prior to his meeting with Wilhelm, had combined and painted with all its characteristic features. In the heart of the rude Mountains, shines the graceful seeming boy, encircled with toppling cliffs, besprayed with cataracts, in the middle of a motley horde. Never, perhaps, was a grim, pre-

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cipitous, primeval mountain-pass more beautifully or expressively relieved with living figures. The party-coloured, gipsy-looking group, at once rude and fantastic, strange and common, too loose to cause fear, too singular to awaken confidence. Stout beasts of burden are bearing along, now over paths made of trees, now down by steps hewn in the rock, a tawdry chaotic heap of luggage, round which all the instruments of a deafening music hang dangling to and fro, to affright the ear from time to time with rude tones. Amid all this, the lovely child, self-collected without defiance, indignant without resistance, led but not dragged. Who would not have looked with pleasure at this singular and impressive picture? Given in strong characters, frowned the stern obstruction of these rock masses, riven asunder by gloomy chasms, towered up together, threatening to hinder all outgate, had not a bold bridge betokened the possibility of again coming into union with the rest of the world. Nor had the Artist, with his quick feeling of fictitious truth, forgot to indicate the entrance of a Cave, which you might equally regard as the natural laboratory of huge crystals, or as the abode of a fabulously frightful brood of Dragons.

Not without a holy fear did our friends visit the Marchese's palace. The old man was still absent on his travels; but in this circle also, the two wanderers, knowing well how to apply and conduct themselves both towards spiritual and temporal authorities, were kindly received and entertained.

The absence of the owner also was to Wilhelm very pleasant; for although he could have wished to see the worthy gentleman, and would have heartily saluted him he felt afraid of the Marchese's thankful generosity, and of any forced recompense of that true loving conduct, for which he had already obtained the fairest reward.

And thus our friends went floating in gay boats from shore to shore, cruising the Lake in every direction. It was the fairest season of the year; and they missed neither sunrise nor sunset, nor any of the thousand shadings which the heavenly light first bounteously dispenses over its own firmament, and from thence over lake and

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land; not appearing itself in its perfect glory, till imaged back from the waters.

A luxuriant vegetable world, planted by Nature, watched over and forwarded by Art, on every side surrounded them. The first chestnut forests they had already greeted with wolcome; and now they could not restrain a mournful smile, as, lying under the shade of cypresses, they saw the laurel mounting up; the pomegranates reddening; orange and citron trees unfolding themselves in blossoms, and fruit at the same time glowing forth from the leafy gloom.

Through means of his vivid associate, Wilhelm had another enjoyment prepared for him. Our old friend had not been favoured by Nature with the eye of a painter. Susceptible of visual beauty only in the human form, he now felt that, by the presence of a companion, alike disposed, but trained to quite different enjoyments and activities, the surrounding world also was opened to his sight.

By viewing; under conversational direction, the changing glories of the region, and still more by concentrated imitation, his eyes were opened, and his mind freed from all its once obstinate doubts. Hitherto all copies of Italian scenery had seemed to him suspicious; the sky, he thought, was too blue; the violet tone of those charming distances was lovely, but untrue; and the abundant fresh green too bright and gay: but now he united in his inmost perceptions with his new friend; and learned, susceptible as he was, to look at the Earth with that friend's eyes; and while Nature unfolded the open secret of her beauty, he could not but feel an irresistible attraction towards Art, as towards her most fit expositor.

But his pictorial friend quite unexpectedly anticipated his wishes in another point. The Artist had already many times started some gay song; and thus, in hours of rest, delightfully enlivened and accompanied their movement, when out in long voyages over the water. But now it happened, that in one of the palaces they were visiting, he found a curious peculiar stringed instrument; a lute of small size, strong, well-toned, convenient, and portable: he soon contrived to tune it; and then handled the strings

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so pleasantly, and so well entertained those about him, that, like a new Orpheus, he subdued by soft harmonies the usually rigorous and dry castellain, and kindly constrained him to lend the instrument for a time; under the condition that before departing, the singer should faithfully return it; and in the interim, should come back some Sunday or holyday, and again gratify them by his music.

Quite another spirit now enlivened lake and shore: boat and skiff strove which should be nearest our friends; even freight and market barges lingered in their neighbourhood; rows of people on the beach followed their course; when landing, they were encircled by a gayminded throng; when departing, each blessed them, with a heart contented, yet full of longing.

And now, at last to any third party who had watched our friends, it must have been apparent enough that their mission was, in fact, accomplished: all scenes and localities referring to Mignon had been not only sketched, but partly brought into light, shade, and colour; partly, in warm midday hours, finished with the utmost fidelity. In effecting this, they had shifted from place to place in a peculiar way, as Wilhelm's vow frequently impeded them: this, however, they had now and then contrived to evade, by explaining it as valid only on land, and on water not applicable.

Indeed Wilhelm himself now felt that their special purpose was attained; yet he could not deny that the wish to see Hilaria and the fair Widow must also be satisfied, if he wished to leave this country with a free mind. His friend, to whom he had imparted their story, was no less curious; and already prided himself in the thought that in one of his paintings there was a vacant space, which, as an artist, he might decorate with the forms of these gentle persons.

Accordingly, they now cruised to and fro, watching the points where strangers are wont first to enter this paradise. Their hope of meeting friends here had already been made known to the boatmen; and the search had not lasted long, when there came in sight a splendid barge; which they instantly made chase of, and forbore not passionately to grapple with, on reaching it. The dames, in

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some degree alarmed at this movement, soon recovered their composure as Wilhelm produced his little piece of chart, and the two, without hesitation, recognised the arrow which themselves had drawn on it. The friends were then kindly invited to come on board the ladies' barge; which they did without an instant's delay.

And now let us figure to ourselves these four; as they sit together in the daintiest apartment, the most blissful world lying round them: looking in each other's faces: fanned by soft airs; rocked on glittering waves. Imagine the female pair, as we lately saw them described; the male, as they have together for weeks been leading a wayfaring life; and after a little reflection, we behold them all in the most delightful, but also the most dangerous situation.

For the three who have before, willingly or unwillingly, ranked themselves in the number of Renunciants, we have not the worst to fear: the fourth, however, may probably enough too soon see himself admitted into that order, like the others.

After crossing the Lake several times, and pointing out the most interesting spots both on the shore and the islands, our two wanderers conducted their fair friends to the place they were to pass the night in; where a dexterous guide, selected for this voyage, had taken care to provide all possible conveniences. Wilhelm's vow was now a harsh but suitable master of the ceremonies: for he and his companion had already passed three days in this very station, and exhausted all that was remarkable in the environs. The Artist, not restrained by any vow, begged permission to attend the dames on shore: this, however, they declined; and so the party separated at some distance from the harbour.

Scarcely had the singer stept into his skiff, which hastily drew back from the beach, when he seized his lute; and gracefully began raising that strangely plaintive song, which the Venetian gondoliers send forth in clear melody from land to sea, and from sea to land. Expert enough in this feat, which, in the present instance, proceeded with peculiar tenderness and expression, he strengthened his voice in proportion to the increasing

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distance, so that on the shore you would have thought you heard him still singing in the same place. He at last laid his lute aside, trusting to his voice alone; and had the satisfaction to observe that the dames, instead of retiring into their houses, were pleased to linger on the shore. He felt so inspired that he could not cease; not even when night and remoteness had withdrawn everything from view; till at last his calmer friend reminded him that, if darkness did favour his tones, the skiff had already long passed the limits within which these could take effect.

According to promise, the two parties again met next day on the open Lake. Flying along, they formed acquaintance with the lovely series of prospects, now standing forth in separate distinction, then gathering into rows, and seen behind each other, and at last fading away, as the higher eclipsed the lower; all which, rèpeating itself in the waters, affords in such excursions the most varied entertainment. Nor, in the course of these sights, did the copies of them, from our Artist's portfolio, fail to awaken thoughts and anticipations of what, in the present hour, was not imparted. For all such matters the still Hilaria seemed to have a free and fair feeling.

But towards noon, singularity again came into play: the ladies landed alone; the men cruised before the harbour. And now the singer endeavoured to accommodate his music to a shorter distance, where not only the general, soft, and quickly warbling tone of desire, but likewise a certain gay, graceful importunity, might be expected to tell. And here, now and then, some one or other of the songs, for which we stand indebted to our friends in the *Apprenticeship*, would come hovering over his strings, over his lips; but out of well-meant regard to the feelings of his hearers, as well as to his own, he restrained himself in this particular; and roved at large in foreign images and emotions, whereby his performance gained in effect, and reached the ear with so much the more insinuating blandishment. The two friends, blockading the harbour in this way, would not have recollected the trivial concern of eating and drinking, had not the more provident fair

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ones sent them over a supply of dainty bits; to which an accompanying draught of wine had the best possible relish.

Every separation, every stipulation that comes in the way of our gathering passions, sharpens instead of stifling them; and in this case, as in others, it may be presumed that the short absence had awakened equal longing in both parties. At all events, the dames, in their gay dazzling gondola, were very soon to be seen coming back.

This word gondola, however, let us not take up in the melancholy Venetian meaning: here it signifies a cheerful, commodious, social bark; which, had our little company been twice as large, would still have been spacious enough for them.

Some days were spent in this peculiar way, between meeting and parting, between separation and social union; but amid the enjoyment of the most delightful intercourse, departure and bereavement still hovered before the agitated soul. In presence of the new friends, the old came back into the mind; were these new ones absent, each could not but admit that already they had taken deep root in his remembrance. None but a composed and tried spirit, like our fair Widow, could in such moments have maintained herself in complete equilibrium.

Hilaria's heart had been too deeply wounded to admit of any new entire impression; but as the grace of a fair scene encircles us of itself with soothing influences: so when the mildness of tender-hearted friends conspires with it, there comes over sense and soul a peculiar mood of softness, that recalls to us, as in dreaming visions, the past and the absent, and withdraws the present, as if it were but a show, into spiritual remoteness. Thus, alternately rocked this way and that, attracted and repelled, approximated and removed, they wavered and wended for several days.

Without more narrowly investigating these circumstances, the shrewd, experienced guide imagined he observed some alteration in the calm demeanour of his heroines; and when, at last, the whimsical part of their predicament became known to him, he contrived here also to devise the most grateful expedient. For as our two shipmen were again conducting the ladies to their usual place

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of dinner, they were met by another gay bark; which, falling alongside of theirs, exhibited a well-covered table, with all the cheerful invitations of a festive repast: the friends could now wait in company the lapse of several hours; and only night decided the customary separation.

Happily the Artist and Wilhelm had in their former voyagings neglected, out of a certain natural caprice, to visit the most highly ornamented of all the islands, and had even yet never thought of showing to their fair friends the many artificial and somewhat dilapidated curiosities of the place, before these glorious scenes of creation were entirely gone through. At last, however, new light rose on their minds. They took counsel with the guide: he contrived forthwith to expedite their voyage, and all looked on it as the most blissful they had yet undertaken. They could now hope and expect, after so many interrupted joys, to spend three whole heavenly days, assembled together in a sequestered abode.

And here we cannot but bestow on this guide our high commendation: he belonged to that nimble, active, dexterous class, who, in attendance on successive parties, often travel the same roads; perfectly acquainted with the conveniences and inconveniences on all of them, they understand how to use the one and evade the other; and, without leaving their own profit out of sight, still to conduct their patrons more cheaply and pleasantly through the country, than without such aid would have been possible.

At this time, also, a sufficient female train belonging to our dames, for the first time, stept forth in decided activity; and the fair Widow could now make it one of her conditions that the friends were to remain with her as guests, and content themselves with what she called her moderate entertainment. In this point too, all prospered: for the cunning functionary had, on this occasion as on others, contrived to make so good a use of the letters and introductions which his heroines had brought with them, that, the owner of the place they were now about to visit being absent, both castle and garden, kitchen included, were thrown open for the service of the strangers; nay, some prospect was held out even of the cellar. All things cooperated so harmoniously, that our wanderers, from the

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very first moment, felt themselves as if at home, as if born lords of this paradise.

The whole luggage of the party was now carried to the island, an arrangement producing much convenience to all; though the chief advantage aimed at was, that the portfolios of our Artist, now, for the first time, all collected together, might afford him means to exhibit, in continuous sequence, to his fair hostesses the route he had followed. This task was undertaken by all parties with delight. Not that they proceeded in the common style of amateur and artist, mutually eulogising: here was a gifted man, rewarded by the most sincere and judicious praise. But that we fall not into the suspicion of attempting, with general phrases, to palm on credulous readers what we could not openly show them, let us here insert the judgment of a critic, who some years afterwards viewed with studious admiration both the pieces here in question, and the others of a like or similar sort, by the same hand:

"He succeeds in representing the cheerful repose of lake prospects, where houses in friendly approximation, imaging themselves in the clear wave, seem as if bathing in its depths; shores encircled with green hills, behind which rise forest mountains, and icy peaks of glaciers. The tone of colouring in such scenes is gay, mirthfully clear; the distances, as if overflowed with softening vapour, which from watered hollows and river valleys mounts up grayer and mistier, and indicates their windings. No less is the Master's art to be praised in views from valleys lying nearer the high Alpine ranges; where declivities slope down, luxuriantly overgrown, and fresh streams roll hastily along by the foot of rocks.

"With exquisite skill, in the deep shady trees of the foreground, he gives the distinctive character of the several species; satisfying us in the form of the whole, as in the structure of the branches, and the details of the leaves: no less so, in the fresh green with its manifold shadings, where soft airs appear as if fanning us with benignant breath, and the lights as if thereby put in motion.

"In the middle ground, his lively green tone grows fainter by degrees; and at last, on the more distant mountain-tops, passing into weak violet, weds itself with

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the blue of the sky. But our Artist is above all happy in his paintings of high Alpine regions; in seizing the simple greatness and stillness of their character; the wide pastures on the slopes, clothed with the freshest green, where dark solitary furs stand forth from the grassy carpet; and from high cliffs foaming brooks rush down. Whether he relieve his pasturages with grazing cattle, or the narrow winding rocky path with mules and laden pack-horses, he paints all with equal truth and richness; still introduced in the proper place, and not in too great copiousness, they decorate and enliven these scenes, without interrupting, without lessening their peaceful solitude. The execution testifies a master's hand; easy, with a few sure strokes, and yetcomplete. In his latter pieces, he employed glittering English permanent-colours on paper: these pictures, accordingly, are of pre-eminently blooming tone; cheerful, yet, at the same time, strong and sated.

"His views of deep mountain chasms, where round and round nothing fronts us but dead rock; where, in the abyss, overspanned by its bold arch, the wild stream rages, are indeed of less attraction than the former: yet their truth excites us; we admire the great effect of the whole, produced at so little cost, by a few expressive strokes, and masses of local colours.

"With no less accuracy of character can he represent the regions of the topmost Alpine ranges, where neither tree nor shrub any more appears; but only, amid the rocky teeth and snow summits, a few sunny spots clothe themselves with a soft sward. Beautiful, and balmy, and inviting as he colours these spots, he has here wisely forborne to introduce grazing herds; for these regions give food only to the chamois, and a perilous employment to the Wild-hay-men."

"We shall not deviate from our purpose of bringing the condition of these waste scenes as close as possible to the conception of our readers, if to this word, Wild-hayman, or *Wildheuer*, we subjoin a short explanation. It is

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a name given to the poorer inhabitants of the upland Alpine ranges, who occupy themselves in making hay from such grassy spots as are inaccessible to cattle. For this purpose, they climb, with cramps on their feet, the steepest and most dangerous cliffs; or from high crags let themselves down by ropes, when this is necessary: and so reach those grassy patches. The grass once cut and dried to hay, they throw it down from the heights, into the deeper valleys; where, being collected together, it is sold to cattle-owners, with whom, on account of its superior quality, it finds a ready market."

These paintings, which must have gratified and attracted any eye, were viewed by Hilaria, in particular, with great attention; and from her observations it became clear, that, in this department, she herself was no stranger. To the Artist, least of all, did this continue secret; nor could approval from any one have been more precious to him, than from this most graceful of all persons. Her companion, therefore, kept silence no longer, but blamed Hilaria for not coming forward with her own accomplishment, but lingering in this case as she always did; now where the question was not, of being praised or blamed, but of being instructed. A fairer opportunity, she said, might not easily occur.

And now it came to light, when she was thus forced to exhibit her portfolios, what a talent was lying hid behind this still and most lovely nature: the capacity had been derived from birth, and diligently cultivated by practice. She possessed a true eye; a delicate hand, such as women, accustomed to use it in their dressing and decorating operations, find available in higher art. You might, doubtless, observe unsureness in the strokes; and, in consequence, a too undecided character in the objects; but you could not help admiring the most faithful execution; though the whole was not seized in its happiest effect, not grouped and adjusted with the skill of an artist. She is afraid, you would say, of profaning her object, if

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she keep not completely true to it; hence she becomes precise and stiff, and loses herself in details.

But now, by the great free talent, by the bold hand of the Artist, she feels rising, awakening within her, whatever genuine feeling and taste had till now slumbered in her mind: she perceives that she has but to take heart, and earnestly and punctually to follow some fundamental maxims, which the Artist, with penetrating judgment and friendly importunity, is repeating and impressing on her. That sureness of stroke comes of its own accord; she by degrees dwells less on the parts than on the whole; and thus the fairest capability rises on a sudden to fulfilment; as a rose-bud, which in the evening we passed by unobservant, breaks forth in the morning at sunrise before our face: and the living quivering movement of this lordly blossom, struggling out to the light, seems almost visible before our eyes.

Nor did this intellectual culture remain without moral effects: for on a pure spirit, it produces a magic impression to be conscious of that heartfelt thankfulness, natural towards any one to whom it stands indebted for decisive instruction. In this case, it was the first glad emotion which had risen in Hilaria's soul for many a week. To see this lordly world lying round her day after day; and now at once to feel the instantly acquired, more perfect gift of representing it! What delight, in figures and tints, to be approaching nearer the Unspeakable! She felt herself surprised as with a new youth; and could not refuse a peculiar kindliness to the man who had procured for her such happiness.

Thus did the two sit together; you could scarcely have determined whether he was readier in communicating secret advantages in art, or she in seizing them and turning them to practice. The happiest rivalry, such as too seldom rises between scholar and master, here took place. Many a time you might observe the friend preparing with some decisive stroke to influence her drawing; which she, on the other hand, would gently decline, hastening to do the wished, the necessary, of her own accord, and always to her master's astonishment.

The fair Widow, in the meanwhile, walked along the

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terraces with Wilhelm, under cypresses and pines, now under vine, now under orange groves; and at last could not but fulfil the faintly indicated wish of her new friend, and disclose to him the strange entanglement by which the two fair pilgrims, cut off from their former ties, and straitly united to one another, had been sent forth to wander over the world.

Wilhelm who wanted not the gift of accurately noting what he saw, took down her narrative some time afterwards in writing: this, as he compiled it and transmitted it by Hersilia to Natalia, we purpose by and by communicating to our readers.

The last evening was now come; and a rising, most clear, full moon, concealed the transition from day to night. The party had assembled and seated themselves on one of the highest terraces, to see distinct and unimpeded, and glittering in the sheen of east and west, the peaceful Lake, hidden partly in its length, but visible over all its breadth.

Whatever in such circumstances might be talked of, it was natural once more to repeat the hundred times repeated; to mention the beauties of this sky, of this water, of this land, under the influences of a strong sun and milder moon, nay, exclusively and lyrically to recognise and describe them.

But what none of them uttered, what each durst scarcely avow to himself, was the deep mournful feeling which, stronger or weaker, but with equal truth and tenderness, was beating in every bosom. The presentiment of parting diffused itself over present union; a gradual stagnation was becoming almost painful.

Then at last the singer roused himself, summoned up his resolution; with strong tones, preluding on his instrument; heedless of the former well-meant reserve. Mignon's figure, with the first soft song of the gentle child, were hovering before him. Passionately hurried over the limits; with longing touch awakening the sweetly sounding strings, he began to raise:

> Know'st thou the land where citron-apples bloom,
> And oranges like gold — — — — —

Hersilia rose in deepest agitation, and hurried away,

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veiling her face; our fair Widow, with a motion of refusal, waved her hand towards the Singer, while she caught Wilhelm's arm with the other. The perplexed and half-unconscious youth followed Hilaria; Wilhelm, by his more considerate guide, was led after them. And now when they stood all four under the high moonshine, the general emotion was no longer to be concealed. The women threw themselves into each other's arms; the men embraced each other; and Luna was witness of the noblest, chastest tears. Some recollection slowly returned; they forced themselves asunder, silent, under strange feelings and wishes, from which hope was already cut off. And now our Artist, whom his friend dragged with him, felt himself here under the void heaven, in the solemn lovely hour of night, initiated in the first stage of Renunciation, which those friends had already passed through, though they now saw themselves again in danger of being sharply tried.

Not till late had the young men gone to rest; awakening in the early morning, they took heart; thought themselves now strong enough for a farewell to this paradise; devised many plans for still, without violation of duty, at least lingering in the pleasant neighbourhood.

While purposing to introduce their projects to this effect, they were cut short by intelligence that, with the earliest break of day, the ladies had departed. A letter from the hand of our Queen of Hearts gave them more precise information. You might have doubted whether sense rather than goodness, love rather than friendship, acknowledgment of merit rather than soft bashful favour, was expressed in it. But, alas, in the conclusion stood the hard request, that our two wanderers were neither to follow their heroines, nor anywhere to seek them; nay, if they chanced to see each other, they were faithfully to avoid meeting.

And now the paradise, as if by the touch of an enchanter's rod, was changed for our friends into an utter desert: and certainly they would have smiled at themselves, had they perceived at this moment how unjust and unthankful they were on a sudden become to so fair and remarkable a scene. No self-seeking hypochondriac could so sharply

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and spitefully have rated and censured the decay of the buildings, the neglected condition of the walls, the weathered aspect of the towers, the grassy obstruction of the walks, the perishing of the trees, the mossiness and mouldering of the artificial grottoes, and whatever else of that sort was to be observed, as our two travellers now did. By degrees, however, they settled themselves as circumstances would admit: the Artist carefully packed up his work: they both set sail; Wilhelm accompanying him to the upper quarter of the Lake, where, by previous agreement, the former set forth on his way to Natalia, to introduce her by his fair landscape papers, into scenes which perhaps she might not soon have an opportunity of viewing with her eyes. He was at the same time commissioned to inform her confessionally of the late incident, which had reduced him to a state such that he might be received with hearty kindness by the Confederates in the vow of Renunciation, and with soft friendly treatment, in the midst of them, be comforted, if he could not be healed.

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CHAPTER XIV.

In this division of our work, the exculpatory Word from the Editor might have been more requisite than even in the foregoing Chapter: for there, though we had not the paintings of the master, and his fair scholar, on which all depended, to exhibit before our readers; and could neither make the perfection of the finished artist, nor the commencing stintedness nor rapid development of the art loving beauty visible to their eyes; yet still the description might not be altogether inefficient, and many genial and thought-exalting matters remained to be imparted. But here, where the business in hand is a great object, which one could have wished to see treated in the most precise manner, there is, unhappily, too little noted down: and we cannot hope that a complete view will be attained from our communications.

Again, it is to be observed, that in the Novel, as in Universal History, we have to struggle with uncertain computations of time; and cannot always decisively fix what has happened sooner, and what later. We shall hold, therefore, by the surest points.

That a year must have passed since Wilhelm left the Pedagogic Province, is rendered certain, by the circumstance that we now meet him at the Festival to which he had been invited: but as our wandering Renunciants sometimes unexpectedly dive down and vanish from our sight, and then again emerge into view at a place where they were not looked for, it cannot be determined with certainty, what track they have followed in the interim.

Now, however, the Traveller advances from the side of the plain country into the Pedagogic Province: he comes over fields and pasturages; skirts, on the dry lea, many a little freshet; sees bushy rather than woody hills; a free

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prospect on all sides, over a surface but little undulated. On such tracks he did not long doubt that he was in the horse-producing region; and accordingly, he failed not here and there to observe greater or smaller herds of mares and foals. But all at once the horizon darkens with a fierce cloud of dust, which rapidly swelling nearer and nearer, covers all the breadth of the space; yet at last, rent asunder by a sharp side wind, is forced to disclose its interior tumult.

At full gallop rushes forward a vast multitude of these noble animals, guided and held together by mounted keepers. The monstrous hurlyburly whirls past the wanderer; a fair boy among the keepers looks at him with surprise; pulls in, leaps down, and embraces his father.

Now commences a questioning and answering: the boy relates that an agricultural life had not agreed with him; the harvest home he had indeed found delightful, but the subsequent arrangements, the ploughing and digging, by no means so. This the Superiors remark, and observe at the same time that he likes to employ himself with animals; they direct him to the useful and necessary domestic breeds; try him as a sequestered herdsman and keeper, and at last promote him to the more lively equestrian occupation; where accordingly he now, himself a young foal, has to watch over foals, and to forward their good nourishment and training, under the oversight of skilful comrades.

Father and son, following the herd, by various lonelying spacious farmyards, reached the town or hamlet, near which the great annual Market was held. Here rages an incredible confusion, in which it is hard to determine whether merchants or wares raise more dust. From all countries purchasers assemble here to procure animals of noble blood and careful training; all the languages of the Earth, you would fancy, meet your ear. Amid all this hubbub, too, rises the lively sound of powerful wind-instruments: everything bespeaks motion, vigour and life.

The wanderer meets his Overseer of last year, who presents him to the others: he is even introduced to one

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of the Three; and by him, though only in passing, paternally and expressively saluted.

Wilhelm, here again observing an example of exclusive culture and life-leading, expresses a desire to know in what else the pupils are practised, by way of counterpoise; that so in this wild, and, to a certain degree, savage occupation of feeding animals, the youth may not himself roughen into an animal. And, in answer, he is gratified to learn, that precisely with this violent and rugged-looking occupation the softest in the world is united; the learning and practising of languages.

"To this," it was said, "we have been induced by the circumstance, that there are youths from all quarters of the world assembled here; now to prevent them from uniting, as usually happens when abroad, into national knots, and forming exclusive parties, we endeavour by a free communication of speech to approximate them.

"Indeed, a general acquaintance with languages is here in some degree rendered necessary; since, in our yearly market festivals, every foreigner wishes to converse in his own tones and idiom; and, in the course of cheapening and purchasing, to proceed with all possible convenience. That no Babylonish confusion of tongues, however, no corruption of speech, may arise from this practice, we employ a different language month by month, throughout the year; according to the maxim, that in learning anything, its first principles alone should be taught by constraint.

"We look upon our scholars," said the Overseer, "as so many swimmers, who, in the element which threatened to swallow them, feel with astonishment that they are lighter, that it bears and carries them forward: and so it is with everything that man undertakes.

"However, if any one of our young men show a special inclination for this or the other language, we neglect not, in the midst of this tumultuous-looking life, which nevertheless offers very many quiet, idly solitary, nay, tedious hours, to provide for his true and substantial instruction. Our riding grammarians, among whom there are even some pedagogues, you would be surprised to discover among these bearded and beardless Centaurs. Your Felix

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has turned himself to Italian; and in the monotonous solitude of his herdsman life, you shall hear him send forth many a dainty song with proper feeling and taste. Practical activity and expertness are far more compatible with sufficient intellectual culture, than is generally supposed."

Each of these districts was celebrating its peculiar festival; so the guest was now conducted to the Instrumental Music department. This tract, skirted by the level country, began from its very border to exhibit kind and beautifully changing valleys, little trim woods; soft brooks, by the side of which, among the sward, here and there a mossy crag modestly stood forth. Scattered, bush-encircled dwellings you might see on the hillsides; in soft hollows, the houses clustered nearer together. Those gracefully separated cottages lay so far apart, that neither tones nor mistones could be heard from one to the other.

They now approached a wide space, begirt with buildings and shady trees, where crowded, man on man, all seemed on the stretch of expectation and attention. Just as the stranger entered, there was sent forth from all the instruments a grand symphony, the full rich power and tenderness of which he could not but admire. Opposite the spacious main orchestra was a smaller one, which failed not to attract his notice; here stood various younger and elder scholars; each held his instrument in readiness without playing; these were they who as yet could not, or durst not, join in with the whole. It was interesting to observe how they stood as it were on the start; and our friend was informed that such a festival seldom passed over, without some one or other of them suddenly developing his talent.

As among the instrumental music, singing was now introduced, no doubt could remain that this also was favoured. To the question, What other sort of culture was here blended in kind union with the chief employment, our wanderer learned in reply, that it was Poetry, and of the lyrical kind. In this matter, it appeared, their main concern was, that both arts should be developed each for itself and from itself, but then also in contrast and combination with each other. The scholars were first instructed in each according to its own limitations;

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then taught how the two reciprocally limit, and again reciprocally free each other.

To poetical rhythm, the musical artist opposes measure of tone and movement of tone. But here the mastery of Music over Poesy soon shows itself; for if the latter, as is fit and necessary, keep her quantities never so steadily in view, still for the musician few syllables are decidedly short or long; at his pleasure he can overset the most conscientious procedure of the rhythmer, nay, change prose itself into song; from which, in truth, the richest possibilities present themselves; and the poet would soon feel himself annihilated, if he could not, on his own side, by lyrical tenderness and boldness, inspire the musician with reverence; and, now in the softest sequence, now by the most abrupt transitions, awaken new feelings in the mind.

The singers to be met with here are mostly poets themselves. Dancing also is taught in its fundamental principles; that so all these accomplishments may regularly spread themselves into every district.

The guest, on being led across the next boundary, at once perceived an altogether different mode of building. The houses were no longer scattered into separation, no longer in the shape of cottages: they stood regularly united, beautiful in their exterior, spacious, convenient, and elegant within; you here saw an unconfined, well-built, stately town, corresponding to the scene it stood in. Here the Plastic Arts, and the trades akin to them, have their home: and a peculiar silence reigns over these spaces.

The plastic artist, it is true, must still figure himself as standing in relation to all that lives and moves among men; but his occupation is solitary; and yet, by the strangest contradiction, there is perhaps no other that so decidedly requires a living accompaniment and society. Now here, in that circle, is each in silence forming shapes that are for ever to engage the eyes of men; a holyday stillness reigns over the whole scene; and did you not here and there catch the picking of stone-hewers, and the measured stroke of carpenters, who are now busily employed in finishing a lordly edifice, the air were unmoved by any sound.

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Our wanderer was struck, moreover, by the earnestness, the singular rigour with which beginners, as well as more advanced pupils, were treated: it seemed as if no one by his own power and judgment accomplished anything, but as if a secret spirit, striving towards one single great aim, pervaded and vivified them all. Nowhere did you observe a scheme or sketch; every stroke was drawn with forethought. As the wanderer inquired of his guide the reason of this peculiar procedure, he was told: That Imagination was in itself a vague, unstable power, which the whole merit of the plastic artist consisted in more and more determining, fixing, nay, at last, exalting to visible presence.

The necessity for sure principles in other arts was mentioned. "Would the musician," it was said, "permit his scholar to dash wildly over the strings, nay, to invent bars and intervals for himself at his own good pleasure? Here it is palpable that nothing can be left to the caprice of the learner: the element he is to work in is irrevocably given; the implement he is to wield is put into his hands; nay, the very way and manner of his using it, I mean the changing of the fingers, he finds prescribed to him; so ordered, that the one part of his hand shall give place to the other, and each prepare the proper path for its follower: by such determinate co-operation only can the impossible at last become possible.

"But what chiefly vindicates the practice of strict requisitions, of decided laws, is that genius, that native talent, is precisely the readiest to seize them, and yield them willing obedience. It is only the half-gifted that would wish to put his own contracted singularity in the place of the unconditional whole, and justify his false attempts under cover of an unconstrainable originality and independence. To this we grant no currency: we guard our scholars from all such misconceptions, whereby a large portion of life, nay, often the whole of life, is apt to be perplexed and disjointed.

"With genius we love most to be concerned: for this is animated just by that good spirit of quickly recognising what is profitable for it. Genius understands that Art is called Art because it is *not* Nature. Genius bends itself to

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respect even towards what may be named conventional: for what is this but agreeing, as the most distinguished men have agreed, to regard the unalterable, the indispensable as the best? And does not such submission always turn to good account?

"Here, too, as in all our departments, to the great assistance of the teachers, our three Reverences and their signs, with some changes suitable to the nature of the main employment, have been introduced and inculcated."

The wanderer, in his farther survey, was surprised to observe that the Town seemed still extending; street unfolding itself from street, and so offering the most varied prospects. The exterior of the edifices corresponded to their destination; they were dignified and stately, not so much magnificent as beautiful. To the nobler and more earnest buildings in the centre of the Town, the more cheerful were harmoniously appended; till farther out, gay decorated suburbs, in graceful style, stretched forth into the country, and at last separated into garden-houses.

The stranger could not fail to remark, that the dwellings of the musicians in the preceding district were by no means to be compared, in beauty or size, with the present, which painters, statuaries, and architects inhabited. He was told that this arose from the nature of the thing. The musician, ever shrouded in himself, must cultivate his inmost being, that so he may turn it outwards. The sense of the eye he may not flatter. The eye easily corrupts the judgment of the ear, and allures the spirit from the inward to the outward. Inversely, again, the plastic artist has to live in the external world; and to manifest his inward being, as it were, unconsciously, in and upon what is outward. Plastic artists should dwell like kings and gods: how else are they to build and decorate for kings and gods? They must at last so raise themselves above the common, that the whole mass of a people may feel itself ennobled in and by their works.

Our friend then begged an explanation of another paradox: Why at this time so festive, so enlivening, so tumultuously excited, in the other regions, the greatest stillness prevailed here, and all labours were continued?

"A plastic artist," it was answered, "needs no festival.

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When he has accomplished something excellent, it stands, as it has long done before his own eye, now at last before the eye of the world: in his task he needed no reception, no new effort, no fresh success; whereas the musician constantly afflicts himself with all this; and to him, therefore, the most splendid festival, in the most numerous assemblage, should not be refused."

"Yet, at such a season," replied Wilhelm, "something like an exhibition might be desirable; in which it would be pleasant to inspect and judge the triennial progress of your best pupils."

"In other places," it was answered, "an exhibition may be necessary; with us it is not. Our whole being and nature is exhibition. Look round you at these buildings of every sort: all erected by our pupils; and this not without plans, a hundred times talked of and meditated: for the builder must not grope and experiment: what is to continue standing, must stand rightly, and satisfy, if not for ever, yet at least for a long space of time. If we cannot help *committing* errors, we must *build* none.

"With statuaries we proceed more laxly, most so of all with painters; to both we give liberty to try this and that, each in his own way. It stands in their power to select in the interior or exterior compartments of edifices in public places, some space which they may incline to decorate. They give forth their ideas, and if these are in some degree to be approved of, the completion of them is permitted, and this in two ways: either with liberty, sooner or later, to remove the work, should it come to displease the artist; or, with the condition that what is once set up shall remain unalterable in its place. Most part choose the first of these offers, retaining in their own hands this power of removal; and in the performance, they constantly avail themselves of the best advice. The second case occurs seldomer; and we then observe that the artist trust less to himself, holds long conferences with companions and critics, and by this means produces works really estimable, and deserving to endure."

After all this, our Traveller neglected not to ask: What other species of instruction was combined with the main

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one here? and received for answer, that it was Poetry, and of the Epic sort.

This to our friend must have seemed a little singular, when he heard farther that the pupils were not allowed to read or hear any finished poems by ancient or modern poets. "We merely impart to them," it was said, "a series of mythuses, traditions, and legends, in the most laconic form. And now, from the pictorial or poetic execution of these subjects, we at once discover the peculiar productive gift of the genius devoted to the one or the other art. Both poet and painter thus labour at the same fountain; and each endeavours to draw off the water to his own side, to his own advantage, and attain his own required objects with it; in which he succeeds much better, than if he attempted again to fashion something that has been fashioned already."

The Traveller himself had an opportunity of seeing how this was accomplished: several painters were busy in a room; a gay young friend was relating with great minuteness a very simple story; so that he employed almost as many words as the others did pencil-strokes, to complete the same exhibition and round it fully off.

He was told, that in working together the friends were wont to carry on much pleasant conversation; and that in this way several improvisatori had unfolded their gifts, and succeeded in exciting great enthusiasm for this two-fold mode of representation.

Our friend now reverted his inquiries to the subject of plastic art. "You have no exhibition," said he; "and therefore I suppose give no prize either?"

"No," said the other, "we do not; but here, close by, we can show you something which we reckon more useful."

They entered a large hall, beautifully lighted from above; a wide circle of busy artists first attracted the eye; and from the midst of these, rose a colossal group of figures, elevated in the centre of the place. Male and female forms, of gigantic power, in violent postures, reminded one of that lordly fight between Heroic youths and Amazons, wherein hate and enmity at last issue in mutually regretful alliance. This strikingly intertwisted

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piece of art presented an equally favourable aspect from every point of its circuit. In a wide ring round it were many artists sitting and standing, each occupied in his own way: the painter at his easel, the drawer at his sketch-board; some were modelling it in full, others in bas-relief; there were even architects engaged in planning the pedestal, on which a similar group, when wrought in marble, was to be erected. Each individual was proceeding by his own method in this task; painters and drawers were bringing out the group to a plain surface; careful, however, not to destroy its figures, but to retain as much of it as possible. In the same manner were works in bas-relief going forward. One man only had repeated the whole group in a miniature scale; and in certain movements and arrangements of limbs he really seemed to have surpassed his model.

And now it came out that this man was the maker of the model: who, before working it in marble, had here submitted his performance not to a critical, but to a practical trial; and by accurately observing whatever any of his fellow artists in his special department and way of thought might notice, retain or alter in the group, was purposing, in subsequent consideration, to turn all this to his own profit; so that, when at length the grand work stood finished in marble, though undertaken, planned, and executed by one, it might seem to belong to all.

The greatest silence reigned throughout this apartment also; but the superior raised his voice, and cried: "Is there any of you, then, who in presence of this stationary work can, with gifted words, so awaken our imagination, that all we here see concreted, shall again become fluid, without losing its character; and so convince us, that what our artist has here laid hold of, was indeed the worthiest?"

Called forth on all sides by name, a fair youth laid down his work; and as he stept forward, began a quiet speech, seemingly intended merely to describe the present group of figures; but ere long he cast himself into the region of poetry, plunged into the middle of the action, and ruled this element like a master; by degrees, his representation so swelled and mounted by lordly words and gestures,

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that the rigid group seemed actually to move about its axis, and the number of its figures to be doubled and trebled. Wilhelm stood enraptured, and at last exclaimed: "Can we now forbear passing over into song itself, into rhythmic melody?"

"This I should wish to hinder," said the Overseer; "for if our excellent statuary will be candid, he will confess to us that our poet scarcely pleases him; and this because their arts lie in the most opposite regions: on the other hand, I durst bet, that here and there a painter has not failed to appropriate some living touches from the speech.

"A soft kindly song, however, I could wish our friend to hear: there is one, for instance, which you sing to an air so lovely and earnest; it turns on Art in general, and I myself never listen to it without pleasure."

After a pause, in which they beckoned to each other, and settled their arrangements by signs, the following heart and spirit stirring song resounded in stately melody from all sides:

While inventing and effecting,
Artist, by thyself continue long:
The result art thou expecting,
Haste and see it in the throng.
Here in others look, discover
What thy own life's course has been;
And thy deeds of years past over
In thy fellow man be seen.

The devising, the uniting,
What and how the forms shall be;
One thing will the other lighten,
And at last comes joy to thee!
Wise and true what thou impartest,
Fairly shaped, and softly done:
Thus of old the cunning artist
Artist-like his glory won.

As all Nature's thousand changes
But one changeless God proclaim;
So in Art's wide kingdoms ranges
One sole meaning still the same:
This is Truth, eternal Reason,
Which from Beauty takes it dress,
And serene through time and season
Stands for aye in loveliness.

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While the orator, the singer,
Pour their hearts in rhyme and prose,
'Neath the painter's busy finger
Shall bloom forth Life's cheerful rose;
Girt with sisters; in the middle,
And with Autumn's fruitage blent;
That of life's mysterious riddle
Some short glimpses may be hent.

Thousandfold, and graceful, show thou
Form from forms evolving fair;
And of man's bright image know thou
That a God once tarried there:
And whate'er your tasks or prizes,
Stand as brethren one and all,
While, like song, sweet incense rises
From the altar at your call.

All this Wilhelm could not but let pass, though it must have seemed paradoxical enough; and, had he not seen it with his eyes, might even have appeared impossible. But now, when it was explained and pointed out to him, openly and freely, and in fair sequence, he scarcely needed to put any farther question on the subject. However, he at last addressed his conductor as follows: "I see here a most prudent provision made for much that is desirable in life: but tell me farther, which of your regions exhibits a similar attention to Dramatic Poetry, and where could I instruct myself in that matter? I have looked round over all your edifices, and observed none that seemed destined for such an object."

"In reply to this question, we must not hide from you, that, in our whole Province, there is no such edifice to be seen. The drama presupposes the existence of an idle multitude, perhaps even of a populace; and no such class finds harbour with us; for birds of that feather, when they do not in spleen forsake us of their own accord, we soon take care to conduct over the marches. Doubt not, however, that in our Institution, so universal in its character, this point was carefully meditated: but no region could be found for the purpose, everywhere some important scruple came in the way. Indeed, who among our pupils could readily determine, with pretended mirth, or hypocritical sorrow, to excite in the rest a feeling untrue

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in itself, and alien to the moment, for the sake of calling forth an always dubious satisfaction? Such juggleries we reckoned in all cases dangerous, and could not reconcile with our earnest objects."

"It is said, however," answered Wilhelm, "that this far-stretching art promotes all the rest, of whatever sort."

"Nowise," answered the other; "it employs the rest, but spoils them. I do not blame a player for uniting himself with a painter: but the painter, in such society, is lost. Without any conscience, the player will lay hold of whatever art or life presents him, and use it for his fugitive objects, indeed with no small profit: the painter, again, who could wish in return to extract advantage from the theatre, will constantly find himself a loser by it; and so also in the like case will the musician. The combined Arts appear to me like a family of sisters, of whom the greater part were inclined to good economy, but one was light-headed, and desirous to appropriate and squander the whole goods and chattels of the household. The Theatre is this wasteful sister: it has an ambiguous origin, which in no case, whether as art or trade or amusement, it can wholly conceal."

Wilhelm cast his eyes on the ground with a deep sigh; for all that he had enjoyed or suffered on the Stage rose at once before his mind; and he blessed the good men who were wise enough to spare their pupils such pain, and, out of principle and conviction, to banish such errors from their sphere.

His attendant, however, did not leave him long in these meditations, but continued: "As it is our highest and holiest principle, that no talent, no capacity be misdirected, we cannot hide from ourselves, that among so large a number, here and there a mimical gift will sometimes decidedly come to light; exhibiting itself in an irresistible desire to ape the characters, forms, movements, speech of others. This we certainly do not encourage; but we observe our pupil strictly, and if he continue faithful to his nature, then we have already established an intercourse with the great theatres of all nations, and so thither we send any youth of tried capability, that, as the duck on the pond, so he on

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the boards, may be forthwith conducted, full speed, to the future quack-quacking and gibble-gabbling of his life."

Wilhelm heard this with patience, but only with half conviction, perhaps with some spleen: for so strangely is man tempered, that he may be persuaded of the worthlessness of any darling object, may turn away from it, nay even execrate it, but yet will not see it treated in this way by others; and perhaps the Spirit of Contradiction which dwells in all men, never rouses itself more vehemently and stoutly than in such cases.

And the Editor of these sheets may himself confess, that he lets not this strange passage through his hands without some touch of anger. Has not he too, in many senses, expended more life and faculty than was right on the Theatre? And would these men convince him that this has been an unpardonable error, a fruitless toil?

But we have no time for appending, in splenetic mood, such remembrances and after-feelings to the narrative: for our friend now finds himself agreeably surprised, as one of the Three, and this a particularly prepossessing one, again comes before his eyes. Kind, open meekness, announcing the purest peace of soul, came in its refreshing effluences along with him. Trustfully the Wanderer could approach, and feel his trust returned.

Here he now learned that the Chief was at present in the Sanctuary, instructing, teaching, blessing; while the Three had separated to visit all the Regions, and everywhere, after most thorough information obtained, and conferences with the subordinate Overseers, to forward what was in progress, to found what was newly planned, and thereby faithfully discharge their high duty.

This same excellent person now gave him a more comprehensive view of their internal situation and external connexions; explained to him the mutual influences of one Region on another; and also by what steps, after a longer or a shorter date, a pupil could be transferred from the one to the other. All this harmonized completely with what he already knew. At the same time, he was much gratified by the description given of his son; and their farther plan of education met with his entire approval.

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Chapter X.

He was now, by the Assistants and Overseer, invited to a Miners' Festival, which was forthwith to be celebrated. The ascent of the Mountains was difficult; and Wilhelm fancied he observed that his guide walked even slower towards evening, as if the darkness had not been likely to obstruct their path still more. But when deep night came round them, this enigma was solved; our Wanderer observed little flames come glimmering and wavering forth from many dells and chasms; gradually stretch themselves into lines, and roll over the summits of the mountains. Much kindlier than when a volcano opens, and its belching roar threatens whole countries with destruction, did this fair light appear; and yet, by degrees, it glowed with new brightness; grew stronger, broader, more continuous; glittered like a stream of stars, soft and lovely indeed, yet spreading boldly over all the scene.

After the attendant had a little while enjoyed the surprise of his guest, for they could clearly enough observe each other, their faces and forms as well as their path being illuminated by the light from the distance,—he began: "You see here, in truth, a curious spectacle: these lights which, day and night, the whole year over, gleam and work under ground, forwarding the acquisition of concealed and scarcely attainable treasures; these now mount and well forth from their abysses, and gladden the upper night. Scarcely could one anywhere enjoy so brave a review as here, where this most useful occupation, which in its subterranean concealment is dispersed and hidden from the eye, rises before us in its full completeness, and bespeaks a great secret combination."

Amid such speeches and thoughts, they had reached the spot where these fire-brooks poured themselves into a sea of flame, surrounding a well-lighted insular space. The Wanderer placed himself in the dazzling circle, within which, glittering lights by thousands formed an imposing contrast with the miners, ranked round it like a dark wall. Forthwith arose the gayest music, accompanied by becoming songs. Hollow masses of rock came forward on machinery, and opened a resplendent interior to the eye of the delighted spectator. Mimetic exhibitions, and whatever else at such a moment can gratify the

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multitude, combined with all this at once to excite and to satisfy a cheerful attention.

But with what astonishment was Wilhelm filled, when, on being introduced to the Superiors, he observed Friend Jarno, in solemn stately robes among the number! "Not in vain," cried Jarno, "have I changed my former name with the more expressive title of Montan: thou findest me here initiated in mountain and cave; and how, if questioned, I could disclose and explain to thee much that a year ago was still a riddle to myself."

At this point our manuscripts forsake us: of the conversation of these friends there is nothing specified; as little can we discover the connexion of what follows next; an incident of which in the same bundle, in the same paper, we find brief notice: That a meeting had taken place between our Wanderer and Lothario and the Abbé. Unhappily, in this, as in so many other leaves, the date has been neglected.

Some passages, introduced rather in the way of exclamation than of narrative, point to the high meaning of Renunciation, by which alone the first real entrance into life is conceivable. Then we come upon a Map, marked with several Arrows pointing towards one another; and along with this we find, in a certain sequence, several days of the month written down; so that we might fancy ourselves again walking in the real world, and moderately certain as to the next part of our friend's route, were it not that here also various marks and ciphers, appended in different ways, awoke some fear that a secret meaning at the bottom of it would for ever lie hid from us.

But what drives us out of all historical composure, is the strange circumstance, that immediately on all this there comes-in the most improbable narration; of a sort like those tales, whereby you long keep the hearer's curiosity on the stretch with a series of wonders, and at last explain: That you were talking of a dream. However, we shall communicate without change what lies before us:

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"If hitherto we had continued in the metalliferous part of the mountains, which externally is soft and by no means of a wild aspect, I was now conducted through precipitous and scarcely passable rocks and chasms: at last I gained the topmost summit; a cliff, the peak of which afforded room only for a single person; who, if he looked down from it into the horrid depth, might see furious mountain-torrents foaming through black abysses. In the present case, I looked down without giddiness or terror, for I was light of heart: but now my attention fixed itself on some huge crags rising opposite me, precipitous like my own, yet offering on their summits a larger space of level. Though parted by a monstrous chasm, the jutting masses came so near together that I could distinctly enough, with the naked eye, observe several persons assembled on the summit. They were for most part ladies; one of whom coming forward to the very verge, awakened in me double and treble anxiety, as I became completely convinced that it was Natalia herself. The danger of such an unexpected interview increased every moment: but it grew boundless, when a perspective came before my eyes, and brought me over to her, and her over to me. There is something magical at all times in perspectives. Were we not accustomed from youth to look through them, we should shudder and tremble every time we put them to our eyes. It is we who are looking, and it is not we; a being it is whose organs are raised to a higher pitch, whose limitations are done away, who has become entitled to stretch forth into infinitude.

"When, for example, we observe far distant persons, by means of such an instrument, and see them in unsuspicious thoughtlessness following their business as if they were solitary and unwatched, we could almost feel afraid lest they might discover us, and indignantly upbraid us for our treacherous curiosity.

"And so likewise did I, hemmed in by a strange feeling, waver between proximity and distance, and from instant to instant alternate between the two.

"Those others in their turn had observed us; as a signal with a white handkerchief put beyond a doubt. For a moment I delayed in my answer to it; finding myself thus

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close beside the being whom I adored. This is her pure, benign form; these are her taper arms, which once so helpfully appeared before me, after unblessed sorrows and perplexities; and at last too, though but for moments, sympathisingly embraced me.

"I saw distinctly enough that she too had a perspective, and was looking over to me; and I failed not, by such tokens as stood at my command, to express the profession of a true and heartfelt attachment.

"And as experience teaches that remote objects, which we have once clearly recognised through a perspective, afterwards appear even to the naked eye as if standing shaped in distinct nearness; be it that more accurate knowledge sharpens the sense, or that imagination supplies what is wanting; so now did I see this beloved being as accurately and distinctly as if I could have touched her; though her company continued still irrecognisable. And as I was trampling round my narrow station, struggling towards her the more, the abyss was like to swallow me, had not a helpful hand laid hold of mine, and snatched me at once from my danger and my fairest happiness."

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Book III. Ch. I.

CHAPTER XV.

HERE at last we again step on firmer ground, the localities of which we can settle with some probability; though still here and there on our way there occur a few uncertainties, which it is not in our power altogether to clear up.

As Wilhelm, in order to reach any point of the line marked out by the first Arrow, had to proceed obliquely through the country, he found himself necessitated to perform the journey on foot, leaving his luggage to be carried after him. For this walk of his, however, he was richly rewarded; meeting at every step, quite unexpectedly, with loveliest tracts of scenery. They were of that sort, which the last slope of a mountain region forms in its meeting with the plain country; bushy hills, their soft declivities employed in domestic use; all level spaces green; nowhere aught steep, unfruitful or unploughed to be noticed. Ere long he reached the main valley, into which the side-waters flowed; and this too was carefully cultivated, graceful when you looked over it; with taper trees marking the bends of the river, and of the brooks which poured into it. On looking at his map, his indicator, he observed with surprise that the line drawn for him cut directly through this valley; so that, in the first place, he was at least on the right road.

An old castle, in good repair, and seemingly built at different periods, stood forth on a bushy hill; at the foot of which a gay hamlet stretched along, with its large inn rising prominent among the other houses. Hither he proceeded; and was received by the landlord kindly enough, yet with an excuse that he could not be admitted, unless by the permission of a party who had hired the whole establishment for a time; on which account he, the landlord, was under the necessity of sending all his guests to the older inn, which lay farther up the hamlet. After a short conference, the man seemed to bethink himself, and said: "Indeed there is no one of them at home even now;

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but this is Saturday, and the Bailiff will not fail to be here soon: he comes every week to settle the accounts of the last, and make arrangements for the next. Truly, there is a fair order reigns among these men, and a pleasure in having to do with them, though they are strict enough: for if they yield one no great profit, it is sure and constant." He then desired his new guest to amuse himself in the large upper hall, and await what farther might occur.

Here Wilhelm, on entering, found a large clean apartment; except for benches and tables, altogether empty. So much the more was he surprised to see a large tablet inserted above one of the doors, with these words marked on it in golden letters, *Ubi homines sunt modi sunt;* which in modern tongue may signify, that where men combine in society, the way and manner in which they like to be and to continue together is directly established. This motto made our Wanderer think; he took it as a good omen; finding here, expressed and confirmed, a principle which he had often, in course of life, perceived for himself to be furthersome and reasonable. He had not waited long, when the Bailiff made his appearance; who being forewarned by the landlord, after a short conversation, and no very special scrutiny, admitted Wilhelm on the following terms: To continue three days: to participate quietly in whatever should occur; and happen what might, to ask no questions about the reason, and at taking leave, to ask none about the score. All this our Traveller was obliged to comply with, the deputy not being allowed to yield in a single point.

The Bailiff was about retiring, when a sound of vocal music rolled up the stairs: two pretty young men entered singing; and these the Bailiff, by a simple sign, gave to understand that their guest was accepted. Without interrupting their song, they kindly saluted the stranger, and continued their duet with the finest grace; showing clearly enough that they were well trained, and complete masters of their art. As Wilhelm testified the most attentive interest, they paused and inquired: If in his own pedestrian wanderings no song ever occurred to him, which he went along singing by himself? "A good voice," answered Wilhelm, "Nature has in truth denied me: yet I

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often feel as if a secret Genius were whispering some rhythmic words in my ear; so that, in walking, I move to musical measure; fancying, at the same time, that I hear low tones, accompanying some song, which, in one way or another, has pleasantly risen before me."

"If you recollect such a song write it down for us," said they: "We shall see if we have skill to accompany your singing Demon." He took a leaf from his note-book, and handed them the following lines:

From the mountains to the champaign,
By the glens and hills along,
Comes a rustling and a tramping,
Comes a motion as of song:
And this undetermined roving
Brings delight, and brings good heed;
And thy striving, be't with Loving,
And thy living, be't in Deed!

After brief study, there arose at once a gay marching melody, which, in its repetition and restriction still stepping forward, hurried on the hearer with it: he was in doubt whether this was his own tune, his former theme; or one now for the first time so fitted to the words, that no other movement was conceivable. The singers had for some time pleasantly proceeded in this manner, when two stout young fellows came in, whom, by their accoutrements, you directly recognised as masons; two others, who followed them, being as evidently carpenters. These four, softly laying down their tools, listened to the music, and soon struck in with sure and decided voices; so that to the mind it seemed as if a real wayfaring company were stooping along over hill and valley; and Wilhelm thought he had never heard anything so graceful, so enliving to heart and mind. This enjoyment, however, was to be increased yet farther, and raised to the highest pitch, by the entrance of a gigantic figure, mounting the stairs with a hard, firm tread, which, with all his efforts, he could scarcely moderate. A heavy-laden dorsel he directly placed in the corner; himself he seated on a bench, which beginning to creak under his weight, the others laughed, yet without going wrong in their music. Wilhelm, how-

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ever, was exceedingly surprised, when, with a huge bass voice, this Son of Anak joined in also. The hall quivered; and it was to be observed that in his part he altered the burden, and sang it thus:

> Life's no resting, but a moving,
> Let thy life be Deed on Deed!

Farther, you could very soon perceive that he was drawing down the time to a slower step, and forcing the rest to follow him. Of this, when at last they were satisfied and had concluded, they accused him; declaring he had tried to set them wrong.

"Not at all!" cried he: "it is you who tried to set me wrong; to put me out of my own step, which must be measured and sure, if I am to walk with my loading up hill and down dale, and yet, in the end, arrive at my appointed hour, to satisfy your wants."

One after the other, these persons now passed into an adjoining room to the Bailiff; and Wilhelm easily observed that they were occupied in settling accounts; a point, however, as to which he was not allowed at present to inquire farther. Two fair lively boys in the meanwhile entered, and began covering a table in all speed, moderately furnishing it with meat and wine; and the Bailiff, coming out, invited them all to sit down along with him. The boys waited; yet forgot not their own concern, but enjoyed their share in a standing posture. Wilhelm recollected witnessing similar scenes during his abode among the players; yet the present company seemed to be of a much more serious cast; constituted not out of sport, for show, but with a view to important concerns of life.

The conversation of the craftsmen with the Bailiff added strength to this conviction. These four active young people, it appeared, were busy in the neighbourhood, where a violent conflagration had destroyed the fairest village in the country; nor did Wilhelm fail to learn that the worthy Bailiff was employed in getting timber and other building materials; all which looked the more enigmatical, as none of these persons seemed to be resident here, but in all other points announced themselves

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as transitory strangers. By way of conclusion to the meal, St. Christopher, such was the name they gave the giant, brought out, for good-night, a dainty glass of wine, which had before been set aside: a gay choral song kept the party still some time together, after they were out of sight; and then Wilhelm was at last conducted to a chamber of the loveliest aspect and situation. The full moon, enlightening a rich plain, was already up; and in the bosom of our Wanderer it awoke remembrances of similar scenes. The spirits of all dear friends hovered past him: especially the image of Lenardo rose in him so vividly, that he might have fancied the man himself was standing before his eyes. All this had prepared him with its kind influences for nightly rest; when on a sudden, there arose a tone of so strange a nature, that it almost frightened him. It sounded as from a distance, and yet seemed to be in the house itself; for the building quivered many times, and the floors reverberated when the sound rose to its highest pitch. Wilhelm, though his ear was usually delicate in discriminating tones, could make nothing of this: he compared it to the droning roar of a huge organ-pipe, which, for sheer compass, produces no determinate note. Whether this nocturnal terror passed away towards morning, or Wilhelm by degrees became accustomed to the sound, and no longer heeded it, is difficult to discover: at any rate, he fell asleep; and was in due time pleasantly awakened by the rising sun.

Scarcely had one of the boys who were in waiting brought him breakfast, when a figure entered, whom he had already noticed last night at supper, without clearly ascertaining his quality. A well-formed, broad-shouldered, yet nimble man; who now, by the implements which he spread out, announced himself as Barber, and forthwith prepared for performing his much-desired office on Wilhelm. For the rest, he was quite silent: and with a light hand he went through his task, without once having opened his lips. Wilhelm therefore began, and said: "Of your art you are completely master; and I know not that I have ever had a softer razor on my cheeks: at the same time, however, you appear to be a strict observer of the laws of the Society."

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Roguishly smiling, laying his finger on his lips, the taciturn shaver glided through the door. "By my sooth!" cried Wilhelm after him, "I think you must be old Redcloak; if not himself, at least a descendant of his: it is lucky for you that you ask no counter service of me; your turn would have been but sorrily done."

No sooner had this curious personage retired, than the well-known Bailiff came in, inviting our friend to dinner for this day, in words which sounded pretty strange: the Bond, so said the speaker expressly, gave the stranger welcome; requested his company at dinner; and took pleasure in the hope of being more closely connected with him. Inquiries were then made as to the guest's health, and how he was contented with his entertainment; to all which he could only answer in terms of satisfaction. He would, in truth, have liked much to ask of this man, as previously of the silent Barber, some information touching the horrid sound which throughout the night had, if not tormented, at least discomposed him: but, mindful of his engagement, he forbore all questions; hoping that, without importunity, from the good-will of the Society, or in some other accidental way, he might be informed according to his wishes.

Our friend now, when left alone, began to reflect on the strange person who had sent him this invitation, and knew not well what to make of the matter. To designate one or more superiors by a neuter noun, seemed to him a somewhat precarious mode of speech. For the rest, there was such a stillness all round, that he could not recollect of ever having passed a stiller Sunday. He went out of doors; and hearing a sound of bells, walked towards the village. Mass was just over; and among the villagers and country-people crowding out of church, he observed three acquaintances of last night; a mason, a carpenter, and a boy. Farther on, he met among the Protestant worshippers the other corresponding three. How the rest managed their devotion was unknown to him: but so much he thought himself entitled to conclude, that in this Society a full religious toleration was practised.

About mid-day, at the castle-gate, he was met by the Bailiff; who then conducted him through various halls

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into a large antechamber, and there desired him to take a seat. Many persons passed through into an adjoining hall. Those already known were to be seen among them; St. Christopher himself went by: all saluted the Bailiff and the stranger. But what struck our friend most in this affair was, that the whole party seemed to consist of artisans; all dressed in the usual fashion, though extremely neat and clean: a few among the number you might at most perhaps have reckoned of the clerk species.

No more guests now making their appearance, the Bailiff led our friend through the stately door into a spacious hall. Here a table of immense length had been covered; past the lower end of which he was conducted, towards the head, where he saw three persons standing in a cross direction. But what was his astonishment when he approached, and Lenardo, scarcely yet recognised, fell upon his neck. From this surprise he had not recovered, when another person, with no less warmth and vivacity, likewise embraced him; announcing himself as our strange Freidrich, Natalia's brother. The rapture of these friends diffused itself over all present; an exclamation of joy and blessing sounded along the whole table. But in a moment, the company being seated, all again became silent; and the repast, served up with a certain solemnity, was enjoyed in like manner.

Towards the conclusion of the ceremony, Lenardo gave a sign: two singers rose; and Wilhelm was exceedingly surprised to hear in this place his yesternight's song; which we, for the sake of what follows, shall beg permission to insert once more.

From the mountains to the champaign,
By the glens and hills along,
Comes a rustling and a tramping,
Comes a motion as of song:
And this undetermined roving
Brings delight, and brings good heed;
And thy striving, be't with Loving,
And thy living, be't in Deed!

Scarcely had this duet, accompanied by a chorus of agreeable number, approached its conclusion, when two other singers, on the opposite side, started up impetuously;

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and, with earnest vehemence, inverted rather than continued the song; to Wilhelm's astonishment, proceeding thus:

For the tie is snapt asunder,
Trust and loving hope are fled;
Can I tell, in fear and wonder,
With what dangers now bested,
I, cut off from friend and brother,
Like the widow in her wo,
With the one and not the other,
On and on, my way must go!

The chorus, taking up this strophe, grew more and more numerous, more and more vociferous; and yet the voice of St. Christopher, from the bottom of the table, could still be distinctly recognised among them. The lamentation, in the end, rose almost to be frightful: a spirit of dispiritment, combining with the skilful execution of the singers, introduced something unnatural into the whole, so that it pained our friend, and almost made him shudder. In truth, they all seemed perfectly of one mind; and as if lamenting their own fate on the eve of a separation. The strange repetitions, the frequent resuscitation of a fatiguing song, at length became dangerous in the eyes of the Bond itself: Lenardo rose, and all instantly sat down; abruptly breaking off their hymn. The other, with friendly words, thus began:

"Indeed, I cannot blame you for continually recalling to your minds the destiny which stands before us all, that so, at any hour, you may be ready for it. If aged and lifeweary men have called to their neighbours: Think of dying! we younger and lifeloving men may well keep encouraging and reminding one another with the cheerful words: Think of wandering! Yet, withal, of a thing which we either voluntarily undertake, or believe ourselves constrained to, it were well to speak with cheerfulness and moderation. You yourselves know best what, in our situation, is fixed, and what is moveable: let us enjoy the former too, in sprightly and gay tones; and to its success be this parting cup now drunk!" He emptied his glass, and sat down: the four singers instantly rose, and in flowing connected tones thus began:

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Keep not standing fix'd and rooted,
  Briskly venture, briskly roam:
Head and hand, where'er thou foot it,
  And stout heart, are still at home.
In each land the sun does visit
  We are gay, what'er betide:
To give room for wand'ring is it
  That the world was made so wide.

As the chorus struck in with its repetition of these lines, Lenardo rose, with him all the rest. His nod set the whole company into singing movement; those at the lower end marched out, St. Christopher at their head, in pairs through the hall; and the uplifted wanderers' song grew clearer and freer, the farther they proceeded; producing at last a particularly good effect, when, from the terraces of the castle-garden, you looked down over the broad valley, in whose fulness and beauty you might well have liked to lose yourself. While the multitude were dispersing this way and that, according to their pleasure, Wilhelm was made acquainted with the third Superior. This was the Amtmann; by whose kind influence many favours had been done the Society; in particular, the Castle of his patron the Count, situated among several families of rank, had been given up to their use, so long as they might think fit to tarry here.

Towards evening, while the friends were in a farseeing grove, there came a portly figure over the threshold, whom Wilhelm at once recognised as the Barber of this morning. To a low mute bow of the man, Lenardo answered: "You now come, as always, at the right season: and will not delay to entertain us with your talent. I may be allowed," continued he, turning towards Wilhelm, "to give you some knowledge of our Society, the Bond of which I may flatter myself that I am. No one enters our circle unless he have some talents to show, which may contribute to the use or enjoyment of society in general. This man is an excellent surgeon; of his skill as a beard-artist you yourself can testify: for these reasons, he is no less welcome than necessary to us. Now, as his employment usually brings with it a great and often burdensome garrulity, he has engaged, for the sake of his own culture, to comply with a certain condition: as, indeed, every one

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that means to live with us must agree to constrain himself in some particular point, if the greater freedom be left him in all other points. Accordingly, our Barber has renounced the use of his tongue, in so far as aught common or casual is to be expressed by it: but by this means, another gift of speech has been unfolded in him, which acts by forethought, cunningly and pleasurably; I mean the gift of narration,

"His life is rich in wonderful experiences, which he used to split in pieces, babbling of them at wrong times; but which he now, constrained by silence, repeats and arranges in his quiet thought. This also his power of imagination now forwards, lending life and movement to past occurrences. With no common art and skill, he can relate to us genuine Antique Tales, or modern stories of the same fabulous cast; thereby, at the right hour affording us a most pleasant entertainment, when I loose his tongue for him; which I now do; giving him, at the same time, this praise, that in the considerable period during which I have known him, he has never once been guilty of a repetition. I cannot but hope that, in the present case, for love and respect to our dear guest, he will especially distinguish himself."

A sprightly cheerfulness spread over Redcloak's face; and without delay, he began speaking as follows.

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE NEW MELUSINA.

"RESPECTED gentlemen! Being aware that preliminary speeches and introductions are not much to your taste, I shall without farther talk assure you, that in the present instance, I hope to fulfil your commission moderately well. From me has many a true history gone forth already, to the high and universal satisfaction of hearers: but, to-day I may assert, that I have one to tell, which far surpasses the former; and which, though it happened to me several years ago, still disquiets me in recollecting it, nay still gives hope of some farther development.

"By way of introduction, let me confess, that I have not always so arranged my scheme of life as to be certain of the next period in it, or even of the next day. In my youth, I was no first-rate economist; and often found myself in manifold perplexity. At one time, I undertook a journey, thinking to derive good profit in the course of it: but the scale I went upon was too liberal; and after having commenced my travel with Extra-post, and then prosecuted it for a time in the Diligence, I at last found myself obliged to front the end of it on foot.

"Like a gay young blade, it had been from of old my custom, on entering any inn, to look round for the landlady, or even the cook, and wheedle myself into favour with her; whereby, for most part, my shot was somewhat reduced.

"One night at dusk, as I was entering the Post-house of a little town, and purposing to set about my customary operations, there came a fair double-seated coach with four horses rattling up to the door behind me. I turned round; and observed in it a young lady, without maid, without servants. I hastened to open the carriage for her, and to ask if I could help her in anything. On step-

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ping out, a fair form displayed itself; and her lovely countenance, if you looked at it narrowly, was adorned with a slight shade of sorrow. I again asked if there was aught I could do for her. 'O yes!' said she, 'if you will lift that little Box carefully, which you will find standing on the seat, and bring it in: but I beg very much of you to carry it with all steadiness, and not to move or shake it in the least.' I took out the Box with great care; she shut the coach-door; we walked up stairs together, and she told the servants that she was to stay here for the night.

"We were now alone in the chamber: she desired me to put the Box on the table, which was standing at the wall; and as, by several of her movements, I observed that she wished to be alone, I took my leave, reverently but warmly kissing her hand.

"'Order supper for us two,' said she then: and you may well conceive with what pleasure I executed the commission; scarcely deigning, in my pride of heart, to cast even a side-look on landlady and menials. With impatience I expected the moment that was to lead me back to her. Supper was served; we took our seats opposite each other; I refreshed my heart, for the first time during a considerable while, with a good meal; and no less with so desirable a sight beside me; nay, it seemed as if she were growing fairer and fairer every moment.

"Her conversation was pleasant; yet she carefully waived whatever had reference to affection and love. The cloth was removed: I still lingered, I tried all sorts of manœuvres to get near her; but in vain; she kept me at my distance, by a certain dignity which I could not withstand; nay, against my will, I had to part from her at a rather early hour.

"After a night passed in waking or unrestfully dreaming, I rose early; inquired whether she had ordered horses; and learning that she had not, I walked into the garden, saw her standing dressed at the window, and hastened up to her. Here, as she looked so fair, and fairer than ever, love, roguery, and audacity all at once started into motion within me: I rushed towards her, and clasped her in my arms. 'Angelic, irresistible being,' cried I, 'pardon!

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but it is impossible—!' With incredible dexterity she whisked herself out of my arms, and I had not even time to imprint a kiss on her cheek. 'Forbear such outbreakings of a sudden foolish passion,' said she, 'if you would not scare away a happiness which lies close beside you, but which cannot be laid hold of till after some trials.'

"'Ask of me what thou pleasest, angelic spirit!' cried I: 'but do not drive me to despair.' She answered with a smile: 'If you mean to devote yourself to my service, hear the terms. I am come hither to visit a lady of my friends, and with her I purpose to continue for a time: in the meanwhile, I could wish that my carriage and this Box were taken forward. Will you engage with it? You have nothing to do, but carefully to lift the Box into the carriage and out; to sit down beside it, and punctually take charge that it receive no harm. When you enter an inn, it is put upon a table, in a chamber by itself, in which you must neither sit nor sleep. You lock the chamber-door with this key, which will open and shut any lock, and has the peculiar property, that no lock shut by it can be opened in the interim.'

"I looked at her; I felt strangely enough at heart: I promised to do all, if I might hope to see her soon, and if she would seal this hope to me with a kiss. She did so; and from that moment, I had become entire her bondman. I was now to order horses, she said. We settled the way I was to take; the places where I was to wait, and expect her. She at last pressed a purse of gold into my hand, and I pressed my lips on the fair hand that gave it me. She seemed moved at parting; and for me, I no longer knew what I was doing or was to do.

"On my return from giving my orders, I found the room-door locked. I directly tried my master-key, and it performed its duty perfectly. The door flew up: I found the chamber empty; only the Box standing on the table where I had laid it.

"The carriage drove up: I carried the Box carefully down with me, and placed it by my side. The hostess asked: 'Where is the lady then?' A child answered: 'She is gone into the town.' I nodded to the people; and rolled off in triumph from the door, which I had last

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night entered with dusty gaiters. That in my hours of leisure I diligently meditated on this adventure, counted my money, laid many schemes, and still now and then kept glancing at the Box, you will readily imagine. I posted right forward; passed several stages without alighting; and rested not till I had reached a considerable town, where my fair one had appointed me to wait. Her commands had been pointedly obeyed: the Box always carried to a separate room, and two wax candles lighted beside it, for such also had been her order. I would then lock the chamber; establish myself in my own, and take such comfort as the place afforded.

"For a while I was able to employ myself with thinking of her: but by degrees the time began to hang heavy on my hands. I was not used to live without companions; these I soon found, at tables-d'hôte, in coffee-houses, and public places, altogether to my wish. In such a mode of living my money began to melt away; and one night, it vanished entirely from my purse, in a fit of passionate gaming, which I had not had the prudence to abandon. Void of money; with the appearance of a rich man, expecting a heavy bill of charges; uncertain whether and when my fair one would again make her appearance, I felt myself in the deepest embarrassment. Doubly did I now long for her; and believe that, without her and her gold, it was quite impossible for me to live.

"After supper, which I had relished very little, being forced for this time to consume it in solitude, I took to walking violently up and down my room: I spoke aloud to myself, cursed my folly with horrid execrations, threw myself on the floor, tore my hair, and indeed behaved in the most outrageous fashion. Suddenly, in the adjoining chamber where the Box was, I heard a slight movement, and then a soft knocking at the well-bolted door, which entered from my apartment. I gather myself, grope for my master-key; but the door-leaves fly up of themselves; and in the splendour of those burning wax-lights enters my Beauty. I cast myself at her feet, kiss her robe, her hands; she raises me; I venture not to clasp her, scarcely to look at her: but candidly and repentantly confess to her my fault. 'It is pardonable,' said she; 'only it

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postpones your happiness and mine. You must now make another tour into the world, before we can meet again. Here is more money,' continued she, 'sufficient if you husband it with any kind of reason. But as wine and play have brought you into this perplexity, be on your guard in future against wine and women, and let me hope for a glad meeting when the time comes.'

"She retired over the threshold; the door-leaves flew together: I knocked, I entreated; but nothing farther stirred. Next morning while presenting his bill, the waiter smiled, and said: 'So we have found out at last, then, why you lock your door in so artful and incomprehensible a way, that no master-key can open it. We supposed you must have much money and precious ware laid up by you: but now we have seen your treasure walking down stairs; and in good truth, it seemed worthy of being well kept.'

"To this I answered nothing; but paid my reckoning, and mounted with my Box into the carriage. I again rolled forth into the world, with the firmest resolution to be heedful in future of the warning given me by my fair and mysterious friend. Scarcely, however, had I once more reached a large town, when forthwith I got acquainted with certain interesting ladies, from whom I absolutely could not tear myself away. They seemed inclined to make me pay dear for their favour: for while they still kept me at a certain distance, they led me into one expense after the other; and I, being anxious only to promote their satisfaction, once more ceased to think of my purse, but paid and spent straight forward, as occasion needed. But how great was my astonishment and joy, when, after some weeks, I observed that the fulness of my store was not in the least diminished, that my purse was still as round and crammed as ever! Wishing to obtain more strict knowledge of this pretty quality, I set myself down to count; I accurately marked the sum; and again proceeded in my joyous life as before. We had no want of excursions by land, and excursions by water; of dancing, singing, and other recreations. But now it required small attention to observe that the purse was actually diminishing; as if by my cursed counting I had robbed it of the property of being

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uncountable. However, this gay mode of existence had been once entered on; I could not draw back; and yet my ready money soon verged to a close. I execrated my situation; upbraided my fair friend, for having so led me into temptation; took it as an offence that she did not again show herself to me; renounced, in my spleen, all duties towards her; and resolved to break open the Box, and see if peradventure any help might be found there. I was just about proceeding with my purpose: but I put it off till night, that I might go through the business with full composure; and, in the meantime, I hastened off to a banquet, for which this was the appointed hour. Here again we got into a high key; the wine and trumpet-sounding had flushed me not a little, when by the most villanous luck it chanced, that during the dessert, a former friend of my dearest fair one, returning from a journey, entered unexpectedly, placed himself beside her, and, without much ceremony, set about asserting his old privileges. Hence, very soon arose ill-humour, quarrelling, and battle: we plucked out our spits; and I was carried home half-dead of several wounds.

"The surgeon had bandaged me and gone away: it was far in the night; my sick-nurse had fallen asleep; the door of the side-room went up; my fair mysterious friend came in, and sat down by me on the bed. She asked how I was: I answered not; for I was faint and sullen. She continued speaking with much sympathy: she rubbed my temples with a certain balsam, whereby I felt myself rapidly and decidedly strengthened, so strengthened that I could now get angry and upbraid her. In a violent speech I threw all the blame of my misfortune on her; on the passion she had inspired me with; on her appearing and vanishing, and the tedium, the longing which in such a case I could not but feel. I waxed more and more vehement, as if a fever had been coming on; and I swore to her at last, that if she would not be mine, would not now abide with me and wed me, I had no wish to live any longer; to all which I required a peremptory answer. As she lingered and held back with her explanation, I got altogether beside myself, and tore off my double and triple bandages, in the firmest resolution to bleed to death. But what was

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my amazement, when I found all my wounds healed, my skin smooth and entire, and this fair friend in my arms!

"Henceforth we were the happiest pair in the world. We both begged pardon of each other, without either of us rightly knowing why. She now promised to travel on along with me; and soon we were sitting side by side in the carriage; the little Box lying opposite us on the other seat. Of this I had never spoken to her, nor did I now think of speaking, though it lay there before our eyes; and both of us, by tacit agreement, took charge of it, as circumstances might require; I, however, still carrying it to and from the carriage, and busying myself, as formerly, with the locking of the doors.

"So long as aught remained in my purse, I had continued to pay; but when my cash went done, I signified the fact to her. 'That is easily helped,' said she, pointing to a couple of little pouches fixed at the top, to the sides of the carriage. These I had often observed before, but never turned to use. She put her hand into the one, and pulled out some gold pieces, as from the other some coins of silver; thereby showing me the possibility of meeting any scale of expenditure, which we might choose to adopt. And thus we journeyed on from town to town, from land to land; contented with each other and with the world; and I fancied not that she would again leave me; the less so, that for some time she had evidently been as loving wives wish to be, a circumstance by which our happiness and mutual affection was increased still farther. But one morning, alas, she could not be found; and as my actual residence, without her company, became displeasing, I again took the road with my Box; tried the virtue of the two pouches, and found it still unimpaired.

"My journey proceeded without accident. But if I had hitherto paid little heed to the mysteries of my adventure, expecting a natural solution of the whole, there now occurred something which threw me into astonishment, into anxiety, nay into fear. Being wont, in my impatience for change of place, to hurry forward day and night, it was often my hap to be travelling in the dark: and when the lamps, by any chance, went out, to be left in utter obscurity. Once in the dead of such a night, I had fallen asleep;

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and on awakening I observed the glimmer of a light on the covering of my carriage. I examined this more strictly, and found that it was issuing from the Box; in which there seemed to be a chink, as if it had been chapped by the warm and dry weather of summer, which was now come on. My thoughts of jewels again came into my head; I supposed there must be some carbuncle lying in the Box, and this point I forthwith set about investigating. I postured myself as well as might be, so that my eye was in immediate contact with the chink. But how great was my surprise, when a fair apartment, well-lighted, and furnished with much taste and even costliness, met my inspection, just as if I had been looking down through the opening of a dome into a royal saloon! A fire was burning in the grate; and before it stood an arm-chair. I held my breath and continued to observe. And now there entered from the other side of the apartment a lady with a book in her hand, whom I at once recognised for my wife, though her figure was contracted into the extreme of diminution. She sat down in the chair by the fire to read; she trimmed the coals with the most dainty pair of tongs; and in the course of her movements, I could clearly perceive that this fairest little creature was also in the family way. But now I was obliged to shift my constrained posture a little; and the next moment, when I bent down to look in again, and convince myself that it was no dream, the light had vanished, and my eye rested on empty darkness.

"How amazed, nay terrified I was, you may easily conceive. I started a thousand thoughts on this discovery, and in truth could think nothing. In the midst of this, I fell asleep; and on awakening, I fancied that it must have been a mere dream: yet I felt myself in some degree estranged from my fair one; and though I watched over the Box but so much the more carefully, I knew not whether the event of her re-appearance in human size was a thing which I should wish or dread.

"After some time she did in fact re-appear: one evening, in a white robe, she came gliding in; and as it was just then growing dusky in my room, she seemed to me taller than when I had seen her last: and I remem-

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bered having heard that all beings of the mermaid and gnome species increased in stature very perceptibly at the fall of night. She flew as usual, to my arms; but I could not with right gladness press her to my obstructed breast.

"'My dearest,' said she, 'I now feel by thy reception of me, what, alas, I already knew too well. Thou hast seen me in the interim: thou art acquainted with the state in which, at certain times, I find myself; thy happiness and mine is interrupted, nay, it stands on the brink of being annihilated altogether. I must leave thee; and I know not whether I shall ever see thee again.' Her presence, the grace with which she spoke, directly banished from my memory almost every trace of that vision, which indeed had already hovered before me as little more than a dream. I addressed her with kind vivacity, convinced her of my passion, assured her that I was innocent, that my discovery was accidental: in short, I so managed it that she appeared composed, and endeavoured to compose me.

"'Try thyself strictly,' said she, 'whether this discovery has not hurt thy love, whether thou canst forget that I live in two forms beside thee, whether the diminution of my being will not also contract thy affection.'

"I looked at her: she was fairer than ever; and I thought within myself: Is it so great a misfortune, after all, to have a wife who from time to time becomes a dwarf, so that one can carry her about with him in a casket? Were it not much worse if she became a giantess, and put her husband in the box? My gaiety of heart had returned. I would not for the whole world have let her go. 'Best heart,' said I, 'let us be and continue ever as we have been. Could either of us wish to be better? Enjoy thy conveniency; and I promise thee to guard the Box with so much the more faithfulness. Why should the prettiest sight I have ever seen in my life make a bad impression on me? How happy would lovers be, could they but procure such miniature pictures! And after all it was but a picture, a little slight-of-hand deception. Thou art trying and teasing me: but thou shalt see how I will stand it."

"'The matter is more serious than thou thinkest,' said

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the fair one: 'however, I am truly glad to see thee take it so lightly; for much good may still be awaiting us both. I will trust in thee: and for my own part do my utmost: only promise me that thou wilt never mention this discovery by way of reproach. Another prayer likewise I most earnestly make to thee: Be more than ever on thy guard against wine and anger.'

"I promised what she required; I could have gone on promising to all lengths: but she herself turned aside the conversation; and thenceforth all proceeded in its former routine. We had no inducement to alter our place of residence: the town was large, the society various; and the fine season gave rise to many an excursion and garden-festival.

"In all such amusements the presence of my wife was welcome, nay eagerly desired, by women as well as men. A kind insinuating manner, joined with a certain dignity of bearing secured to her on all hands praise and estimation. Besides, she could play beautifully on the lute, accompanying it with her voice; and no social night could be perfect, unless crowned by the graces of this talent.

"I will be free to confess that I have never got much good of music; on the contrary, it has always rather had a disagreeable effect on me. My fair one soon noticed this, and accordingly, when by ourselves, she never tried to entertain me by such means: in return, however, she appeared to indemnify herself while in society, where indeed she always found a crowd of admirers.

"And now, why should I deny it, our late dialogue, in spite of my best intentions, had by no means sufficed to abolish the matter within me: on the contrary, my temper of mind had by degrees got into the strangest tune, almost without my being conscious of it. One night, in a large company, this hidden grudge broke loose, and by its consequences produced to myself the greatest damage.

"When I look back on it now, I in fact loved my beauty far less, after that unlucky discovery: I was also growing jealous of her; a whim that had never struck me before. This night at table, I found myself placed very much to my mind beside my two neighbours, a couple of ladies, who, for some time, had appeared to me very charming.

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Amid jesting and soft small talk, I was not sparing of my wine: while, on the other side, a pair of musical dilettanti had got hold of my wife, and at last contrived to lead the company into singing separately, and by way of chorus. This put me into ill-humour. The two amateurs appeared to me impertinent; the singing vexed me; and when, as my turn came, they even requested a solo-strophe from me, I grew truly indignant, I emptied my glass, and set it down again with no soft movement.

"The grace of my two fair neighbours soon pacified me, indeed; but there is an evil nature in wrath, when once it is set agoing. It went on fermenting within me, though all things were of a kind to induce joy and complaisance. On the contrary, I waxed more splenetic than ever when a lute was produced, and my fair one began fingering it and singing, to the admiration of all the rest. Unhappily, a general silence was requested. So then, I was not even to talk any more; and these tones were going through me like a toothache. Was it any wonder that, at last, the smallest spark should blow up the mine?

"The songstress had just ended a song amid the loudest applauses, when she looked over to me; and this truly with the most loving face in the world. Unluckily, its lovingness could not penetrate so far. She perceived that I had just gulped down a cup of wine, and was pouring out a fresh one. With her right fore-finger, she beckoned to me in kind threatening. 'Consider that it is wine!' said she, not louder than for myself to hear it.—'Water is for mermaids!' cried I.—'My ladies,' said she to my neighbours, 'crown the cup with all your gracefulness, that it be not too often emptied.'—'You will not let yourself be tutored?' whispered one of them in my ear.—'What ails the Dwarf?' cried I, with a more violent gesture, in which I overset the glass.—'Ah, what you have spilt!' cried the paragon of women; at the same time, twanging her strings, as if to lead back the attention of the company from this disturbance to herself. Her attempt succeeded; the more completely as she rose to her feet, seemingly that she might play with greater convenience, and in this attitude continued preluding.

"At sight of the red wine running over the table-cloth

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I returned to myself. I perceived the great fault I had been guilty of; and it cut me through the very heart. Never till now had music spoken to me: the first verse she sang was a friendly good-night to the company, here as they were, as they might still feel themselves together. With the next verse they became as if scattered asunder; each felt himself solitary, separated, no one could fancy that he was present any longer. But what shall I say of the last verse? It was directed to me alone; the voice of injured Love bidding farewell to Moroseness and Caprice.

"In silence I conducted her home; foreboding no good. Scarcely, however, had we reached our chamber, when she began to show herself exceedingly kind and graceful, nay, even roguish; she made me the happiest of all men.

"Next morning, in high spirits and full of love, I said to her: 'Thou hast so often sung, when asked in company; as, for example, thy touching farewell-song last night. Come now, for my sake, and sing me a dainty gay welcome to this morning hour, that we may feel as if we were meeting for the first time.'

"'That I may not do, my friend,' said she seriously. 'The song of last night referred to our parting, which must now forthwith take place: for I can only tell thee, the violation of thy promise and oath will have the worst consequences for us both; thou hast scoffed away a great felicity, and I too must renounce my dearest wishes.'

"As I now pressed and entreated her to explain herself more clearly, she answered: 'That, alas, I can well do; for, at all events, my continuance with thee is over. Hear, then, what I would rather have concealed to the latest times. The form, under which thou sawest me in the Box, is my natural and proper form: for I am of the race of King Eckwald, the dread Sovereign of the Dwarfs, concerning whom authentic History has recorded so much. Our people are still as of old laborious and busy, and therefore easy to govern. Thou must not fancy that the Dwarfs are behindhand in their manufacturing skill. Swords which followed the foe, when you cast them after him; invisible and mysteriously binding chains; impenetrable shields, and such like ware, in old times, formed

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their staple produce. But now they chiefly employ themselves with articles of convenience and ornament; in which truly they surpass all people of the Earth. I may well say, it would astonish thee to walk through our workshops and warehouses. All this would be right and good, were it not that with the whole nation in general, but more particularly with the royal family, there is one peculiar circumstance connected.'

"She paused for a moment; and I again begged farther light on these wonderful secrets; which accordingly she forthwith proceeded to grant.

"'It is well known,' said she, 'that God, so soon as he had created the world, and the ground was dry, and the mountains were standing bright and glorious, that God, I say, thereupon, in the very first place, created the Dwarfs; to the end that there might be reasonable beings also, who, in their passages and chasms, might contemplate and adore his wonders in the inward parts of the Earth. It is farther well known, that this little race by degrees became uplifted in heart, and attempted to acquire the dominion of the Earth; for which reason God then created the Dragons, in order to drive back the Dwarfs into their mountains. Now, as the Dragons themselves were wont to nestle in the large caverns and clefts, and dwell there; and many of them, too, were in the habit of spitting fire, and working much other mischief, the poor little Dwarfs were by this means thrown into exceeding straits and distress, so that not knowing what in the world to do, they humbly and fervently turned to God, and called to him in prayer, that he would vouchsafe to abolish this unclean Dragon generation. But though it consisted not with his wisdom to destroy his own creatures, yet the heavy sufferings of the poor Dwarfs so moved his compassion, that anon he created the giants, ordaining them to fight these Dragons, and if not root them out, at least lessen their numbers.

"'Now, no sooner had the Giants got moderately well through with the Dragons, than their hearts also began to wax wanton; and, in their presumption, they practised much tyranny, especially on the good little Dwarfs, who then once more in their need turned to the Lord; and

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he, by the power of his hand, created the Knights, who were to make war on the Giants and Dragons, and to live in concord with the Dwarfs. Hereby was the work of creation completed on this side: and it is plain that, henceforth Giants and Dragons, as well as Knights and Dwarfs, have always maintained themselves in being. From this, my friend, it will be clear to thee, that we are of the oldest race on the Earth; a circumstance which does us honour, but, at the same time, brings great disadvantage along with it.

"'For as there is nothing in the world that can endure for ever, but all that has once been great, must become little and fade, it is our lot also, that ever since the creation of the world, we have been waning and growing smaller; especially the royal family, on whom, by reason of their pure blood, this destiny presses with the heaviest force. To remedy this evil, our wise teachers have many years ago devised the expedient of sending forth a Princess of the royal house from time to time into the world, to wed some honourable Knight, so that the Dwarf progeny may be refected, and saved from entire decay.'

"Though my fair one related these things with an air of the utmost sincerity, I looked at her hesitatingly; for it seemed as if she meant to palm some fable on me. As to her own dirty lineage, I had not the smallest doubt: but that she should have laid hold of me in place of a Knight, occasioned some mistrust; seeing I knew myself too well to suppose that my ancestors had come into the world by an immediate act of creation.

"I concealed my wonder and scepticism, and asked her kindly: 'But tell me, my dear child, how hast thou attained this large and stately shape? For I know few women that in richness of form can compare with thee.' 'Thou shalt hear,' replied she. 'It is a settled maxim in the Council of the Dwarf Kings, that this extraordinary step be forborne as long as it possibly can; which, indeed, I cannot but say is quite natural and proper. Perhaps they might have lingered still longer, had not my brother, born after me, come into the world so exceedingly small, that the nurses actually lost him out of his swaddling-clothes, and no creature yet knows whither he is gone.

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On this occurrence, unexampled in the annals of Dwarfdom, the Sages were assembled; and without more ado, the resolution was taken, and I sent out in quest of a husband.'

"'The resolution!' exclaimed I: 'that is all extremely well. One can resolve, one can take his resolution: but to give a Dwarf this heavenly shape, how did your Sages manage that?"

"'It had been provided for already,' said she, 'by our ancestors. In the royal treasury lay a monstrous gold ring. I speak of it as it then appeared to me, when I saw it in my childhood: for it was this same ring, which I have here on my finger. We now went to work as follows:

"'I was informed of all that awaited me; and instructed what I had to do and to forbear. A splendid palace, after the pattern of my father's favourite summer-residence, was then got ready: a main edifice, wings, and whatever else you could think of. It stood at the entrance of a large rock-cleft, which it decorated in the handsomest style. On the appointed day, our court moved thither, my parents also and myself. The army paraded; and four-and-twenty priests, not without difficulty, carried on a costly litter the mysterious ring. It was placed on the threshold of the building, just within the spot where you entered. Many ceremonies were observed; and after a pathetic farewell, I proceeded to my task. I stept forward to the ring; laid my finger on it; and that instant began perceptibly to wax in stature. In a few moments I had reached my present size; and then I put the ring on my finger. But now, in the twinkling of an eye, the doors, windows, gates flapped to; the wings drew up into the body of the edifice; instead of a palace, stood a little Box beside me; which I forthwith lifted and carried off with me; not without a pleasant feeling in being so tall and strong; still, indeed, a dwarf to trees and mountains, to streams and tracts of land; yet a giant to grass and herbs; and above all to ants, from whom we Dwarfs, not being always on the best terms with them, often suffer considerable annoyance.

"'How it fared with me on my pilgrimage, I might

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tell thee at great length. Suffice it to say, I tried many; but no one save thou seemed worthy of being honoured to renovate and perpetuate the line of the glorious Eckwald.'

"In the course of these narrations, my head had now and then kept wagging, without myself having absolutely shaken it. I put several questions; to which I received no very satisfactory answers; on the contrary, I learned, to my great affliction, that after what had happened, she must needs return to her parents. She had hopes still, she said, of getting back to me; but for the present, it was indispensably necessary to present herself at court; as otherwise, both for her and me, there was nothing but utter ruin. The purses would soon cease to pay; and who knew what all would be the consequences?

"On hearing that our money would run short, I inquired no farther into consequences: I shrugged my shoulders; I was silent, and she seemed to understand me.

"We now packed up, and got into our carriage; the Box standing opposite us; in which, however, I could still see no symptoms of a palace. In this way we proceeded several stages. Post-money and drink-money were readily and richly paid from the pouches to the right and left; till at last we reached a mountainous district; and no sooner had we alighted here, than my fair one walked forward, directing me to follow her with the Box. She led me by rather steep paths to a narrow plot of green ground, through which a clear brook now gushed in little falls, now ran in quiet windings. She pointed to a little knoll; bade me set the Box down there, then said: 'Farewell! Thou wilt easily find the way back: remember me; I hope to see thee again.'

"At this moment, I felt as if I could not leave her. She was just now in one of her fine days, or if you will, her fine hours. Alone with so fair a being, on the green sward, among grass and flowers, girt in by rocks, waters murmuring round you, what heart could have remained insensible! I came forward to seize her hand, to clasp her in my arms: but she motioned me back; threatening

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me, though still kindly enough, with great danger, if I did not instantly withdraw.

"'Is there no possibility, then,' exclaimed I, 'of my staying with thee, of thy keeping me beside thee?' These words I uttered with such rueful tones and gestures, that she seemed touched by them, and after some thought confessed to me that a continuance of our union was not entirely impossible. Who happier than I! My importunity, which increased every moment, compelled her at last to come out with her scheme, and inform me that if I too could resolve on becoming as little as I had once seen her, I might still remain with her, be admitted to her house, her kingdom, her family. The proposal was not altogether to my mind; yet at this moment I positively could not tear myself away; so, having already for a good while been accustomed to the marvellous, and being at all times prone to bold enterprises, I closed with her offer, and said she might do with me as she pleased.

"I was thereupon directed to hold out the little finger of my right hand: she placed her own against it; then with her left hand, she quite softly pulled the ring from her finger, and let it run along mine. That instant, I felt a violent twinge on my finger: the ring shrunk together, and tortured me horribly. I gave a loud cry, and caught round me for my fair one, but she had disappeared. What state of mind I was in during this moment, I find no words to express: so I have nothing more to say, but that I very soon, in my miniature size, found myself beside my fair one in a wood of grass-stalks. The joy of meeting after this short yet most strange separation, or, if you will, of this re-union without separation, exceeds all conception. I fell on her neck; she replied to my caresses, and the little pair was as happy as the large one.

"With some difficulty, we now mounted a hill: I say difficulty, because the sward had become for us an almost impenetrable forest. Yet at length we reached a bare space; and how surprised was I at perceiving there a large bolted mass; which, ere long, I could not but recognise for the Box, in the same state as when I had set it down.

"'Go up to it, my friend,' said she, 'and do but knock

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with the ring: thou shalt see wonders.' I went up accordingly; and no sooner had I rapped, than I did, in fact, witness the greatest wonder. Two wings came jutting out; and at the same time there fell, like scales and chips, various pieces this way and that; while doors, windows, colonnades, and all that belongs to a complete palace at once came into view.

"If ever you have seen one of Röntchen's desks; how, at one pull, a multitude of springs and latches get in motion, and writing-board and writing-materials, letter and money compartments, all at once, or in quick succession, start forward, you will partly conceive how this palace unfolded itself, into which my sweet attendant now introduced me. In the large saloon, I directly recognised the fire-place which I had formerly seen from above, and the chair in which she had then been sitting. And on looking up, I actually fancied I could still see something of the chink in the dome, through which I had peeped in. I spare you the description of the rest: in a word, all was spacious, splendid, and tasteful. Scarcely had I recovered from my astonishment, when I heard afar off a sound of military music. My better half sprang up; and with rapture announced to me the approach of His Majesty her Father. We stept out to the threshold, and here beheld a magnificent procession moving towards us, from a considerable cleft in the rock. Soldiers, servants, officers of state, and glittering courtiers, followed in order. At last you observed a golden throng, and in the midst of it the King himself. So soon as the whole procession had drawn up before the palace, the King, with his nearest retinue, stept forward. His loving daughter hastened out to him, pulling me along with her. We threw ourselves at his feet; he raised me very graciously; and on coming to stand before him, I perceived, that in this little world I was still the most considerable figure. We proceeded together to the palace; where His Majesty, in presence of his whole court, was pleased to welcome me with a well-studied oration, in which he expressed his surprise at finding us here; acknowledged me as his son-in-law, and appointed the nuptial ceremony to take place on the morrow.

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"A cold sweat went over me as I heard him speak of marriage; for I dreaded this even more than music, which otherwise appeared to me the most hateful thing on Earth. Your music-makers, I used to say, enjoy at least the conceit of being in unison with each other, and working in concord; for when they have tweaked and tuned long enough, grating our ears with all manner of screeches, they believe in their hearts that the matter is now adjusted, and one instrument accurately suited to the other. The band-master himself is in this happy delusion; and so they set forth joyfully, though still tearing our nerves to pieces. In the marriage-state, even this is not the case: for although it is but a duet, and you might think two voices, or even two instruments, might in some degree be attuned to each other, yet this happens very seldom; for while the man gives out one tone, the wife directly takes a higher one, and the man again a higher; and so it rises from the chamber to the choral pitch, and farther and farther, till at last wind-instruments themselves cannot reach it. And now, as harmonical music itself is an offence to me, it will not be surprising that disharmonical should be a thing which I cannot endure.

"Of the festivities in which the day was spent, I shall and can say nothing: for I paid small heed to any of them. The sumptuous victuals, the generous wine, the royal amusements, I could not relish. I kept thinking and considering what I was to do. Here, however, there was but little to be considered. I determined, once for all, to take myself away, and hide somewhere. Accordingly, I succeeded in reaching the chink of a stone, where I entrenched and concealed myself as well as might be. My first care after this was to get the unhappy ring off my finger; an enterprise, however, which would by no means prosper, for on the contrary, I felt that every pull I gave, the metal grew straiter and cramped me with violent pains, which again abated so soon as I desisted from my purpose.

"Early in the morning I awoke (for my little person had slept, and very soundly); and was just stepping out to look farther about me, when I felt a kind of rain coming on. Through the grass, flowers, and leaves, there fell

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as it were something like sand and grit in large quantities: but what was my horror when the whole of it became alive, and an innumerable host of Ants rushed down on me! No sooner did they observe me, than they made an attack on all sides; and though I defended myself stoutly and gallantly enough, they at last so hemmed me in, so nipped and pinched me, that I was glad to hear them calling to surrender. I surrendered instantly and wholly; whereupon an Ant of respectable stature approached me with courtesy, nay, with reverence, and even recommended itself to my good graces. I learned that the Ants had now become allies of my father-in-law, and by him been called out in the present emergency, and commissioned to fetch me back. Here then was little I in the hands of creatures still less. I had nothing for it but looking forward to the marriage; nay, I must now thank Heaven, if my father-in-law were not wroth, if my fair one had not taken the sullens.

"Let me skip over the whole train of ceremonies; in a word, we were wedded. Gaily and joyously as matters went, they were, nevertheless, solitary hours, in which you were led astray into reflection; and now there happened to me something which had never happened before: what, and how, you shall learn.

"Everything about me was completely adapted to my present form and wants; the bottles and glasses were in a fit ratio to a little toper, nay, if you will, better measure, in proportion, than with us. In my tiny palate, the dainty titbits tasted excellently; a kiss from the little mouth of my spouse was still the most charming thing in nature; and I will not deny that novelty made all these circumstances highly agreeable. Unhappily, however, I had not forgotten my former situation. I felt within me a scale of bygone greatness; and it rendered me restless and cheerless. Now, for the first time, did I understand what the philosophers might mean by their Ideal, which they say so plagues the mind of man. I had an Ideal of myself; and often in dreams I appeared as a giant. In short, my wife, my ring, my dwarf figure, and so many other bonds and restrictions, made me utterly unhappy;

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so that I began to think seriously about obtaining my deliverance.

"Being persuaded that the whole magic lay in the ring, I resolved on filing this asunder. From the court-jeweller, accordingly, I borrowed some files. By good luck, I was left-handed, as, indeed, throughout my whole life, I had never done aught in the right-handed way. I stood tightly to the work: it was not small; for the golden hoop, so thin as it appeared, had grown proportionably thicker in contracting from its former length. All vacant hours I privately applied to this task: and at last, the metal being nearly through, I was provident enough to step out of doors. This was a wise measure; for all at once the golden hoop started sharply from my finger, and my frame shot aloft with such violence, that I actually fancied I should dash against the sky; and, at all events, I must have bolted through the dome of our palace; nay, perhaps, in my new awkwardness, have destroyed this summer-residence altogether.

"Here then was I standing again; in truth, so much the larger, but also, as it seemed to me, so much the more foolish and helpless. On recovering from my stupefaction, I observed the royal strong-box lying near me, which I found to be moderately heavy, as I lifted it, and carried it down the foot-path to the next stage; where I directly ordered horses, and set forth. By the road, I soon made trial of the two side-pouches. Instead of money, which appeared to be run out, I found a little key: it belonged to the strong-box, in which I got some moderate compensation. So long as this held out, I made use of the carriage: by and by I sold it, and proceeded by the Diligence. The strong-box, too, I at length cast from me, having no hope of its ever filling again. And thus in the end, though after a considerable circuit, I again returned to the kitchen-hearth, to the landlady and the cook, where you were first introduced to me."

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CHAPTER XVII.

LENARDO was overwhelmed with business, his writing-office in the greatest activity; clerks and secretaries finding no moment's rest; while Wilhelm and Friedrich, strolling over field and meadow, were entertaining each other with the most pleasant conversation.

And here, first of all, as necessarily happens between friends meeting after some separation, the question was started: How far they had altered in the interim? Friedrich would have it that Wilhelm was exactly the same as before: to Wilhelm again it seemed that his young friend, though no whit abated in mirth and discursiveness, was somewhat more staid in his manner. "It were pity," interrupted Friedrich, "if the father of three children, the husband of an exemplary matron, had not likewise gained a little in dignity of bearing."

Now, also, it came to light, that all the persons whom we got acquainted with in the *Apprenticeship* were still living and well; nay, better than before; being now in full and decisive activity; each, in his own way, associated with many fellow-labourers, and striving towards the noblest aim. Of this, however, it is not for the present permitted us to impart any more precise information; as, in a little book like ours, reserve and secrecy may be no unseemly qualities.

But whatever, in the course of this confidential conversation, transpired respecting the Society in which we now are, as their more intimate relations, maxims, and objects, by little and little, came to view, it is our duty and opportunity to disclose in this place.

"The whim of Emigration," such was the substance of Friedrich's talk on this matter, "the whim of Emigration may, in straitened and painful circumstances, very naturally lay hold of men; if particular cases chance to be favoured by a happy issue, this whim will, in the general mind, rise to the rank of passion; as we have seen, as we

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still see, and withal cannot deny that we, in our time, have been befooled by such a delusion ourselves.

"Emigration takes place in the treacherous hope of an improvement in our circumstances; and it is too often counterbalanced by a subsequent emigration; since, go where you may, you still find yourself in a conditional world, and if not constrained to a new emigration, are yet inclined in secret to cherish such a desire.

"We have therefore bound ourselves to renounce all Emigration, and to devote ourselves to Migration. Here one does not turn his back on his native country forever; but hopes, even after the greatest circuit, to arrive there again, richer, wiser, cleverer, better, and whatever else such a way of life can make him. Now, in society all things are easier, more certain in their accomplishment, than to an individual; in which sense, my friend, consider what thou shalt observe here; for whatever thou mayest see, all and every part of it is meant to forward a great moveable connexion among active and sufficient men of all classes.

"But, as where men are, manners are too, I may explain thus much of our constitution by way of preliminary: When two of our number anywhere by accident meet, they conduct themselves towards each other according to their rank and fashion, according to custom of handicraft or art, or by some other such mode adapted to their mutual relations. Three meeting together are considered as a Unity, which governs itself: but if a fourth join them, they instantly elect the Bond, one chief and three subjects. This Bond, however many more combine with them, can still only be a single newly-elected person; for, in the great as in the small scale, coregents are found to be mutually obstructive.

"Thou mayest observe that Lenardo unites, in this way, more than a hundred active and able men; unites, employs, calls home, sends forth; as to-morrow, an important day with us, thou wilt perceive and understand. Thou wilt then see the Bond dissolved; the multitude divided into smaller societies, and the Bond multiplied: all the rest will at the same time become clear to thee.

"But, for the present, I invite thee to a short bout of

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reading. Here, under the shadow of these whispering trees, by the side of this still-flowing water, let us peruse a story, this little paper, which Lenardo, from the rich treasures of his Collection, has intrusted to me; that so both of us may see thoroughly what a difference there is between a mad pilgrimage, such as many lead in the world, and a well meditated, happily commenced undertaking like ours, of which I shall at this time say no more in praise."

The quaint, fitful, and most dainty story of *The Foolish Pilgrimess*, with which our two friends now occupied their morning, we feel ourselves constrained, not unreluctantly, by certain grave calculations, to reserve for some future and better season.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Lenardo, having freed himself from business for an hour, took dinner with his friends; and at table he began to explain to them his family circumstances. His eldest sister was married. A rich brother-in-law, to the great satisfaction of the Uncle, had undertaken the management of all the estates; with him Valerina's husband was stoutly co-operating: they were labouring on the great scale; strengthening their enterprises by connexion with distant countries and places.

Here likewise our oldest friends once more make their appearance: Lothario, Werner, the Abbé, are on their side proceeding in the highest diligence, while Jarno occupies himself with mining. A general Insurance has been instituted; we discern a vast property in Land; and on this depends the existence of a large Wandering Society, the individual members of which, under the condition of the greatest possible usefulness, are recommended to all the world, are forwarded in every undertaking, and secured against all mischances; while they again, as scattered colonists, may be supposed to react on their mother country with favourable influences.

Throughout all this, we observe Lenardo recognised as the wandering Bond; in smaller and greater combination, he, for most part, is elected: on him is placed the most unrestricted confidence.

So far had the disclosure, partly from Lenardo, partly from Friedrich, proceeded without let, when both of them on a sudden became silent, each seeming to have scruples about communicating more. After a short pause, Wilhelm addressed them, and cried: "What new secret again suddenly overshadows the friendliest explanation? Will you again leave me in the lurch?"

"Not at all!" exclaimed Friedrich. "Do but hear me! He has found the Nutbrown Maid; and for her sake——"

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"Not for her sake," interrupted Lenardo.

"And just for her sake!" persisted Friedrich. "Do not deceive yourself; for her sake you are changing yourself into a lawful vagabond; as some others of us, not, in truth, for the most praiseworthy purposes, have in times past changed ourselves into lawless vagrants."

"Let us go along calmly," said Lenardo: "our friend here must be made acquainted with the state of our affairs; but, in the first place, let him have a little touch of discipline for himself. You had found the Nutbrown Maid; but to me you refused the knowledge of her abode. For this I will not blame you: but what good did it do? To discover this secret I was passionately incited; and notwithstanding your sagacious caution, I at length came upon the right trace. You have seen the good Maiden yourself; her circumstances you have accurately investigated; and yet you did not judge them rightly. It is only the Loving who feels and discovers what the Beloved wishes and wants; he can read it in her from her deepest heart. Let this at present suffice: for explanation we have no time left to-day. To-morrow I have the hottest press of business to front: next day we part. But for your information, composure, and participating interest, accept this copy of a week from my Journal: it is the best legacy which I can leave you. By reading it, you will not indeed become wiser than you are and than I am: but let this for the present suffice. The nearest future, or a more remote one, will arrange and direct: that is to say, in this case, as in so many others, we know not what is to become of us."

By way of dessert, Lenardo received a packet, at the opening of which, he with some tokens of surprise, handed a letter to Wilhelm. "What secrets, what speedy concerns can sister Hersilia have with our friend? 'To be delivered instantly, and opened privately, without the presence of any one, friend or stranger!' Let us give him all possible convenience, Friedrich: let us withdraw!" Wilhelm hastily broke open the sheet, and read:

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Hersilia to Wilhelm.

Wherever this letter may reach you, my noble friend, to a certainty it will find you in some nook, where you are striving in vain to hide from yourself. By making you acquainted with my two fair dames, I have done you a sorry service.

But wherever you may be lurking, and doubtless it will search you out, my promise is, that if, after reading this letter, you do not forthwith leap from your seat, and, like a pious pilgrim, appear in my presence without delay, I must declare you to be the manliest of all men: that is to say, the one most completely void of the finest property belonging to our sex; I mean Curiosity, which at this moment is afflicting me in its sharpest concentration.

In one word, then, your Casket has now got its key; this, however, none but you and I are to know. How it came into my hands, let me now tell you.

Some days ago, our Man of Law gets despatches from a distant Tribunal; wherein he was asked if, at such and such a time, there had not been a boy prowling about our neighbourhood, who had played all manner of tricks, and at length, in a rash enterprise, lost his jacket.

By the way this brat was described, no doubt remained with us but he was Fitz; the gay comrade whom Felix talked so much of, and so often wished back to play with him.

Now, for the present, those Authorities request that said article of dress may be sent to them, if it is still in existence; as the boy, at last involved in judicial examinations, refers to it. Of this demand our Lawyer chances to make mention; he shows us the little frock before sending it off.

Some good or evil spirit whispers me to grope the breast-pocket: a little angular prickly Something comes into my hand; I, so timorous, ticklish, and startlish as I usually am, clench my hand, clench it, hold my peace,

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and the jerkin is sent away. Directly, of all feelings, the strangest seizes me. At the first stolen glance, I saw, I guessed that it was the key of your little Box. And now came wondrous scruples of conscience, and all sorts of moral doubts. To discover, to give back my windfall, was impossible: what have those long-wigged judges to do with it, when it may be so useful to my friend! And then, again, all manner of questions about Right and Duty begin lifting up their voices; but I would not let them outvote me.

From this you perceive into what a situation my friendship for you has reduced me: a choice faculty developes itself, all on a sudden, for your sake; what an occurrence! May it not be something more than Friendship that so holds the balance of my conscience? Between guilt and curiosity I am wonderfully discomposed; I have a hundred whims and stories about what may follow: Law and Judgment will not be trifled with. Hersilia, the careless, and as occasion served, capricious Hersilia, entangled in a criminal process, for this is the scope and tendency of it! And what can I do, but think of the friend for whose sake I suffer all this? I thought of you before, yet with pauses: but now I think of you incessantly; now when my heart throbs, and I think of the Eighth Commandment, I must turn to you, as to the Saint, who has caused this sin, and will also procure me an absolution: thus the opening of the Casket is the only thing that can compose me. My curiosity is growing stronger and doubly strong: come and bring the Casket with you! To what judgment-seat it properly belongs we will make out between us: till then let it remain between us; no one must know of it, be who he will.

But now, in conclusion, look here, my friend! And tell me, what say you to this picture of the riddle? Does it not remind you of Arrows with barbs? God help us! But the Box must first stand unopened between you and me; and then when opened, tell us farther what we have to do. I wish there were nothing whatever in it; and who knows what all I wish, and what all I could tell: but

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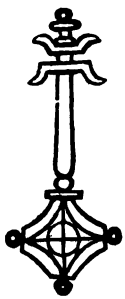
do you look at this, and hasten so much the faster to get upon the road.



Friedrich returned more gay and lively than he had gone: "Good news!" cried he: "good luck! Lenardo has received some pretty letters, to facilitate the parting; credit more than sufficient; and thou too shalt have thy share in it. Fortune herself surely knows not what she is about; for once in her time she has done wise worthy fellows a favour."

Hereupon he handed to his friend some clipped fragments of maps, with directions where they were to be produced, and changed for hard cash or bills, as he might choose. Wilhelm was obliged to accept them, though he kept assuring his companion, that for the present he had no need of such things. "Then others will need them!" cried Friedrich: "constrain not thy good feelings; and wherever thou art, appear as a benefactor. But now come along, let us have a look at this manuscript: it is long till night; one tires of talking and listening, so I have begged some writing for our entertainment. Every leaf in Lenardo's Archives is penned in the spirit of the whole: in giving me this, he said: 'Well, take it, and read it; our friend will require more confidence in our Society and Bond, the more good members he becomes acquainted with.'"

The two then retired to a cheerful spot; and Friedrich read, enlivening with much natural energy and mirth, what he found set down for him.

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WHO CAN THE TRAITOR BE?

"No! No!" exclaimed he, violently and hastily rushing into the chamber allotted him, and setting down his candle: "No! it is impossible! But whither shall I turn? For the first time, I think otherwise than he; for the first time, I feel, I wish otherwise. O father! couldst thou but be present invisibly, couldst thou but look through and through me, thou wouldst see that I am still the same, still thy true, obedient, affectionate son. Yet to say No! To contradict my father's dearest, long-cherished wish! How shall I disclose it? How shall I express it? No, I cannot marry Julia! While I speak of it, I shudder. And how shall I appear before him, tell him this, him the good, kind father? He looks at me with astonishment, without speaking: the prudent, clear-sighted, gifted man can find no words. Wo is me! Ah, I know well to whom I would confide this pain, this perplexity, who it is I would choose for my advocate! Before all others, thou, Lucinda! And I would first tell thee how I love thee, how I give myself to thee, and pressingly entreat thee to speak for me; and if thou canst love me again, if thou wilt be mine, to speak for us both."

To explain this short pithy monologue will require some details.

Professor N. of N. had an only boy of singular beauty, whom, till the child's eighth year, he had left entirely in charge of his wife. This excellent woman had directed the hours and days of her son, in living, learning, and all good behaviour. She died; and the father instantly felt, that to prosecute this parental tutelage was impossible. In their lifetime, all had been harmony between the parents: they had laboured for a common aim, had determined in concert what was next to be done; and the mother had not wanted skill to execute wisely, by herself, what the two had planned together. Double and treble was now the widower's anxiety, seeing, as he could not but daily see, that for the sons of professors, even in uni-

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versities, it was only by a sort of miracle that a happy education could be expected.

In this strait he applied to his friend the Oberamtmann of R., with whom he had already been treating of plans for a closer alliance between their families. The Oberamtmann gave him counsel and assistance: so the son was established in one of those Institutions, which still flourish in Germany, and where charge is taken of the whole man, and body, soul, and spirit are trained with all attention.

The son was thus provided for; the father, however, felt himself very lonely: robbed of his wife; shut out from the cheerful presence of the boy, whom he had seen, without effort of his growing up in such desirable culture. But here again the friendship of the Oberamtmann served him in good stead: the distance of their abodes vanished before his affection, his desire for movement, for diversion of thought. In this hospitable home the widowed Man of Letters found, in a family-circle motherless like his own, two beautiful little daughters growing up in diverse loveliness; a state of things which more and more confirmed the fathers in their purpose, in their hope, of one day seeing their families united in the most joyful bonds.

They lived under the sway of a mild good Prince: the meritorious Oberamtmann was certain of his post during life; and in the appointment of a successor, his recommendation was likely to go far. And now, according to the wise family-arrangement, sanctioned also by the Minister, Lucidor was to train himself for the important office of his future father-in-law. This in consequence he did, from step to step. Nothing was neglected in communicating to him all sorts of knowledge, in developing in him all sorts of activity, which the State in any case requires; practice in rigorous judicial law; and also in the laxer sort, where prudence and address find their proper field; foresight for daily ways and means; not excluding higher and more comprehensive views, yet all tending towards practical life, and so as with effect and certainty to be employed in its concerns.

With such purposes had Lucidor spent his school-years: by his father and his patron, he was now warned to make

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ready for the university. In all departments he already showed the fairest talents; and to Nature he was farther indebted for the singular happiness of inclining, out of love for his father, out of respect for his friend, to turn its capabilities, first from obedience, then from conviction, on that very object to which he was directed. He was placed in a foreign university; and here, both by his own account in his letters, and by the testimony of his teachers and overseers, he continued walking in the path that led towards his appointed goal. It was only objected to him, that in certain cases he had been too impetuously brave. The father shook his head at this; the Oberamtmann nodded. Who would not have been proud of such a son?

Meanwhile, the two daughters, Julia and Lucinda, were waxing in stature and graces. Julia, the younger, waggish, lovely, unstable, highly entertaining; the other, difficult to portray, for in her sincerity and purity she represented all that we prize most in woman. Visits were paid and repaid; and, in the Professor's house, Julia found the most inexhaustible amusement.

Geography, which he failed not to enliven by Topography, belonged to his province: and no sooner did Julia cast her eyes on any of the volumes, of which a whole series from Homann's Warehouse were standing there, than the cities all and sundry had to be mustered, judged, preferred, or rejected: all havens especially obtained her favour; other towns, to acquire even a slight approval from her, must stand forth well supplied with steeples, domes, and minarets.

Julia's father often left her for weeks to the care of his tried friend. She was actually advancing in knowledge of her science; and already the inhabited world, in its main features, in its chief points and places, stood before her with some accuracy and distinctness. The garbs of foreign nations attracted her peculiar attention; and often when her foster-father asked her in jest: If among the many young handsome men who were passing to and fro before her window, there was not some one or other whom she liked? she would answer: "Yes, indeed, if he do but look odd enough." And as our young students are seldom

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behindhand in this particular, she had often occasion to take notice of individuals among them: they brought to her mind the costume of foreign nations; however, she declared in the end, that if she was to bestow her undivided attention on any one, he must be at least a Greek, equipped in the complete fashion of his country; on which account, also, she longed to be at some Leipzig Fair, where, as she understood, such persons were to be seen walking the streets.

After his dry and often irksome labours, our Teacher had now no happier moments than those he spent in mirthfully instructing her; triumphing withal, in secret, that a being so attractive, ever entertaining, ever entertained, was in the end to be his own daughter. For the rest, the two fathers had mutually agreed, that no hint of their purpose should be communicated to the girls; from Lucidor, also, it was kept secret.

Thus had years passed away, as indeed they very lightly pass; Lucidor presented himself completed, having stood all trials to the joy even of the superior overseers, who wished nothing more heartily than being able, with a good conscience, to fulfil the hopes of old, worthy, favoured, and deserving servants.

And so the business had at length by quiet regular steps come so far, that Lucidor, after having demeaned himself in subordinate stations to universal satisfaction, was now to be placed in a very advantageous post, suitable to his wishes and merits, and lying just midway between the University and the Oberamtmanship.

The father now spoke with his son about Julia, of whom he had hitherto only hinted, as about his bride and wife, without any doubt or condition; congratulating him on the happiness of having appropriated such a jewel to himself. The Professor saw in fancy his daughter-in-law again from time to time in his house; occupied with charts, plans, and views of cities: the son recalled to mind the gay and most lovely creature, who, in times of childhood, had, by her rogueries as by her kindliness, always delighted him. Lucidor was now to ride over to the Oberamtmann's, to take a closer view of the full-grown fair one; and, for a few weeks, to surrender himself to the

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habitudes and familiarity of her household. If the young people, as was to be hoped, should speedily agree, the Professor was forthwith to appear, that so a solemn betrothment might for ever secure the anticipated happiness.

Lucidor arrives, is received with the friendliest welcome; a chamber is allotted him; he arranges himself there, and appears. And now he finds, besides the members of the family already known to us, a grown-up son; misbred certainly, yet shrewd and good natured; so that if you liked to take him as the Jesting Counsellor of the party, he fitted not ill with the rest. There belonged, moreover, to the house, a very old, but healthy and gay-hearted man; quiet, wise, discreet; completing his life, as it were, and here and there requiring a little help. Directly after Lucidor, too, there had arrived another stranger; no longer young, of an impressive aspect, dignified, thoroughly well-bred, and, by his acquaintance with the most distant quarters of the world, extremely entertaining. He was called Antoni.

Julia received her announced bridegroom in fit order, yet with an excess rather than a defect of frankness: Lucinda, on the other hand, did the honours of the house, as her sister did those of herself. So passed the day; peculiarly agreeable to all, only to Lucidor not: he, at all times silent, had been forced, that he might avoid sinking dumb entirely, to employ himself in asking questions; and in this attitude, no one appears to advantage.

Throughout he had been absent-minded; for at the first glance he had felt, not aversion or repugnance, yet estrangement, towards Julia: Lucinda, on the contrary, attracted him, so that he trembled every time she looked at him with her full, pure, peaceful eyes.

Thus hard bested, he reached his chamber the first night, and gave vent to his heart in that soliloquy with which we began. But to explain this sufficiently, to show how the violence of such an emphatic speech agrees with what we know of him already, another little statement will be necessary.

Lucidor was of a deep character; and for most part had something else in his mind than what the present

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scene required: hence talk and social conversation would never prosper rightly with him; he felt this, and was wont to continue silent, except when the topic happened to be particular, on some department which he had completely studied, and of which, whatever he needed was at all times ready. Besides this, in his early years at school, and later at the university, he had been deceived in friends, and had wasted the effusions of his heart unhappily; hence every communication of his feelings seemed to him a doubtful step, and doubting destroys all such communication. With his father he was used to speak only in unison; therefore his full heart poured itself out in monologues, so soon as he was by himself.

Next morning he had summoned up his resolution; and yet he almost lost heart and composure again, when Julia met him with still more friendliness, gaiety, and frankness, than ever. She had much to ask; about his journeys by land and journeys by water; how, when a student, with his knapsack on his back, he had roamed and climbed through Switzerland, nay, crossed the Alps themselves. And now of those fair islands on the great Southern Lake, she had much to say; and then backwards, the Rhine must be accompanied from his primary origin; at first, through most undelicious regions, and so downwards through many an alternation, till at length, between Maynz and Coblenz, you find it still worth while respectfully to dismiss the old River from his last confinement, into the wide world, into the sea.

Lucidor, in the course of this recital, felt himself much lightened in heart; he narrated willingly and well, so that Julia at last exclaimed in rapture: "It is thus that our other self should be!" At which phrase Lucidor again felt startled and frightened; thinking he saw in it an allusion to their future pilgrimage in common through life.

From his narrative duty, however, he was soon relieved: for the stranger, Antoni, very speedily overshadowed all mountain streams, and rocky banks, and rivers whether hemmed in or left at liberty. Under his guidance you now went forward to Genoa; Livorno lay at no great distance; whatever was most interesting in the country you took with you as fair spoil; Naples, too, was a place

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you should see before you died; and then, in truth, remained Constantinople, which also was by no means to be neglected. Antoni's descriptions of the wide world carried the imagination of every hearer along with him, though Antoni himself introduced little fire into the subject. Julia, quite enraptured, was still nowise satisfied; she longed for Alexandria, Cairo, and above all, for the Pyramids; of which, by the lessons of her intended father-in-law, she had gained some moderate knowledge.

Lucidor next night (he had scarcely shut his door; the candle he had not put down) exclaimed: "Now, bethink thee, then: it is growing serious! Thou hast studied and meditated many serious things: what avails thy law-learning, if thou canst not act like a man of law? View thyself as a delegate, forget thy own feelings, and do what it would behove thee to do for another. It thickens and closes round me horribly! The stranger is plainly come for the sake of Lucinda: she shows him the fairest, noblest social and hospitable attentions; that little fool would run through the world with any one for anything or nothing. Besides, she is a wag; her interest in cities and countries is a farce, by which she keeps us in silence. But why do I look at the affair so perplexedly, so narrowly? Is not the Oberamtmann himself the most judicious, the clearest, the kindest mediator? Thou wilt tell him how thou feelest and thinkest; and he will think with thee, if not likewise feel. With thy father he has all influence. And is not the one as well as the other his daughter? What would this Antoni the Traveller with Lucinda, who is born for home, to be happy and to make happy? Let the wavering quicksilver fasten itself to the Wandering Jew; that will be a right match."

Next morning Lucidor came down, with the firm purpose of speaking with the father; and waiting on him expressly to that end, at the hour when he knew him to be disengaged. How great was his vexation, his perplexity, on learning that the Oberamtmann had been called away on business, and was not expected till the day after the morrow! Julia, on this occasion, seemed to be expressly in her travelling fit; she kept by the world-wanderer, and, with some sportive hits at domestic eco-

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nomy, gave up Lucidor to Lucinda. If our friend, viewing this noble maiden from a certain distance, and under one general impression, had already, with his whole heart, loved her, he failed not now in this nearest nearness to discover with double and treble vividness in detail, all that had before as a whole attracted him.

The good old friend of the family now brought himself forward, in place of the absent father; he too had lived, had loved; and was now, after many hard buffetings and bruises of life, resting at last, refreshed and cheerful, beside the friend of his youth. He enlivened the conversation; and especially expatiated on perplexities in choice of wives; relating several remarkable examples of explanations, both in time and too late. Lucinda appeared in all her splendour. She admitted: That accident, in all departments of life, and so likewise in the business of marriage, often produced the best result; yet that it was finer and prouder when one could say he owed his happiness to himself, to the silent calm conviction of his heart, to a noble purpose and a quick determination. Tears stood in Lucidor's eyes as he applauded this sentiment; directly afterwards, the two ladies went out. The old president like well to deal in illustrative histories; and so the conversation expanded itself into details of pleasant instances, which, however, touched our hero so closely, that none but a youth of as delicate manners as his could have refrained from breaking out with his secret. He did break out, so soon as he was by himself.

"I have constrained myself!" exclaimed he: "with such perplexities I will not vex my good father: I have forborne to speak; for I see in this worthy old man the substitute of both fathers. To him will I speak: to him disclose the whole; he will surely bring it about; he has already almost spoken what I wish. Will he censure in the individual case what he praises in general? To-morrow I visit him: I must give vent to this oppression."

At breakfast, the old man was not present: last night he had spoken, it appeared, too much; had sat too long, and likewise drunk a drop or two of wine beyond his custom. Much was said in his praise; many anecdotes were related; and precisely of such saying and doings

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as brought Lucidor to despair for not having forthwith applied to him. This unpleasant feeling was but aggravated, when he learned that in such attacks of disorder the good old man would often not make his re-appearance for a week.

For social converse, a country residence has many advantages; especially when the owners of it have, for a course of years, been induced, as thinking and feeling persons, to improve the natural capabilities of their environs. Such had been the good fortune of this spot. The Oberamtmann, at first unwedded, then in a long happy marriage, himself a man of fortune, and occupying a lucrative post, had, according to his own judgment and perception, according to the taste of his wife, nay, at last according to the wishes and whims of his children, laid out and forwarded many larger and smaller decorations; which by degrees being skilfully connected with plantations and paths, afforded to the promenader a very beautiful, continually varying, characteristic series of scenes. A pilgrimage through these, our young hosts now proposed to their guest; as in general we take pleasure in showing our improvements to a stranger, that so what has become habitual in our eyes, may appear with the charm of novelty in his, and leave with him, in permanent remembrance, its first favourable impression.

The nearest, as well as the most distant part of the grounds, was peculiarly appropriate for modest decorations, and altogether rural individualities. Fertile hills alternated with well-watered meadows; so that the whole was visible from time to time, without being flat; and if the land seemed chiefly devoted to purposes of utility, the graceful, the attractive, was by no means excluded.

To the dwelling and office-houses were united various gardens, orchards, and green spaces; out of which you imperceptibly passed into a little wood, with a broad, clear carriage-road winding up and down through the midst of it. Here, in a central spot, on the most considerable elevation, there had been a Hall erected, with side-chambers entering from it. On coming through the main-door, you saw in a large mirror the most favourable prospect which the country afforded; and were sure to turn round that

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instant, to recover yourself on the reality from the effect of this its unexpected image; for the approach was artfully enough contrived, and all that could excite surprise was carefully hid till the last moment. No one entered but felt himself pleasurably tempted to turn from the mirror to Nature, and from Nature to the mirror.

Once in motion in this fairest, brightest, longest day, our party made a spiritual campaign of it, over and through the whole. Here the daughters pointed out the evening seat of their good mother, where a stately box-tree had kept clear space all round it. A little farther on, Lucinda's place of morning-prayer was half-roguishly exhibited by Julia: close to a little brook, between poplars and alders, with meadows sloping down from it, and fields stretching upwards. It was indescribably pretty. You thought you had seen such a spot everywhere, but nowhere so impressive, and so perfect in its simplicity. In return for this, the young master, also half against Julia's will, pointed out the tiny groves, and child's gardens, which, close by a snug-lying mill, were now scarcely discernible: they dated from a time when Julia, perhaps in her tenth year, had taken it into her head to become a milleress; intending, after the decease of the two old occupants, to assume the management herself, and choose some brave millman for her husband.

"That was at a time," cried Julia, "when I knew nothing of towns lying on rivers, or even on the sea; nothing of Genoa, of Naples, and the like. Your worthy father, Lucidor, has converted me; of late I come seldom hither." She sat down with a roguish air, on a little bench, that was now scarcely large enough for her; under an elder-bough, which had bent deeply towards the ground: "Fie on this cowering!" cried she; then started up, and ran off with her gay brother.

The remaining pair kept up a rational conversation; and in these cases, reason approaches close to the borders of feeling. Wandering over changeful, simple natural objects, to contemplate at leisure how cunning scheming man contrives to gain some profit from them; how his perception of what is laid before him, combining with the feeling of his wants, does wonders, first in rendering the world

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inhabitable, then in peopling it, and at last in overpeopling it: all this could here be talked of in detail. Lucinda gave account of everything; and, modest as she was, she could not hide that these pleasant and convenient combinations of distant parts by roads, had been her work, under the proposal, direction, or favour of her revered mother.

But as the longest day at last bends down to evening, our party were at last forced to think of returning; and while devising some pleasant circuit, the merry brother proposed that they should take the short road, though it commanded no fine prospects, and was even in some places more difficult to get over. "For," cried he, "you have preached all day about your decorations and reparations, and how you have improved and beautified the scene for pictorial eyes and feeling hearts: let me also have my turn."

Accordingly, they now set forth over ploughed grounds, by coarse paths, nay sometimes picking their way by stepping-stones in boggy places; till at last they perceived, at some distance, a pile of machinery towering up in manifold combination. More closely examined, it turned out to be a large apparatus for sport and games, arranged not without judgment, and in a certain popular spirit. Here, fixed at suitable distances, stood a large swing-wheel, on which the ascending and the descending riders might still sit horizontally, and at their ease; other see-saws, swing-ropes, leaping-poles, bowling and nine-pins courses, and whatever can be fancied for variedly and equally employing and diverting a crowd of people gathered on a large common. "This," cried he, "is my invention, my decoration! And though my father found the money, and a shrewd fellow the brain necessary for it, yet without me, whom you often call a person of no judgment, money and brain would not have come together."

In this cheerful mood, the whole four reached home by sunset. Antoni also joined them; but the little Julia, not yet satisfied with this unresting travel, ordered her coach, and set forth on a visit to a lady of her friends, in utter despair at not having seen her for two days. The party left behind began to feel embarrassed before they were aware; it was even mentioned in words that the father's

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absence distressed them. The conversation was about to stagnate, when all at once the madcap sprang from his seat, and in a few moments returned with a book, proposing to read to the company. Lucinda forbore not to inquire how this notion had occurred to him, now for the first time in a twelvemonth. "Everything occurs to me," said he, "at the proper season: this is more than you can say for yourself." He read them a series of genuine Antique Tales; such as lead man away from himself, flattering his wishes, and making him forget all those restrictions, between which, even in the happiest moments, we are still hemmed in.

"What shall I do now!" cried Lucidor, when at last he saw himself alone. "The hour presses on: in Antoni I have no trust; he is an utter stranger, I know not who he is, how he comes to be here, nor what he wants; Lucinda seems to be his object; and if so, what can I expect of him? Nothing remains for me but applying to Lucinda herself: she must know of it, she before all others. This was my first feeling; why do we stray into side-paths and subterfuges? My first thought shall be my last, and I hope to reach my aim."

On Saturday morning, Lucidor, dressed at an early hour, was walking to and fro in his chamber; thinking and conning over his projected address to Lucinda, when he heard a sort of jestful contention before his door, and the door itself directly afterwards went up. The mad younker was shoving in a boy before him, with coffee and baked ware for the guest; he himself carried cold meats and wine. "Go thou foremost," cried the younker; "for the guest must be first served; I am used to serve myself. My friend, to-day I am entering somewhat early and tumultuously: but let us take our breakfast in peace; then we shall see what is to be done; for of our company there is nothing to be hoped. The little one is not yet back from her friend; they two have to pour out their hearts together every fortnight, otherwise the poor dear hearts would burst. On Saturdays, Lucinda is good for nothing; she balances her household accounts for my father; she would have had me taking share in the concern, but Heaven forbid! When I know the price of any-

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thing, no morsel of it can I relish. Guests are expected to-morrow; the old man has not yet got refitted; Antoni is gone to hunt, we will do the same."

Guns, pouches, and dogs were ready, as our pair stept down into the court; and now they set forth over field and hill, shooting at best some leveret or so, and perhaps here and there a poor indifferent undeserving bird. Meanwhile they kept talking of domestic affairs, of the household and company at present assembled in it. Antoni was mentioned, and Lucidor failed not to inquire more narrowly about him. The gay younker, with some self-complaisance, asserted, that strange as the man was, and much mystery as he made about himself, he, the gay younker, had already seen through him and through him. "Without doubt," continued he, "Antoni is the son of a rich mercantile family, whose large partnership concern fell to ruin at the very time when he, in the full vigour of youth, was preparing to take a cheerful and active hand in their great undertakings, and withal to share in their abundant profits. Dashed down from the summit of his hopes, he gathered himself together, and undertook to perform for strangers what he was no longer in a case to perform for his relatives. And so he travelled through the world; became thoroughly acquainted with it and its mutual traffickings; in the meanwhile, not forgetting his own advantage. Unwearied diligence and tried fidelity obtained and secured for him unbounded confidence from many. Thus in all places he acquired connexions and friends; nay, it is easy to see that his fortune is as widely scattered abroad as his acquaintance; and accordingly his presence is from time to time required in all quarters of the world."

These things the merry younker told in a more circumstantial and simple style, introducing many farcical observations, as if he meant to spin out his story to full length.

"How long, for instance," cried he, "has this Antoni been connected with my father! They think I see nothing, because I trouble myself about nothing; but for this very reason, I see it better, as I take no interest in it. To my father he has intrusted large sums, who again has deposited them securely and to advantage. It was

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but last night that he gave our old dietetic friend a casket of jewels; a finer, simpler, costlier piece of ware I never cast my eyes on, though I saw this only with a single glance, for they make a secret of it. Most probably it is to be consigned to the bride for her pleasure, satisfaction, and future security. Antoni has set his heart on Lucinda! Yet when I see them together, I cannot think it a well-assorted match. The hop-skip would have suited him better; I believe, too, she would take him sooner than the elder would. Many a time, I see her looking over to the old curmudgeon, so gay and sympathetic, as if she could find in her heart to spring into the coach with him, and fly off at full gallop." Lucidor collected himself: he knew not what to answer; all that he heard obtained his internal approbation. The younker proceeded: "All along the girl has had a perverted liking for old people: I believe, of a truth, she would have skipped away and wedded your father, as briskly as she would his son."

Lucidor followed his companion, over stock and stone, as it pleased the gay youth to lead him: both forgot the chase, which at any rate could not be productive. They called at a farm-house, where, being hospitably received, the one friend entertained himself with eating, drinking, and tattling; the other again plunged into meditations, and projects for turning this new discovery to his own profit.

From all these narrations and disclosures, Lucidor had acquired so much confidence in Antoni, that immediately on their return he asked for him, and hastened into the garden, where he was said to be. In vain! No soul was to be seen anywhere. At last he entered the door of the great Hall; and strange enough, the setting sun, reflected from the mirror, so dazzled him, that he could not recognise the two persons, who were sitting on the sofa; though he saw distinctly that it was a lady and a man, which latter was that instant warmly kissing the hand of his companion. How great, accordingly, was Lucidor's astonishment when, on recovering his clearness of vision, he beheld Antoni sitting by Lucinda! He was like to sink through the ground: he stood, however, as if rooted to the spot; till Lucinda, in the kindest, most unembarrassed

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manner, shifted a little to a side, and invited him to take a seat on her right hand. Unconsciously he obeyed her, and while she addressed him, inquiring after his present day's history, asking pardon for her absence on domestic engagements, he could scarcely hear her voice. Antoni rose, and took his leave: Lucinda, resting herself from her toil, as the others were doing, invited Lucidor to a short stroll. Walking by her side, he was silent and embarrassed; she, too, seemed ill at ease: and had he been in the slightest degree self-collected, her deep-drawn breathing must have disclosed to him that she had heart-felt sighs to suppress. She at last took her leave, as they approached the house: he on the other hand turned round at first slowly, then at a violent pace to the open country. The park was too narrow for him; he hastened through the fields, listening only to the voice of his heart, and without eyes for the beauties of this loveliest evening. When he found himself alone, and his feelings were relieving their violence in a shower of tears, he exclaimed:

"Already in my life, but never with such fierceness, have I felt the agony which now makes me altogether wretched: to see the long-wished-for happiness at length reach me; hand-in-hand and arm-in-arm unite with me; and at the same moment announce its eternal departure! I was sitting by her, I was walking by her; her fluttering garment touched me, and I have lost her! Reckon it not over, torture not thy heart with it; be silent, and determine!"

He laid a prohibition on his lips; he held his peace, and planned and meditated, stepping over field and meadow and bush, not always by the smoothest paths. Late at night, on returning to his chamber, he gave voice to his thoughts for a moment, and cried: "To-morrow morning I am gone; another such day I will not front."

And so, without undressing, he threw himself on the bed. Happy, healthy season of youth! He was already asleep: the fatiguing motion of the day had earned for him the sweetest rest. Out of bright morning dreams, however, the earliest sun awoke him: this was the longest day in the year; and for him it threatened to be too long. If the grace of the peaceful evening-star had passed over

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him unnoticed, he felt the awakening beauty of the morning only to despair. The world was lying here as glorious as ever; to his eyes it was still so; but his soul contradicted it: all this belonged to him no longer; he had lost Lucinda.

His travelling-bag was soon packed; this he was to leave behind him; he left no letter with it; a verbal message in excuse of absence from dinner, perhaps also from supper, might be left with the groom, whom at any rate he must awaken. The groom, however, was awake already: Lucidor found him in the yard, walking with large strides before the stable-door. "You do not mean to ride?" cried the usually good-natured man, with a tone of some spleen. "To you I may say it; but young master is growing worse and worse. There was he driving about far and near yesterday; you might have thought he would thank God for a Sunday to rest in. And see, if he does not come this morning before daybreak, rummages about in the stable, and while I am getting up, saddles and bridles your horse, flings himself on it, and cries: 'Do but consider the good work I am doing! This beast keeps jogging on at a staid juridical trot, I must see and rouse him into a smart life-gallop.' He said something just so, and other strange speeches besides."

Lucidor was doubly and trebly vexed: he liked the horse, as corresponding to his own character, his own mode of life; it grieved him to figure his good sensible beast in the hands of a madcap. His plan, too, was overturned; his purpose of flying to a college friend, with whom he had lived in cheerful cordial union, and in this crisis seeking refuge beside him. His old confidence had been awakened, the intervening miles were not counted; he had fancied himself already at the side of his true-hearted and judicious friend, finding counsel and assuagement from his words and looks. This prospect was now cut off: yet not entirely, if he could venture with the fresh pedestrian limbs, which still stood at his command, to set forth towards the goal.

First of all, accordingly, he struck through the park; making for the open country, and the road which was to lead him to his friend. Of his direction he was not quite

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certain, when looking to the left his eye fell upon the Hermitage, which had hitherto been kept secret from him: a strange edifice, rising with grotesque joinery through bush and tree: and here, to his extreme astonishment, he observed the good old man, who for some days had been considered sick, standing in the gallery under the Chinese roof, and looking blithely through the soft morning. The friendliest salutation, the most pressing entreaties to come up, Lucidor resisted with excuses and gestures of haste. Nothing but sympathy with the good old man, who, hastening down with infirm step, seemed every moment in danger of falling to the bottom, could induce him to turn thither, and then suffer himself to be conducted up. With surprise he entered the pretty little hall: it had only three windows, turned towards the park: a most graceful prospect: the other sides were decorated, or rather covered, with hundreds of portraits, copperplate or painted, which were fixed in a certain order to the wall, and separated by coloured borders and interstices.

"I favour you, my friend, more than I do every one; this is the sanctuary in which I peacefully spend my last days. Here I recover myself from all the mistakes which society tempts me to commit: here my dietetic errors are corrected, and my old being is again restored to equilibrium."

Lucidor looked over the place; and being well read in history, he easily observed that an historical taste had presided in its arrangement.

"Above, there, in the frieze," said the old virtuoso, "you will find the names of distinguished men in the primitive ages; then those of later antiquity; yet still only their names, for how they looked would now be difficult to discover. But here, in the main field, comes my own life into play: here are the men whose names I used to hear mentioned in my boyhood. For some fifty years or so, the name of a distinguished man continues in the remembrance of the people; then it vanishes, or becomes fabulous. Though of German parentage, I was born in Holland; and for me, William of Orange, Stadtholder, and King of England, is the patriarch of all common great men and heroes.

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"Now, close by William, you observe Louis Fourteenth as the person who—" How gladly would Lucidor have cut short the good old man, had it but been permitted him, as it is to us the narrators: for the whole late and latest history of the world seemed impending; as from the portraits of Frederick the Great and his generals, towards which he was glancing, was but too clearly to be gathered.

And though the kindly young man could not but respect his old friend's lively sympathy in these things, or deny that some individual features and views in this exhibitory discourse might be interesting; yet at college he had heard the late and latest history of Europe already; and what a man has once heard, he fancies himself to know for ever. Lucidor's thoughts were wandering far away; he heard not, he scarcely saw; and was just on the point, in spite of all politeness, of flinging himself out, and tumbling down the long fatal stair, when a loud clapping of hands was heard from below.

While Lucidor restrained his movement, the old man looked over through the window, and a well-known voice resounded from beneath: "Come down, for Heaven's sake, out of your historic picture-gallery, old gentleman! Conclude your fasts and humiliations, and help me to appease our young friend, when he learns it. Lucidor's horse I have ridden somewhat hard; it has lost a shoe, and I was obliged to leave the beast behind me. What will he say? He is too absurd, when one behaves absurdly."

"Come up!" said the old man, and turned in to Lucidor: "Now, what say you?" Lucidor was silent, and the wild blade entered. The discussion of the business lasted long: at length it was determined to despatch the groom forthwith, that he might seek the horse and take charge of it.

Leaving the old man, the two younkers hastened to the house; Lucidor, not quite unwillingly, submitting to this arrangement. Come of it what might, within these walls the sole wish of his heart was included. In such desperate cases, we are, at any rate, cut off from the assistance of our free will; and we feel ourselves relieved

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for a moment, when, from any quarter, direction and constraint takes hold of us. Yet, on entering his chamber, he found himself in the strangest mood; like a man who, having just left an apartment of an inn, is forced to return to it, by the breaking of an axle.

The gay younker fell upon the travelling-bag, unpacking it all in due order: especially selecting every article of holyday apparel, which, though only on the travelling scale, was to be found there. He forced Lucidor to put on fresh shoes and stockings; he dressed for him his clustering brown locks, and decked him at all points with his best skill. Then stepping back, and surveying our friend and his own handiwork, from head to foot, he exclaimed: "Now, then, my good fellow, you do look like a man that has some pretensions to pretty damsels; and serious enough, moreover, to spy about you for a bride. Wait one moment! You shall see how I too can produce myself, when the hour strikes. This knack I learned from your military officers; the girls are always glancing at them; so I likewise have enrolled myself among a certain Soldiery: and now they look at me too, and look again, and no soul of them knows what to make of it. And so, from this looking and relooking, from this surprise and attention, a pretty enough result now and then arises; which, though it were not lasting, is worth enjoying for the moment.

"But come along, my friend, and do the like service for me! When you have seen me case myself by piecemeal in my equipment, you will not say that wit and invention have been denied me." He now led his friend through several long spacious passages of the old castle. "I have quite nestled myself here," cried he. "Though I care not for hiding, I like to be alone; you can do no good with other people."

They were passing by the office-rooms, just as a servant came out with a patriarchal writing-apparatus, black, massive, and complete; paper, too, was not forgotten.

"I know what is to be blotted here again," cried the younker: "go thy ways, and leave me the key. Take a look of the place, Lucidor; it will amuse you till I am

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dressed. To a friend of justice, such a spot is not odious, as to a tamer of horses. And with this, he pushed Lucidor into the hall of judgment.

Lucidor felt himself directly in a well-known and friendly element; he thought of the days when he, fixed down to business, had sat at such a table: and listening and writing, had trained himself to his art. Nor did he fail to observe, that in this case an old stately domestic Chapel had, under the change of religious ideas, been converted to the service of Themis. In the repositories, he found some titles and acts already familiar to him: in these very matters he had co-operated, while labouring in the Capital. Opening a bundle of papers there came into his hands a rescript, which he himself had dictated: another, of which he had been the originator. Hand-writing and paper, signet and president's signature, everything recalled to him that season of juridical effort, of youthful hope. And here, when he looked round, and saw the Oberamtmann's chair, appointed and intended for himself; so fair a place, so dignified a circle of activity, which he was now like to cast away, and utterly lose, all this oppressed him doubly and trebly, as the form of Lucinda seemed to retire from him at the same time.

He turned to go out into the open air, but found himself a prisoner. His gay friend, heedlessly or roguishly, had left the door locked. Lucidor, however, did not long continue in this durance; for the other returned; apologized for his oversight, and really called forth good humour by his singular appearance. A certain audacity of colour and cut in his clothes was softened by natural taste, as even to tattooed Indians we refuse not a certain approbation. "To-day," cried he, "the tedium of bygone days shall be made good to us. Worthy friends, merry friends are come; pretty girls, roguish and fond; and my father, to boot; and wonder on wonder! your father too. This will be a festival, truly: they are all assembled for breakfast in the parlour."

With Lucidor, at this piece of information, it was as if he were looking into deep fog; all the figures known and unknown, which the words announced to him, assumed a spectral aspect; yet his resolution, and the consciousness

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of a pure heart, sustained him: and, in a few seconds, he felt himself prepared for everything. He followed his hastening friend with a steady step, firmly determined to await the issue, be what it might, and explain his own purposes, come what come might.

And yet, at the very threshold of the hall, he was struck with some alarm. In a large half circle, ranged round by the windows, he immediately descried his father with the Oberamtmann, both splendidly attired. The two sisters, Antoni, and others known and unknown, he hurried over with a glance, which was threatening to grow dim. Half wavering, he approached his father; who bade him welcome with the utmost kindness, yet in a certain style of formality which scarcely invited any trustful application. Standing before so many persons, he looked round to find a place among them for a moment: he might have arranged himself beside Lucinda; but Julia, contrary to the rigour of etiquette, made room for him, so that he was forced to step to her side. Antoni continued by Lucinda.

At this important moment, Lucidor again felt as if he were a delegate; and, steeled by his whole juridical science, he called up in his own favour the fine maxim: That we should transact affairs delegated to us by a stranger, as if they were our own; why not our own, therefore, in the same spirit? Well practised in official orations, he speedily ran over what he had to say. But the company, ranged in a formal semicircle, seemed to out-flank him. The purport of his speech he knew well; the beginning of it he could not find. At this crisis, he observed on a table, in the corner, the large ink-glass, and several clerks sitting round it: the Oberamtmann made a movement as if to solicit attention for a speech; Lucidor wished to anticipate him; and, at that very moment, Julia pressed his hand. This threw him out of all self-possession; convinced him that all was decided, all lost for him.

With the whole of these negotiations, these family alliances, with social conventions and rules of good manners, he had now nothing more to do: he snatched his hand from Julia's, and vanished so rapidly from the room,

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that the company lost him unawares, and he out of doors could not find himself again.

Shrinking from the light of day, which shown down upon him in its highest splendour; avoiding the eyes of men; dreading search and pursuit, he hurried forwards, and reached the large garden-hall. Here his knees were like to fail him; he rushed in, and threw himself, utterly comfortless, upon the sofa beneath the mirror. Amid the polished arrangements of society, to be caught in such unspeakable perplexity! It dashed to and fro like waves about him and within him. His past existence was struggling with his present; it was a frightful moment,

And so he lay for a time, with his face hid in the cushion, on which last night Lucinda's arm had rested. Altogether sunk in his sorrow, he had heard no footsteps approach; feeling some one touch him, he started up, and perceived Lucinda standing by his side.

Fancying they had sent her to bring him back, had commissioned her to lead him with fit sisterly words into the assemblage to front his hated doom, he exclaimed: "You they should not have sent, Lucinda; for it was you that drove me away. I will not return. Give me, if you are capable of any pity, procure me convenience and means of flight. For, that you yourself may testify how impossible it was to bring me back, listen to the explanation of my conduct, which to you and all of them must seem insane. Hear now the oath which I have sworn in my soul, and which I incessantly repeat in words: with you only did I wish to live; with you to enjoy, to employ my days, from youth to old age, in true honourable union. And let this be as firm and sure as aught ever sworn before the altar; this which I now swear, now when I leave you, the most pitiable of all men."

He made a movement to glide past her, as she stood close before him; but she caught him softly in her arms. "What is this!" exclaimed he.

"Lucidor!" cried she, "not pitiable as you think: you are mine, I am yours; I hold you in my arms; delay not to throw your arms about me. Your father has agreed to all; Antoni marries my sister."

In astonishment he recoiled from her: "Can it be?"

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Lucinda smiled and nodded; he drew back from her arms. "Let me view once more, at a distance, what is to be mine so nearly, so inseparably? He grasped her hands: "Lucinda, are you mine?"

She answered: "Well, then, yes," the sweetest tears in the truest eyes; he clasped her to his breast, and threw his head behind hers; he hung like a shipwrecked mariner on the cliffs of the coast; the ground still shook under him. And now his enraptured eye, again opening, lighted on the mirror. He saw her there in his arms, himself clasped in hers; he looked down, and again to the image. Such emotions accompany man throughout his life. In the mirror, also, he beheld the landscape, which last night had appeared to him so baleful and ominous, now lying fairer and brighter than ever; and himself in such a posture, on such a back-ground! Abundant recompense for all sorrows!

"We are not alone," said Lucinda; and scarcely had he recovered from his rapture, when, all decked and garlanded, a company of girls and boys came forward, carrying wreaths of flowers, and crowding the entrance of the Hall. "This is not the way," cried Lucinda: "how prettily it was arranged, and now it is all running into tumult!" A gay march sounded from a distance; and the company were seen coming on by the large road in stately procession. Lucidor hesitated to advance towards them; only on her arm did he seem certain of his steps. She staid beside him, expecting from moment to moment the solemn scene of meeting, of thanks for pardon already given.

But by the capricious gods it was otherwise determined. The gay clanging sound of a postilion's horn, from the opposite side, seemed to throw the whole ceremony into rout. "Who can be coming?" cried Lucinda. The thought of a strange presence was frightful to Lucidor; and the carriage seemed entirely unknown to him. A double-seated, new, spick-and-span new, travelling chaise! It rolled up to the Hall. A well-dressed, handsome boy sprang down; opened the door; but no one dismounted; the chaise was empty. The boy stept into it; with a dexterous touch or two he threw back the tilts; and there, in

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a twinkling, stood the daintiest vehicle in readiness for the gayest drive, before the eyes of the whole party, who were now advancing to the spot. Antoni, outhastening the rest, led Julia to the carriage. "Try if this machine," said he, "will please you; if you can sit in it, and over the smoothest roads, roll through the world beside me: I will lead you by no other but the smoothest; and when a strait comes, we shall know how to help ourselves. Over the mountains, sumpters shall carry us and our coach also."

"You are a dear creature!" cried Julia. The boy came forward; and, with the quickness of a conjuror, exhibited all the conveniences, little advantages, comforts, and celerities of the whole light edifice.

"On Earth I have no thanks," cried Julia; "but from this little moving Heaven, from this cloud, into which you raise me, I will heartily thank you." She had already bounded in, throwing him kind looks and a kiss of the hand. "For the present you come not hither; but there is another whom I mean to take along with me in this proof excursion; he himself has still a proof to undergo." She called to Lucidor: who, just then occupied in mute conversation with his father and father-in-law, willingly took refuge in the light vehicle; feeling an irresistible necessity to dissipate his thoughts in some way or other, though it were but for a moment. He placed himself beside her; she directed the postilion where he was to drive. Instantly they darted off, enveloped in a cloud of dust; and vanished from the eyes of the amazed spectators."

Julia fixed herself in the corner, as firmly and commodiously as she could wish. "Now do you shift into that one too, good brother; so that we may look each other rightly in the face."

Lucidor. You feel my confusion, my embarrassment: I am still as if in a dream; help me out of it.

Julia. Look at these gay peasants, how kindly they salute us! You have never seen the Upper Hamlet yet, since you came hither. All good substantial people there, and all thoroughly devoted to me. No one of them so rich that you cannot, by a time, do a little kind service to him.

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This road, which we whirl along so smoothly, is my father's doing; another of his benefits to the community.

Lucidor. I believe it, and willingly admit it: but what have these external things to do with the perplexity of my internal feelings?

Julia. Patience a little! I will show you the riches of this world and the glory thereof. Here now we are at the top! Do but look how clear the level country lies all round us leaning against the mountains! All these villages are much, much indebted to my father; to mother and daughters too. The grounds of yon little hamlet are the border.

Lucidor. Surely you are in a very strange mood: you do not seem to be saying what you meant to say.

Julia. But now look down to the left; how beautifully all this unfolds itself! The Church, with its high lindens; the Amthaus, with its poplars, behind the village knoll! Here, too, are the garden and the park.

The postilion drove faster.

Julia. The Hall up yonder you know: it looks almost as well here, as this scene does from it. Here, at the tree, we shall stop a moment: now in this very spot our image is reflected in the large mirror: there they see us full well, but we cannot see ourselves.—Go along, postilion! There, some little while ago, two people, I believe, were reflected at a shorter distance; and, if I am not exceedingly mistaken, to their great mutual satisfaction.

Lucidor, in ill humour, answered nothing: they went on for some time in silence, driving very hard. "Here," said Julia, "the bad road begins: a service left for you to do, some day. Before we go lower, look down once more. My mother's boxtree rises with its royal summit over all the rest. Thou wilt drive," continued she to the postilion, "down this rough road; we shall take the footpath through the dale, and so be sooner at the other side than thou." In dismounting, she cried: "Well, now, you will confess, the Wandering Jew, this restless Antoni the Traveller, can arrange his pilgrimages prettily enough for himself and his companions: it is a very beautiful and commodious carriage."

And with this she tripped away down hill: Lucidor

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followed her, in deep thought; she was sitting on a pleasant seat; it was Lucinda's little spot. She invited him to sit by her.

Julia. So now we are sitting here, and one is nothing to the other. Thus it was destined to be. The little Quicksilver would not suit you. Love it you could not, it was hateful to you.

Lucidor's astonishment increased.

Julia. But Lucinda, indeed! She is the paragon of all perfections; and the pretty sister was once for all cast out. I see it, the question hovers on your lips: who has told us all so accurately?

Lucidor. There is treachery in it!

Julia. Yes, truly! There has been a Traitor at work in the matter.

Lucidor. Name him.

Julia. He is soon unmasked: You! You have the praiseworthy or blameworthy custom of talking to yourself: and now, in the name of all, I must confess that in turn we have overheard you.

Lucidor (starting up). A sorry piece of hospitality, to lay snares for a stranger in this way!

Julia. By no means! We thought not of watching you, more than any other. But, you know, your bed stands in the recess of the wall; on the opposite side is another alcove, commonly employed for laying up household articles. Hither, some days before, we had shifted our old man's bed; being anxious about him in his remote Hermitage: and here, the first night, you started some such passionate soliloquy, which he next morning took his opportunity of rehearsing.

Lucidor had not the heart to interrupt her. He withdrew.

Julia (rising and following him). What a service this discovery did us all! For I will confess, if you were not positively disagreeable, the situation which awaited me was not by any means to my mind. To the Frau Oberamtmannin, what a dreadful state! To have a brave gallant husband, who is to pass judgment on the people; and, for sheer judgment, cannot get to justice! Who can please neither high nor low; and, what is worst, not even

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himself. I know what my poor mother suffered from the incorruptibility, the inflexibility of my father. At last, indeed, but not till her death, a certain meekness took possession of him: he seemed to suit himself to the world, to make a truce with those evils which, till then, he had vainly striven to conquer.

Lucidor (stopping short; extremely discontented with the incident; vexed at this light mode of treating it). For the sport of an evening this might pass; but to practise such a disgracing mystification, day and night against an unsuspicious stranger, is not pardonable.

Julia. We are all equally deep in the crime; we all hearkened you: yet I alone pay the penalty of eavesdropping.

Lucidor. All! So much the more unpardonable! And how could you look at me, throughout the day, without blushing, whom at night you were so contemptuously overreaching? But I see clearly with a glance, that your arrangements by day were planned to make mockery of me. A fine family! And where was your father's love of justice all this while!—And Lucinda!—

Julia. And Lucinda! What a tone was that! You meant to say, did not you, How deeply it grieved your heart to think ill of Lucinda, to rank her in a class with the rest of us?

Lucidor. I cannot understand Lucinda.

Julia. In other words, this pure noble soul, this peacefully composed nature, benevolence, goodness itself, this woman as she should be, unites with a light-minded company, with a freakish sister, a spoiled brother, and certain mysterious persons! That is incomprehensible!

Lucidor. Yes, indeed, it is incomprehensible.

Julia. Comprehend it then! Lucinda, like the rest of us, had her hands bound. Could you have seen her perplexity, how fain she would have told you all, how often she was on the very eve of doing it, you would now love her doubly and trebly, if indeed true love were not always tenfold and hundredfold of itself. I can assure you, moreover, that all of us at length thought the joke too long.

Lucidor. Why did you not end it then?

Julia. That, too, I must explain. No sooner had my

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father got intelligence of your first monologue, and seen, as was easy to do, that none of his children would object to such an exchange, than he determined on visiting your father. The importance of the business gave him much anxiety. A father alone can feel the respect which is due to a father. "He must be informed of it in the first place," said mine, "that he may not in the end, when we are all agreed, be reduced to give a forced and displeased consent. I know him well: I know how any thought, any wish, any purpose cleaves to him; and I have my own fears about the issue. Julia, his maps and pictures, he has long viewed as one thing; he has it in his eye to transport all this hither, when the young pair are once settled here, and his old pupil cannot change her abode so readily; on us he is to bestow his holydays; and who knows what other kind friendly things he has projected. He must forthwith be informed what a trick Nature has played us, while yet nothing is declared, nothing is determined." And with this, he exacted from us all the most solemn promise that we should observe you, and, come what might, retain you here till his return. How this return has been protracted; what art, toil, and perseverance it has cost to gain your father's consent, he himself will inform you. In short, the business is adjusted; Lucinda is yours.

And thus had the two promenaders, sharply removing from their first resting-place, then pausing by the way, then speaking, and walking slowly through the green fields, at last reached the height, where another well-levelled road received them. The carriage came whirling up: Julia in the meanwhile turned her friend's attention to a strange sight. The whole machinery, of which her gay brother had bragged so much, was now alive and in motion; the wheels were already heaving up and down a multitude of people; the seesaws were flying; maypoles had their climbers; and many a bold artful swing and spring over the heads of an innumerable multitude you might see ventured. The younker had set all agoing, that so the guests, after dinner, might have a gay spectacle awaiting them. "Thou wilt drive through the

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Nether Hamlet," cried Julia; "the people wish me well, and they shall see how well I am off."

The Hamlet was empty: the young people had all run to the swings and seesaws; old men and women, roused by the driver's horn, appeared at doors and windows; every one gave salutations and blessings, exclaiming: "O what a lovely pair!"

Julia. There, do you hear? We should have suited well enough together after all; you may rue it yet.

Lucidor. But now, dear sister!——

Julia. Ha! Now dear, when you are rid of me?

Lucidor. One single word! On you rests a heavy accusation; what did you mean by that squeeze of the hand, when you knew and felt my dreadful situation? A thing so radically wicked I have never met with in my life before.

Julia. Thank Heaven, we are now quits; now all is pardoned. I had no mind for *you*, that is certain; but that you had utterly and absolutely no mind for me, this was a thing which no young woman could forgive; and the squeeze of the hand, observe you, was for the rogue. I do confess, it was almost too roguish; and I forgive myself, because I forgive you; and so let all be forgotten and forgiven! Here is my hand.

He took it; she cried: "Here we are again! In our park again; and so in a trice, we whirl through the wide world and back too; we shall meet again."

They had reached the garden-hall; it seemed empty; the company, tired of waiting, had gone out to walk. Antoni, however, and Lucinda came forth. Julia stepping from the carriage flew to her friend; she thanked him in a cordial embrace, and restrained not the most joyful tears. The brave man's cheeks reddened, his features looked forth unfolded; his eye glanced moist; and a fair imposing youth shone through the veil.

And so both pairs moved off to join the company, with feelings which the finest dream could not have given them.

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CHAPTER LAST.

"THUS, my friends," said Lenardo, after a short preamble, "if we survey the most populous provinces and kingdoms of the firm Earth, we observe on all sides that wherever an available soil appears, it is cultivated, planted, shaped, beautified; and in the same proportion, coveted, taken into possession, fortified and defended. Hereby we bring home to our conceptions the high worth of property in land; and are obliged to consider is as the first and best acquirement that can be allotted to man. And if on closer inspection we find parental and filial love, the union of countrymen and townsmen, and therefore the universal feeling of patriotism, founded immediately on this same interest in the soil, we cannot but regard that seizing and retaining of Space, in the great or the small scale, as a thing still more important and venerable. Yes, Nature herself has so ordered it! A man born on the glebe comes by habit to belong to it; the two grow together, and the fairest ties are spun from their union. Who is there then that would spitefully disturb this foundation-stone of all existence; that would blindly deny the worth and dignity of such precious and peculiar gifts of Heaven?

"And yet we may assert, that if what man possesses is of great worth, what he does and accomplishes must be of still greater. In a wide view of things, therefore, we must look on property in land as one small part of the possessions that have been given us. Of these the greatest and the most precious part consists especially in what is moveable, and in what is gained by a moving life.

"Towards this quarter, we younger men are peculiarly constrained to turn; for though we had inherited from our fathers the desire of abiding and continuing, we find ourselves called by a thousand causes nowise to shut our eyes against a wider outlook and survey. Let us hasten, then to the shore of the Ocean, and convince ourselves

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what boundless spaces are still lying open to activity; and confess that, by the bare thought of this, we are roused to new vigour.

"Yet, not to lose ourselves in these vast expanses, let us direct our attention to the long and large surface of so many countries and kingdoms, combined together on the face of the Earth. Here we behold great tracts of land tenanted by Nomades; whose towns are moveable, whose life-supporting household goods can be transferred from place to place. We see them in the middle of the deserts, on wide green pasturages, lying as it were at anchor in their desired haven. Such movement, such wandering, becomes a habit with them, a necessity; in the end they grow to regard the surface of the world as if it were not bulwarked by mountains, were not cut asunder by streams. Have we not seen the North-east flow towards the South-west, one people driving another before it, and lordship and property altogether changed?

"From over-populous countries, a similar calamity may again, in the great circle of vicissitudes, occur more than once. What we have to dread from foreigners, it may be difficult to say; but it is curious enough, that by our own over-population, we ourselves are thronging one another in our own domains, and without waiting to be driven, are driving one another forth, passing sentence of banishment each against his fellow.

"Here now is the place and season for giving scope in our bosoms, without spleen or anger, to a love of movement; for unfettering that impatient wish which excites us to change our abode. Yet, whatever we may purpose and intend, let it be accomplished not from passion, or from any other influence of force, but from a conviction corresponding to the wisest judgment and deliberation.

"It has been said, and over again said: Where I am well, is my country! But this consolatory saw were better worded: Where I am useful, is my country! At home, you may be useless, and the fact not instantly observed; abroad in the world, the useless man is speedily convicted. And now, if I say: Let each endeavour everywhere to be of use to himself and others, this is not a precept, or a counsel, but the utterance of life itself.

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"Cast a glance over the terrestrial ball, and for the present leave the ocean out of sight; let not its hurrying fleets distract your thoughts: but fix your eye on the firm earth, and be amazed to see how it is overflowed with a swarming ant-tribe, jostling and crossing, and running to and fro for ever! So was it ordained of the Lord himself, when, obstructing the Tower of Babel, he scattered the human race abroad into all the world. Let us praise his name on this account, for the blessing has extended to all generations.

"Observe now, and cheerfully, how the young, on every side, instantly get into movement. As instruction is not offered them within doors, and knocks not at their gates, they hasten forthwith to those countries and cities whither the call of science and wisdom allures them. Here, no sooner have they gained a rapid and scanty training, than they feel themselves impelled to look round in the world, whether here and there some profitable experience, applicable to their objects, may not be met with and appropriated. Let these try their fortune! We turn from them to those completed and distinguished men, those noble inquirers into Nature, who wittingly encounter every difficulty, every peril, that to the world they may lay the world open, and, through the most Impassable, pave easy roads.

"But observe also, on beaten highways, how dust on dust, in long cloudy trains, mounts up, betokening the track of commodious top-laden carriages, in which the rich, the noble, and so many others, are whirled along; whose varying purposes and dispositions Yorick has most daintly explained to us.

"These the stout craftsman, on foot, may cheerily gaze after; for whom his country has made it a duty to appropriate foreign skill, and not till this has been accomplished, to revisit his paternal hearth. In still greater numbers do traffickers and dealers meet us on our road; the little trader must not neglect, from time to time, to forsake his shop, that he may visit fairs and markets, may approach the great merchant and increase his own small profit, by example and participation of the boundless. But yet more restlessly do we descry cruising on horseback,

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singly, on all high and bye ways, that multitude of persons whose business it is, in lawful wise, to make forcible pretension to our purses. Samples of all sorts, prize catalogues, invitations to purchase, pursue us into town-houses and country-houses, and wherever we may seek refuge: diligently they assault us and surprise us; themselves offering the opportunity, which it would have entered no man's mind to seek. And what shall I say of that People which, before all others, arrogates to itself the blessing of perpetual wandering, and by its moveable activity contrives to overreach the resting, and to overstep the walking? Of them we must say neither ill nor good; no good, because our League stands on its guard against them; no ill, because the wanderer, mindful of reciprocal advantage, is bound to treat with friendliness whomsoever he may meet.

"But now, above all, we must mention with peculiar affection, the whole race of artists; for they, too, are thoroughly involved in this universal movement. Does not the painter wander, with pallet and easel, from face to face; and are not his kindred labourers summoned, now this way, now that, because in all places there is something to be built and to be fashioned? More briskly, however, paces the musician on his way; for he peculiarly it is that for a new ear has provided new surprise, for a fresh mind fresh astonishment. Players, too, though they now despise the cart of Thespis, still rove about in little choirs; and their moving world, wherever they appear, is speedily enough built up. So likewise, individually, renouncing serious profitable engagements, these men delight to change place with place, accordingly as rising talents, combined with rising wants, furnish pretext and occasion. For this success they commonly prepare themselves, by leaving no important stage in their native land untrodden.

"Nor let us forget to cast a glance over the professorial class; these, too, you find in continual motion, occupying and forsaking one chair after the other, to scatter richly abroad on every side the seeds of a hasty culture. More assiduous, however, and of wider aim, are those pious souls who disperse themselves through all quarters of the world, to bring salvation to their brethren. Others,

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on the contrary, are pilgriming to seek salvation for themselves: they march in hosts to consecrated, wonder-working places, there to ask and receive what was denied their souls at home.

"And if all these sort of men surprise us less by their wandering, as for most part, without wandering, the business of their life were impossible, of those again who dedicate their diligence to the soil, we should certainly expect that they, at least, were fixed. By no means! Even without possession, occupation is conceivable; and we behold the eager farmer forsaking the ground which for years has yielded him profit and enjoyment: impatiently he searches after similar or greater profit, be it far or near. Nay, the owner himself will abandon his new-grubbed clearage so soon as, by his cultivation, he has rendered it commodious for a less enterprising husbandman: once more he presses into the wilderness; again makes space for himself in the forests; in recompense of that first toiling, a double and treble space; on which, also, it may be, he thinks not to continue.

"There we shall leave him, bickering with bears and other monsters; and turn back into the polished world, where we find the state of things no whit more stationary. Do but view any great and regulated kingdom: the ablest man is also the man who moves the oftenest: at the beck of his prince, at the order of his minister, the Serviceable is transferred from place to place. To him also our precept will apply: Everywhere endeavour to be useful, everywhere you are at home. Yet if we observe important statesmen leaving, though reluctantly, their high stations, we have reason to deplore their fate; for we can neither recognise them as emigrators nor as migrators; not as emigrators, because they forego a covetable situation without any prospect of a better even seeming to open; not as migrators, because to be useful in other places is a fortune seldom granted them.

"For the soldier, again, a life of peculiar wandering is appointed; even in peace, now this, now that post is intrusted to him; to fight, at hand or afar off for his native country, he must keep himself perpetually in motion or readiness to move; and not for immediate defence

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alone, but also to fulfil the remote purposes of nations and rulers, he turns his steps towards all quarters of the world: and to few of his craft is it given to find any resting-place. And as, in the soldier, courage is his first and highest quality, so this must always be considered as united with fidelity; and accordingly we find certain nations, famous for trustworthiness, called forth from their home, and serving spiritual or temporal regents as body-guards.

"Another class of persons indispensable to governments, and also of extreme mobility, we see in those negotiators, who, despatched from court to court, beleaguer princes and ministers, and overnet the whole inhabited world with their invisible threads. Of these men also, no one is certain of his place for a moment. In peace, the ablest of them are sent from country to country; in war, they march behind the army when victorious, prepare the way for it when fugitive; and thus are they appointed still to be changing place for place; on which account, indeed, they at all times carry with them a stock of farewell cards.

"If hitherto at every step we have contrived to do ourselves some honour, declaring as we have done the most distinguished portion of active men to be our mates and fellows in destiny, there now remains for you, my beloved friends, by way of termination, a glory higher than all the rest, seeing you find yourselves united in brotherhood with princes, kings, and emperors. Think first, with blessings and reverence, of the imperial wanderer Hadrian, who on foot, at the head of his army, paced out the circle of the world which was subject to him, and thus in very deed took possession of it. Think then with horror of the Conqueror, that armed Wanderer, against whom no resistance availed, no wall or bulwark could shelter armed nations. In fine, accompany with honest sympathy those hapless exiled princes, who, descending from the summit of the height, cannot even be received into the modest gild of active wanderers.

"And now while we call forth and illustrate all this to one another, no narrow despondency, no passionate perversion can rule over us. The time is past when people rushed forth at random into the wide world: by

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the labours of scientific travellers describing wisely and copying like artists, we have become sufficiently acquainted with the Earth, to know moderately well what is to be looked for everywhere.

"Yet for obtaining perfect information an individual will not suffice. Our Society is founded on the principle that each in his degree, for his purposes, be thoroughly informed. Has any one of us some country in his eye, towards which his wishes are tending, we endeavour to make clear to him, in special detail, what was hovering before his imagination as a whole: to afford each other a survey of the inhabited and inhabitable world, is a most pleasant and most profitable kind of conversation.

"Under this aspect, we can look upon ourselves as members of a Union belonging to the world. Simple and grand is the thought; easy is its execution by understanding and strength. Unity is all-powerful; no division, therefore, no contention among us! Let a man learn, we say, to figure himself as without permanent external relation; let him seek consistency and sequence not in circumstances but in himself; there will he find it; there let him cherish and nourish it. He who devotes himself to the most needful will in all cases advance to his purpose with greatest certainty; others again, aiming at the higher, the more delicate, require greater prudence even in the choice of their path. But let a man be attempting or treating what he will, he is not, as an individual, sufficient for himself; and to an honest mind, society remains the highest want. All serviceable persons ought to be related with each other, as the building proprietor looks out for an architect, and the architect for masons and carpenters.

"How and on what principle this Union of ours has been fixed and founded, is known to all. There is no man among us, who at any moment could not to proper purpose employ his faculty of action; who is not assured that in all places, whither chance, inclination, or even passion may conduct him, he will be received, employed, assisted; nay, in adverse accidents, as far as possible, refitted and indemnified.

"Two duties we have most rigorously undertaken: first, to honour every species of religious worship, for all of them

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are comprehended more or less directly in the Creed; secondly, in like manner to respect all forms of government; and since every one of them induces and promotes a calculated activity, to labour according to the wish and will of constituted authorities, in whatever place it may be our lot to sojourn, and for whatever time. Finally, we reckon it our duty, without pedantry or rigour, to practise and forward decorum of manners and morals, as required by that Reverence for Ourselves, which arises from the Three Reverences; whereto we universally profess our adherence; having all had the joy and good fortune, some of us from youth upwards, to be initiated likewise in the higher general Wisdom taught in certain cases by those venerable men. All this, in the solemn hour of parting, we have thought good once more to recount, to unfold, to hear and acknowledge, as also to seal with a trustful Farewell.

Keep not standing fix'd and rooted,
Briskly venture, briskly roam!
Head and hand, where'er thou foot it,
And stout heart are still at home.
In each land the sun does visit
We are gay whate'er betide;
To give space for wand'ring is it
That the world was made so wide."

Continued.

THE END.

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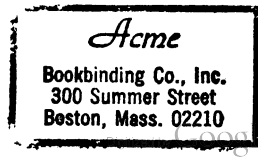
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